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PRICE, 50 CENTS. *My Cousin*

BEYOND THE BLACK OCEAN

STORY OF A SOCIAL REVOLUTION

UC-NRLF



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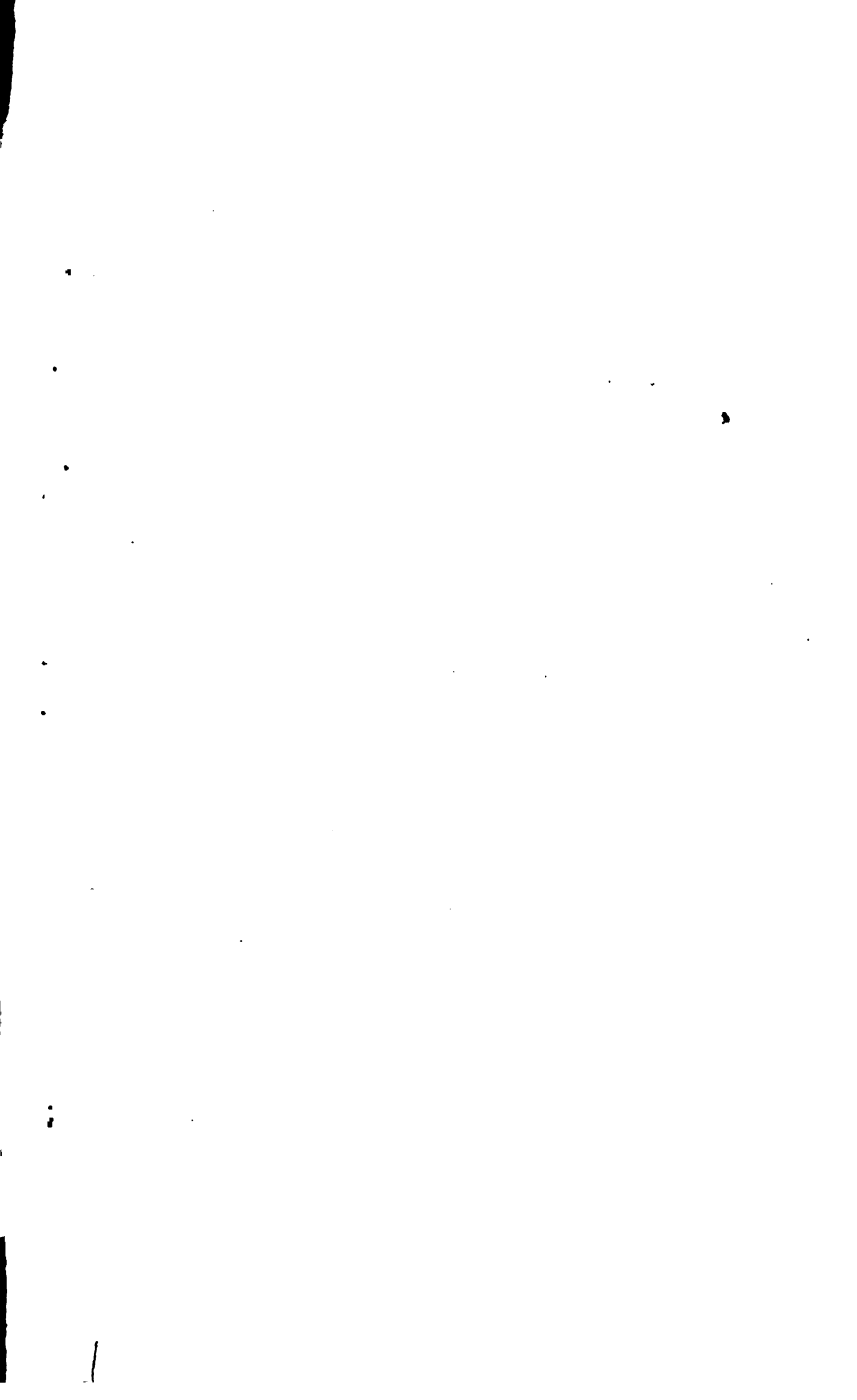
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BEYOND THE BLACK OCEAN

BY

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"

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Two Kingdoms," "Socialism and
the Labor Problem."*



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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Father McGrady was born in Lexington, Ky., on June 6, 1863. Having completed his course of studies, he was ordained in the Cathedral of Galveston, Texas, in 1887. During the first six months of his ministry he was connected with the Cathedral in Galveston. In the early part of the following year he was assigned to the pastorate of St. Patrick's Church, Houston, and later on he was assigned to St. Patrick's Church in Dallas, Texas. In 1890 he returned to his native State and assumed temporary charge of the Catholic congregation in Lexington. His next pastorate was Cynthiana, Ky., where he labored for four years, and in the summer of 1895 he was appointed pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Bellevue, Ky., and he still holds this position. The poverty of the masses, which increases with the march of civilization, had early made a deep impression on his mind, and in 1896 he began to study economics, but unfortunately for his purpose he perused the works of the old school, which attributed the economic ills of the age to the inevitable law of competition. His perplexity was partially relieved by reading "Merrie England." However, about this time he began to peruse the works of Henry George, and he then thought that the Single Tax was the panacea for the evils of modern society. Pursuing his studies in Socialism, he began to see that the arguments advanced by Henry George for the common ownership of land, applied with grave force to all the means of production; that all the wealth in the world and all the progress of the ages were products of social factors, and therefore the common property of society. He also perceived the futility of the Single Tax movement to heal the wounds which capitalism had inflicted on the toiling masses. Becoming thoroughly acquainted with the ablest exponents of Socialism, he became an ardent champion of the doctrine, and his voice has thrilled many vast audiences who have stood amazed at the bold denunciations he has hurled against the oppressors of mankind.

That this book will carry the new hope for social justice to many thousands never before reached, is the hope and belief of

THE PUBLISHERS.

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BEYOND THE BLACK OCEAN.

CHAPTER I.

In the year 1793, Louis the Sixteenth, of France, was decapitated, the widowed queen, Marie Antoinette, was guillotined, Christianity was tabooed throughout the Republic, and the Goddess of Reason was enthroned on the high altar of Notre Dame, and the grand old Cathedral church of Paris was desecrated by the ribaldry of the infuriated populace. The Reign of Terror was triumphant. Danton and Robespierre were revelling in the blood of countless hosts, till the fate of their victims fell on their own guilty heads. The tricolor was borne in triumph by the Corsican adventurer through the vales of sunny Italy. The fame of Napoleon had reached the ends of the earth. He had immortalized his name at Toulon, Mentenotte and Lodi. The nations of Europe were startled by the march of his legions and the tramp of his battle steed. The Austrian army had been driven before the flag of the new Republic like dust before the hurricane. The Netherlands and Normandy had been annexed to the dominion of France. Governments were falling and thrones were tottering. Revolution was rife, and the battle song was the cry of new-born Liberty, begotten in the throes of anarchy, and emerging from the tomb of buried dynasties.

The sound of strife had awakened the dying hopes of every conquered people, and the patriots of every land were donning the helmet and breastplate for the scene of carnage. The battalions of Europe were arrayed in glittering panoply, and the throne of despotism was imperiled. The sons of Erin, encouraged by the astounding victories of Napoleon and the generals of France, thought that the day had arrived when the Gem of the Ocean would break the gyves of bondage, welded by the strokes of six centuries, cast off the yoke of the Norman invader, hurl back the ruthless legions of a foreign despot, declare her independence, and assume her place among the nations of the earth. The story of the

Emerald Isle is like a "pendulum between a smile and a tear." Her history is made up of sunshine and shower. The school of the West, the home of scholars and the island of Saints, she became famous long ere the Saxon thane ever trod the vales of Kent; and the voice of her missionaries mingled with the roar of the Alpine cataracts, and resounded through the mountain glens of Italy, and along the shores of the Rhine and the woodland glades of Gaul, before Norman Knights had ever met the turbulent Vikings of the North. Resistance to foreign invasion had always been regarded as a sacred obligation by the children of Hibernian blood. They marshalled their hosts in battle array against the mailed legions of Bolingbroke, and the conquest begun by Henry the Second, in 1172, was completed by fire and sword four hundred years later in the reign of Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry the Eighth, who will be known to all generations as a cruel and licentious virago. The spirit of the O'Briens and the O'Neills, the O'Moores and the O'Donnells, of ancient times, has survived in their progeny. For seven hundred years Ireland has struggled with battalioned despotism, and the history of the sacrifices she has made on the altar of patriotism, and the agonies she endured at the shrine of Liberty, is the most inspiring record that has ever been written by human hands.

It was an Irish bard that sang of Freedom—

"'Tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains,"

and his verse was inspired by the gory flood that ever flowed from the heart of Ireland in her struggle for national independence. The slaughter of her children by the sword of Cromwell has no parallel in the records of atrocity, and their exile after the treaty of Limerick, when fathers and sons were torn from the arms of children and mothers, is far more pathetic than the lamentation of Jeremiah over the captivity of Judah and the destruction of her temple. But, unlike the children of Abraham, the scions of Milesian kings and the descendants of Irish chieftains, wept not in silence over the misfortunes of their country. On the shores of the Shannon and the Rhine, the Blackwater and the Susquehanna, on the ver-

dant fields of Tipperary and the swamps of Mississippi, whether fighting the battles of Europe or struggling for the freedom of America, every Irish heart loved the land consecrated by the Harp of Tara's Hall. Age after age the patriots of Erin had presented their battalioned columns to the sword of the invader, and when their ranks were broken and their forces destroyed, hope still lingered in their hearts. The battle of the Boyne was lost, the treaty of Limerick was violated, and Sarsfield and his gallant comrades were no more. Their heroes had been slaughtered and their people had been massacred. Still they remembered Massilia, Vittoria, Luzzara, Freidlingen, Spire, Blenheim, Oudenarde, Malplequet, Denain and Fontenoy, where Irish valor won immortal glory; and they were inspired by their triumphs in other lands to look for the redemption of Ireland in the blood of her children.

The French Revolution was their opportunity, and again the spirit of the past awoke, and armed men were ready for the battle cry. Tone, Thomas Addis Emmet, Neilson, Russell and a host of others, planned an insurrection against British domination. The youth of the land threw themselves into the movement, and were swept along by the hurricane. Tone had conceived the idea of co-operating with Napoleon in the conquest of the Anglo-Saxon nation, but on the 20th of May, 1798, General Bonaparte embarked for Egypt, and thus the cause of Ireland was treacherously abandoned. On the 23d of the same month, the insurrection broke out, and this filled the hearts of the Irish refugees in Paris with enthusiasm. A gallant French officer fitted out a vessel, landed at Killala, and, with a small force, covered the royal troops with ignominious defeat.

This expedition, which ultimately failed, owing to the paucity of numbers and want of resources, inspired the Directory to send a fleet into British waters to fight the battle of freedom for the exiles of Erin. The vessels set sail on the 20th of September and met an English fleet in Lough Swilly on the 11th of October. The British ships were much larger than the French, and had better guns. The French fleet was conquered. On one of the French

vessels were five hundred Irish refugees who had come from all parts of the French dominion to fight the old battle again. They were all young men who had been engaged in the conspiracy formed by the Rev. William Jackson, a Protestant clergyman, for the invasion of England by the French and Irish people. Mr. Jackson had revealed his plans to an English barrister, Cockayne, and this individual betrayed the secret to the government, by whom he was employed to follow Jackson and acquaint himself with all the details of the movement. Cockayne was admitted to the insurrectionary conventions, and became familiar with all the daring spirits in the enterprise. When Jackson was arrested and sentenced to death, his adherents sought refuge in France, where they watched the current of events and waited for the fortunate day when they could again espouse the cause for which they and their forefathers had fought.

In the clash of battle amidst the surging billows, the French fleet was almost annihilated, and Delecasse, the commander of the transport, turned the prow of his vessel to the sea, intending to save his Irish confederates in flight, because he knew they would be condemned as traitors, while the French would only be detained as prisoners of war. By reaching the shores of Holland, he thought to inform the Directory of the disaster, and secure re-enforcement for the conquest of England. But they had no compass, and were soon lost in the wilderness of waves. Onward they sailed, expecting every day to see loom up, from the broad expanse, the gray rocks of the Hebrides; but more bewildered than Genoa's navigator on his way to the portals of Cathay and the gates of India, they beheld naught but sky and flood. No wreck floated on the billows, no winged messenger from neighboring coasts, filled their hearts with gleams of hope, but the purple dome above and the green depths beneath led them to believe that they had bidden farewell to the land of their youth.

On board was a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. William Flynn. Although many of these young heroes were not Presbyterians, yet they all, without exception, loved Mr. Flynn for his devotion to Ireland, and his

broad-minded, liberal views, and his consideration for the religious convictions of those who differed with him in creed, and they had unanimously chosen him as their chaplain. Mr. Flynn took with him, when he left France, a number of books, and among others, the Holy Bible, and the best works of the Fathers, several volumes on economics and the histories of all nations. He was their spiritual guide in the hour of peril, and when the clouds of despondency crushed the hearts of his comrades, he was their only star of hope. His bright smiles and gentle words, and above all, perhaps, his sallies of wit and humor, made them laugh in the dreariest moments. He recalled the struggles of their ancestors for liberty amidst the glens of Erin, spoke of Swerwick and the massacre of the O'Moores, and the butchery of their ancestors by the sword of the Protector at Drogheda, Dundalk, Newry, Carlingford and Wexford. He rehearsed the folk-lore of Erin, the visitation of fairies to the Vale of Avoca, the ghost stories connected with the cabin of Timothy O'Reilly, the legend of the Limerick bells, the history of Kate Kearney in the Gap of Dunloe, the fight between O'Donohue and the Devil on Devil's Bit Island, and many a pleasant anecdote about Irish wakes and weddings. Onward they sped through the tossing billows. A terrific gale arose on the deep, and the ship was at the mercy of the waves for four weeks. The days grew shorter, the sun appearing but a few hours each day; than a half hour, a few minutes, till finally night threw its shadows over the deep to vanish no more. When the exiles realized their desperate condition, they were overwhelmed with fear.

"We have reached the end of the world!" exclaimed some of the men, and the opinion was generally accepted. But the minister and some others were thoroughly acquainted with astronomy and explained the cause of the darkness.

"We have drifted far out of our course to the north," said Mr. Flynn. "We are now approaching the winter solstice, and this is the season of night in the Arctic regions. We must veer the ship toward the south."

But there was no light to see, no sun illuminated the

sky, no mariner's guide, and the storm, coming from the torrid belt, swept them farther into the north frigid zone; and thus they wandered aimlessly over the bleak expanse, trusting to the God of Mercy. Fortunately they had sufficient provisions. The storm waxed fiercer, assumed the magnitude of a hurricane, the ship moaned and creaked, the wild waves swept the deck and kissed the spars and masts, the hatches were closed, and for a month more they drifted with the march of the tempest. Every moment the vessel gave indication that it was sinking, and despair was traced on every face and sat on every heart. Three hundred years before Columbus had battled with the elements amid circumstances that would have tried great men's souls; but that child of destiny saw the sky above and the broad expanse of water lay out before him. He could measure the day by the dawn and the twilight. But every gleam of hope had vanished from these children of Erin. Still in their sorrow they were comforted by the thoughts that were afterwards woven into song, and rehearsed by the lyre of their great national bard:

"Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.

"Sail on, sail on—through endless space—
Through calm—through tempest—stop no more;
The stormiest sea's a resting-place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore."

Far away in the distance they beheld lights twinkling in the darkness.

"Land! Land!" was cried from every lip. "We have reached a haven of rest! Steer toward the light! Put out the signal of distress!"

The signal was given, but no response came from the shore.

"Perhaps," said Martin Barry, "the light came from a passing ship. If we can hail the vessel, we are saved."

But the tempests howled like the demons of despair

wailing in the depths of hades. The light vanished in the darkness and Spitzbergen (for this was the name of the place) disappeared in the shadows of an Arctic winter. Not many days later, when the storm had subsided, they ran aground on a huge sandbar near the shores of a desert island. They thought that they were close to land, but had no means of ascertaining, and their knowledge was confined to conjecture. The vessel rolled from one side to the other, and the billows swept her deck from bow to stern. There was no sign of human habitation, no certainty of land near by, and no hope of relief. The vessel was doomed to be wrecked, and every moment the voyagers expected that the end would arrive. When despair had reached its height, and the wanderers on the deep looked each moment to see their little craft dashed to pieces, the tide began to flow and the vessel floated with the waves.

"Hoist the sails!" cried the captain, "and let us put out to sea once more."

"Why not find deep water," suggested Patrick Boyle, "and anchor till the return of spring? Then we could see our path, and get some idea of our bearings. Here we are wandering over the waters without a guide, amidst shoals and rocks and icebergs, with our lives in imminent jeopardy. We have been floating around about a month since night fell on us, and we don't know where we are. We steered south when we discovered our mistake, and yet no sign of dawn. Perhaps in the storm our course was changed and we are drifting north and will soon reach the pole."

"I am sure," said Timothy O'Hara, "that we are within the Arctic Circle, for how could it be so intensely cold? Sure it is ten times more frosty here than it is at Glengariff, and I never felt such a breeze on Bantry Bay."

"No," said Mike Gallagher, "the coldest day on Dingle mountain would be July weather compared to this. Faith, I think cows in this climate would give ice-cream milk."

However, the Captain was not discouraged.

"We may be drifting east or west," said he "and in

that event, we will surely reach the shores of Europe, Asia or America. It is more than likely we are sailing toward the west; and I am firmly convinced that the land where we saw the lights is Iceland."

"It might be Greenland," remarked Teddy Malone. "The longest night in Iceland is only twenty-four hours, and it is beyond doubt that we have been in darkness at least a month or two. At Cape Brewster, in Greenland, the longest night is about two months; and it is more than double that period towards the northern part of the island."

Mr. Flynn now gave his opinion.

"Gentlemen, we do not know any more about the geography of our position than we know about the man in the moon. We could not have been in the vicinity of Iceland when we saw the lights, for, as Teddy Malone says, the longest night in Iceland is only twenty-four hours. Teddy, you are a smart boy. You have not forgotten what you learned from Mr. O'Rourke about geography and astronomy. Iceland is but a little beyond the parallel of sixty-three degrees of north latitude, whereas Greenland stretches out beyond the eightieth degree. Iceland is south of the Arctic Circle, the dividing line between day and night in the polar regions. Greenland is principally north of the Arctic Circle."

"But," said Tom Reilly, "Nova Zembla is also north of the Arctic Circle, and, your reverence, it might have been that island; and if you are hard up for islands where the nights continue for months, sure there is Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land. Sure, what's the use of speculating about a party of wee bits of islands! We are in it, and we must get out of it, and if we die here, it is just as well as to be shot in Ireland. For my part, I don't care where ye go, just so ye get out of this. Let us not be killing precious time arguing about geography and astronomy and these little things, when our lives and our country are in peril. You seem to be anxious to show your information on abstruse subjects. The next thing we know, ye'll be involved in the mysteries of astrology, mythology, geology, palaeontology and ichthyology. Oh! do you mind them fine words I am using! Faith, if I turned my-

self loose, I'd play hob with the whole party of ye scientific lads. But it's land and light we want now, and not big words. Put on the sails and clear out of this! If we go to the east or the west, we will strike continents or islands; and if we are going north, we will soon reach the pole, and then we'll come down on the other side, for they say the earth is round like a ball."

After serious deliberation, the crew agreed to trust to Divine Providence in the present emergency and to sail on, regardless of their geographical position. Hours and days and weeks rolled by, and onward the ship sped through ice and storm and wave. After several months a faint light began to struggle through the dense clouds that hung over their horizon. The heart of every voyager throbbed fast with new life and high hope. The shadows slowly vanished, the horizon could be distinctly seen on the expanse of the wild waste of water. Brighter and brighter grew the blush on the brow of the morning, and finally the full-orbed, radiant glory of day, burst upon the deep; and the brave soldiers sang that sublime canticle that was intoned by the angelic hosts and echoed over the plains of Bethlehem when the Babe of Israel's prophetic dreams was born to gladden the heart of humanity. They held a consultation to decide what course they should pursue. Their deliberations were interrupted by a wild shout from the deck. "Land! Land! We have reached land!" Every passenger on the Rochelle rushed to the deck, and beheld far away the faint outline of a coast. In the background were seen columns of smoke, rising from human habitation and floating on the breath of the morning.

"Thank God!" cried every voice. "Thank God that we are saved!"

"What country is it?" asked Larry O'Neill. "Surely this is not Holland, and I do not think it is Norway."

"It cannot be America," remarked Patsy Donnelly, "because we must be far beyond the latitude of America."

"I don't know about that," said Patrick Gilhooley. "America is a whopping big country. My father fought in the American Revolution against the troops of his Royal Majesty, and it is a fine beating they got from the

Yankees. I've heard my father say that Ireland was not a patch to America. Faith, you could put the three kingdoms into one American state."

"Yes," responded Donnelly, "and the United States is only a small portion of America. Mexico is to the south of that, and farther on is Central America, and then, beyond that still, is South America. On the other side is Canada, which is bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean."

"Is that where the Esquimaux live?" asked Gilhooley.

"The Esquimaux," said Donnelly, "inhabit the coasts of all the seas, inlets and islands of North America, beyond the sixtieth degree. They are found from the eastern coast of Greenland to Behring Strait, and it's a dirty crowd of vagabonds they are, too. They dwell in snow huts in winter, and live on the flesh of wild animals, for the most part without cooking it, and they drink the blood of their game freshly killed, like a pack of hyenas. They fling the offals of the game into the corner of their huts, and the stench of Billingsgate market is decent compared with it. I hope we don't fall in with that crew."

In the meantime the ship had approached within sight of the wharf. A shot was fired from the fort, commanding the entrance of the bay. The Rochelle put out the green flag, thinking, of course, that every nation on earth understood the significance of that emblem. A tender, bearing a guard of armed soldiers, approached the ship, and an explanation was demanded why it had entered these waters without license. When the invaders heard the strange tongue, they were non-plussed, and immediately called Delecasse, thinking that, as he was a Frenchman, he might be able to interpret their language.

"Parlez vous Francais?" asked the Captain, but the natives could not understand the significance of his expression, and they replied in words full of mystery to the passengers of the misguided ship. Again Delecasse, who was familiar with German, interrogated his custodians:

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" Still no intelligible response. "Wir sind Soldaten und wir sind verloren auf dem See, und wir sind zu diessem Lande gewandert. Verstehen Sie?" Yet the enigma was not solved. "Was fuer

eine Sprache sprechen Sie? Es ist nicht Franzoesisch und es ist nicht Deutsch. Ist es Italienisch?" No answer. "Sprechen Sie Spanisch, oder Lateinisch?" No answer. "Verstehen Sie Polnisch, oder Russisch, oder Griechisch, oder Arabisch, oder Syrisch?"

"What are you saying, Captain?" queried Teddy Malone.

"I asked them if they could understand Polish or Russian, or Greek or Latin, or Spanish or Italian, or Arabic or Syriac."

"My God!" exclaimed Larry Sullivan, "don't ye spake any language under the sun? Sure, here we have a polyglot with us, and yet ye don't same to understand a word of the hundred tongues that he spakes. Be Japers! what kind of animals are ye, any way? Ye are nather men nor alligators. Ye are a quare crowd of fish. Well, there's one consolation—they can't abuse us, for they can curse till their tongues are black, and their throats are ten times their ordinary size, and we will be none the wiser."

The officers took charge of the ship, and having reached the dock, ordered the passengers to disembark. The Governor-General was informed of the occurrence, and he, having held consultation with the proper authority, notified the officers of the city to keep the strangers in custody till something definite could be ascertained about their antecedents. After a few weeks the Irish were permitted to wander through the city, and thus they mingled with the natives, and rapidly acquired a knowledge of their tongue. In less than a year they could speak it quite fluently.

One morning Timothy O'Hara, who had become an employe in the office of a Dr. Spemheimer, met Patrick O'Dowd, who occupied the position of coachman for a Dr. Kranseit, and he saluted his old friend as in the days of yore.

"Good morning, Pat."

"Good morning, Tim."

"Oh! but it's Doctor Tim now!" replied O'Hara.

"Yes, and it's Doctor Pat, too," said the other.

"Well, said Tim, "I've invented the greatest medicine ye ever heard of. Sure, a man was brought to my office

the other day, and his heart had not run for two weeks. I gave him some of my medicine, and now his heart runs like an eight-day clock."

"Begorra, that's nothing to the medicine I have invented!" said Pat. "I was called some time ago to see a man who had no liver nor lights. He took three doses of my medicine every day for a week, and thin I went to see him and I larned that he had a ten-pound liver and an electric light! How's that for high?"

Pat and Tim then went into a restaurant to have dinner, and they ordered everything on the bill of board. The waitress brought them soup, celery and crabs. They ate the first two, but did not touch the last. When the maid returned with other dishes, Tim said:

"Madam, we ate your dish-water and your bouquet, but I'll be damned if we'll ate your bugs!"

The Irish and the natives associated freely. The latter were amused with their guests, and mutual admiration and sympathy engendered a lasting friendship between thm. The exiles gave frequent performances in their own language, which the natives now readily understood, and told many anecdotes of their people and country. They related the history of Ireland from the earliest days, spoke of the Partholans and their subsequent annihilation; the migration of the Formorians, the Nemedhians, Firbolgs and other tribes and clans who belonged to the wooded isles of the western ocean. They dilated on the war with the Norsemen and their final triumph by the intrepidity of Brian the Brave, in the year 1014; the invasion of their country by the army of the Saxon King; the persecutions they endured from the cruel enactments of British sovereigns and British Parliaments; the victories that had sometimes crowned their insurrections; their expatriation; the loss of their tongue by foreign importation and legal proscription; their deprivation of the advantages of education; the conquest of Napoleon, with whom they had cast their fortunes; the coalition with the French Directory for the subversion of the Anglo-Saxon throne; the formation of a fleet to co-operate with the army in the liberation of their country and their defeat and disaster at Lough Swilly. Then the Irish refugees detailed the story

of their escape from the English navy, and their subsequent embarrassment on the sea. The strangers believed them and explained why they were suspicious.

"You see," they said, "our history is something like the story that you tell. Tradition states that our ancestors came from the continent of Asia, from the borders of the Mediterranean, from the Mountains of Israel. Those were the ten tribes, and when they reached the trans-Arctic world, they divided the land between them. The country was called New Israel, after our home in Asia. Then arose the independent kingdom of Dan, and the kingdom of Reuben, the kingdom of Zabulon, the kingdom of Simeon, Asher, Manassah, keeping the names according as they existed in Palestine. At that distant period it was believed that there was but one continent, but later it was discovered that there were two great hemispheres, separated by two vast oceans. Each hemisphere contained two continents, besides numerous islands. The sea on the west of New Israel was called the sea of Abraham, and the broad expanse of waters on the east was named the Sea of Moab. The ocean to the south did not exist in the days of our ancestors. According to tradition, there was a mighty earthquake about eighteen hundred years ago, and in that seismic convulsion, the land to the south, over which our fathers marched from Asia to this part of the earth, suddenly vanished, and the wild ocean rolled over the lost regions."

"You say that happened about eighteen hundred years ago?" said Larry O'Neill.

"Yes," replied the Israelites; "and our fathers were appalled, because they thought that it was the announcement of the birth of the Messiah, who, according to our prophecies, was to be born of the house of David. Moses says that 'The adversaries of the Lord shall fear him, and upon them shall he thunder in the heavens. The Lord shall judge the ends of the earth, and he shall give empire to his king.'"

Mr. Flynn then related that Christ, the Messiah, promised to Israel, had come about that time, and when He was condemned on the cross, the sun was darkened, and there was a great earthquake, and other expressions of

nature's revolt against the crime of deicide perpetrated by the Jews. The story immediately gained credence among the children of the lost tribes.

"What is the name of the ocean to the south?" questioned Terry O'Shanahan.

"We call that expanse of wave the Black Ocean, because night broods over a part of it about four months in the year."

"And what is the name of this Continent?" queried Terry.

"This is the Continent of Toadia, and it was discovered about three hundred years ago. It is divided into three great divisions, North, Central and South Toadia; and these divisions have many distinct governments. Although Toadias, who discovered this land, sailed in the service of Reuben, yet it is peopled by different nations of New Israel. Dan introduced colonies into North Toadia, while Reuben and Asher colonized Central and South Toadia. The North Toadians have rebelled against the domination of Dan, and declared their independence, and a war is now progressing in that country."

"Is that so?" asked Patrick Gilhooley. "Well begorra, we are just fresh from the fight, and if there is a chance for our hand, we will not be slow in putting in a few strokes."

The Captain asked how far it was to the capital of North Toadia, and the natives informed him that it was about a thousand leagues. Larry O'Neill proposed to join the army of the insurgents, and the refugees shouted, with one voice:

"Hurrah for Toadia! Let us unfurl the green flag and fight for liberty!"

The sails were spread, the cables were removed, and the Rochelle sped away, amidst the cheers of the natives and the songs of the Irish bards.

CHAPTER II.

Solomon, whose glory has been the theme of many a poet, and whose wisdom has dazzled nations and ages; Solomon, who crowned Mount Moria with a temple of beauty, wealth and splendor, where the sacrifice and the prayers of Israel were offered, and where the love of a devoted people was enthroned; Solomon, whose voice was the voice of prophecy, whose visions were mighty armies of angels, whose dreams were the thoughts of God, and whose songs have echoed among the massive columns and through the dimly lighted cathedral aisles in every Christian land; this renowned man was a paradoxical exemplification of virtue and vice. This king, sage and oracle, forgot the messages of heaven, which he delivered to the children of Abraham; forgot the promises made to the father of his race; forgot the mystic rod that hid the golden sheen of day with the sable curtain of night, that transmuted silvery streams into gory floods, that filled the land of Egypt with the shadows of death and the sighs of the grave, that dispersed the waves and called forth a limpid fountain from a solid rock. This mighty voice of revelation forgot the Deity clad in the flames of the stormy skies; forgot the magic sound of Josua's trumpet and the crash and fall of a doomed city; forgot the battles won by the sword of martial angels; forgot the ministers of vengeance that smote the camp of Assyria, and the retribution that fell on the hosts of David. In his wealth and luxury, the inspired king, seduced by the fascinations of his pagan wives, stained the altar of Moloch with the blood of sacrifice and paid homage to Astarthe, the goddess of the Sidonians. And God spoke to Solomon, saying: "Because thou hast done this, and hast not kept my covenant and my precepts, which I have commanded thee, I will divide and rend thy kingdom, and I will give it to thy servant. Nevertheless, in thy days I will not do it, for David thy father's sake, but I will rend it out of the hand of thy son. Neither will I take away the whole kingdom,

but I will give one tribe to thy son, for the sake of David my servant, and Jerusalem which I have chosen." This prophecy was fulfilled in the next reign, when the ten tribes, rebelling against the unjust and exorbitant taxation, chose Jeroboam, one of Solomon's servants, for their king; while the tribes of Benjamin and Judah remained faithful to Roboam. Thus was established the independent kingdom of Israel. For two hundred and fifty-two years the ten tribes maintained a separate existence. Jeroboam designated Bethel and Dan as the places where Israel should offer worship to God. A new priesthood was ordained, and soon the land was cursed with the abominations of pagan vices and superstitions. Elias spoke in vain. The clouds of heaven refused their moisture, the voice of Baal was silent in the hour of need, and the earth was crimsoned with the blood of his priests. Israel's iniquities cried to the throne of God for vengeance. The day of chastisement came. Salmanasar laid siege to Samaria, the capital of their kingdom. After three years and six months, the city was taken, and the hosts of Israel were led captive into Assyria, in the year 722; and thus ended forever, as men have vainly thought, the independent kingdom of the ten tribes.

Ethnologists and students of history have searched every known spot on earth in quest of the lost houses of Israel. The history of the Jews, their decline, dispersion and peregrinations, is the most interesting and remarkable narrative that has ever been written by the pen of man. An enthralled people on the borders of the Nile cry to the God of Abraham, and Jehovah appears to Moses on the summit of Horeb. The Hebrew legislator conducts the flight of his countrymen, and that little band of fugitives grew into a nation which has been blessed with immortality. The voice of prophecy has long ceased to fill her temples, and the wings of angels are no more spread above her Holy of Holies; and yet Judah has left her impress upon every civilized land. The Jew is known everywhere. The blood of Abraham still rolls in his veins, unchanged by the tide of time, and the birth of empires and the death of nations. The Egyptians were far more powerful, far more enlightened and far more numerous; yet the children

of the Pharaohs are known only by the ruins of their cities and temples and pyramids. The Chaldeans and Assyrians were masters of the Orient, when Israel's prophets wept over the desolation of their lands. And these people now live only in the buried splendor of Nineveh and Babylon. Greece was a land of art and genius, and the harp of the muse has consecrated all her fountains, vales and groves. What sacred names cluster around that immortal land! What glorious memories are enshrined in the verse of her bards! What dauntless heroes pass before the fancy, as it wanders back to the golden days of Corinth, Sparta and Athens! Orators, statesmen, warriors, sculptors, poets, painters! Come forth, ye deathless shades, and tell us whither has vanished thy classic lore! Come forth, ye mighty men of song, ye mental giants and pioneers of progress, ye children of genius that have filled the world with noble thoughts and divine inspirations! Come forth from the tomb of the ages, ye tutors of Dante and Petrarch, Milton and Shelley! Come forth from the silent dust, ye noble spirits who breathed upon the soul of Raphael and Angelo, Titian and Correggio, and inspired them with visions of lifeless beauty that rival the grandest works of God! Come forth, Phidias and Praxiteles, who carved the smile and tear and clad the marble with every expression of human passion and sentiment! Come from your long forgotten graves and moldering mausoleums, Plato and Socrates, Zeno and Aristotle, and dissipate the cloud that envelopes the lost glory of thy immortal land! Why have ye, famed children of the gods, left no successors? Where is inhumed the treasures of your race? Where is buried the glory of your race? The history of Athens is closed. Her halls are silent and the stones of her academies mingle with the dust of her great men. The vales of Greece no more resound with the voice of the lyre, and the harp is silent in her groves. Let us leave the rocks of Athens, swept by the Aegean Sea, and wander to the throne of the Caesars, on the shores of the Tiber. The Imperial Eagles floated over every land, from the billows of the Persian Gulf to Ultima Thule, and the power of Rome was feared by all the nations and tribes, from the sandy desert of Libya to

the land of the midnight sun. She had aggregated the gods of all peoples. She had appropriated the wealth and learning of the world. Her subjects numbered one hundred and eighty millions, and her coffers were filled with the tributes of her conquered dominions. Genius, art and science flourished in her halls. Eloquence resounded among the stately columns of her forum. Luxury filled her homes, elegance adorned her palaces, and in the height of her pride and in the full assurance of her durability, she called herself the Eternal City. The palaces of the Caesars are buried, the temples of her gods are in ruins; there is nothing left of the forum but a few broken pillars; the Colosseum is tottering; and this is all that remains to perpetuate the name of Pagan Rome. New peoples have come down from the German Ocean and the Baltic Sea and pitched their tents upon the ruins of the Empire; young nations have sprung up on the borders of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean; young republics have crowned the Umbrian hills and the rocks of the Maritime Alps; a new tongue has supplanted the old; new customs and manners lend their assistance in obliterating the last vestiges of the ancient Empire, and the Roman name lives only in the history of the past, in the monuments of genius that have made the City of the Twins the shrine of art, the sanctuary of science and the throne of power.

Yet amidst these mighty revolutions and vast upheavals, the birth and death of nations, the origin and decay of peoples, the Jews have remained distinct and unscathed, and, though small in numbers, have exerted an influence on the civilization of every land and left the impress of their footsteps in every clime. Condemned to wear a peculiar garb, disfranchised, burdened with unjust taxations, prohibited from social intercourse among themselves, forbidden to read the Talmud, forced to hear Christian sermons, confined in the walled Ghettos from twilight till dawn, expelled from nearly every city in Italy, burned by the Inquisition of Spain, banished from Portugal and their children taken from them, massacred in England regardless of age and sex, persecuted in France, proscribed in Germany, the Jewish blood remains unchanged, and their sacred traditions are hallowed by all

the centuries of their exile. They were the merchants, the bankers, the financiers of the world. Without them, the past history of commerce would be shorn of its glory. Proscribed in the land of the Goth, they seek refuge in the glimmer of the Crescent, mingle with the savage pirates and fierce Moors, and establish their temples in the shadow of the Mosque, unmolested by the swarthy sons of the desert. Their power flourishes in the European dominions of the Ottoman Empire, and they appropriate the trade of the Levant. They pursue their traffic in Venice, Genoa, Pisa, Parma, Florence, Padua, Mantua, Leghorn, Cremona.

The scions of the same blood, untrammelled by the gyves of bondage, developing their natural capacity, unfolding their God-given faculties, without restriction, without discrimination, have trodden the path of glory and established an empire grander than Chaldea and Assyria when Nineveh and Babylon adorned the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, and when their brazen gates and minarets and spires glittered in the golden sheen of an oriental sky; grander than Egypt when her magnificent mausoleums were swept by the wandering clouds; grander than Greece when Helicon was the shrine of the Muse, and bards sought Parnassus to drink from Castalia's crystal fountain; grander than Rome in the palmiest days of her strength and glory; grander than Spain when the sun never set on her vast dominions; grander than France when the Corsican was crowned with the laurels of victory and the tricolor floated in triumph over fallen empires; grander than England to-day when her ships have broken the waves on every sea, and her sails have been unfurled beneath every sky. Released from captivity, the children of Israel determined to seek a retreat where they would not be molested by the armies of powerful nations. Achaz was their leader. He addressed the disciples of his creed and the brethren of his blood.

"Lo! our fathers were enthralled in Egypt. Jehovah conducted our flight by day with the shadow of his wing, and illuminated our march at night with the glory of his countenance. We fought the Amelecites and Raphidim in the desert of Sin, and Moses and Aaron and Hur went

to the top of the hill, and Moses lifted up his hands to heaven in prayer, and the hosts of Amalec were put to flight by the sword of Josua. Our army conquered Sehon, king of the Amorrites, and overthrew Og, king of Basan. We were led across the Jordan into the Land of Promise, and miracles and victories crowned the march of Josua. Walled cities fell and hostile tribes vanished. Angels led our warriors to the battle fields, and God blessed our land with abundance. But great nations now beset us, and we have no Moses. Josua is dead, our valiant leaders are all gone, our people are divided, our land is cursed with abominations, our country is in the hand of strangers, our homes are in ruins, and we are forsaken by Jehovah. Let us, children of Abraham, abandon the land of our inheritance, and the graves of our sires, and seek consolation in the solitude of the forest, where no other nation dwells."

Thus spake Achaz, the leader of the tribes, and that mighty army went forth from the realms of the Assyrian in search of a new home, where they could erect their altars in peace, and please God with a pure sacrifice, unmolested by invasions from powerful chiefs and armed legions. Onward they moved in serried phalanxes along the shores of the Caspian Sea, over the steppes of Embim, across the Obi River and through the wilderness of the far north. Seven hundred years before, they had made their first Exodus from the empire of the Pharaohs, and it was nearly forty years before they reached the land overflowing with milk and honey. It was just forty years from the time they left their captivity on the rivers of Babylon till they pitched their tents in the land of their dreams, the fair Utopia beyond the Arctic. In those remote days, the broad Continent of Asia stretched out in extent to the regions that lie northward of what is generally supposed by astronomers to be the pole of the earth. This world has existed in the dreams of poets and visionaries, and adventurous navigators have lost their lives in journeying thither. They vainly thought that they were within a short distance of the north pole when they went beyond eighty degrees of latitude. The earth is not a spheroid. In the early history of the world, and as late as the era of

Israel's second migration, the earth was in the form of a double sphere united at what is called by our geographers the north pole. In the days of Israel's flight, the curvature of our part of the earth ceased at sixty-six degrees, the region of the Arctic Circle, the border of the north frigid zone, and there began a broad expanse of tableland, extending over an area of forty-six degrees. The winter nights of the Arctic region never fell on this immense plateau, though the winter days were of short duration. About six hundred years after the lost tribes arrived in the land of their destination, a mighty earthquake shook the polar world. Cataclysms followed the seismic convulsion, the waves rushed in from neighboring seas, and the Arctic Ocean was formed on the ruins of a lost land.

Many times have continents vanished and reappeared in the geological history of the earth. There are chalk deposits in England, varying from several hundred to a thousand feet in thickness. This chalk area is found to extend from the western coast of Ireland, through England, Denmark, Germany, Poland, Russia, along the coast of North Africa, to Arabia. Scientists have proved that chalk is formed of globigerina, the shells of a species of aquatic organisms. Hence, the sea must, at some time, have rolled its restless billows over central Europe from the western coast to Syria. But between the chalk are found strata of vegetable deposits, the trunks of trees, and hence we have evidence that the ocean receded again, and gardens flourished on the regions that were once swept by the waves. The story of the Lost Atlantis is familiar to the student of Plato, and what are all those islands of the deep but the remains of buried continents? Thus likewise perished the connecting link between us and the ultra-Arctic world. Thus was broken the relations between Israel and the rest of mankind, and thus originated those countries of the far north, where that genius and durability which characterized the Jews amidst all the vicissitudes of ages and nations, have been emphasized in the foundation and development of a democracy that answers to all the dreams of reformers.

The Israelites divided the land among themselves,

each taking a portion, and each country assuming the name of its tribe. There were yet vast tracts unoccupied, and disputes arose and wars were waged over the possession of these common lands. Distinct religions grew up in the course of centuries, followed by distinct laws and constitutions. Persecution was often applied to quell internal insurrections and defections from the established worship of each country. About four hundred years ago, Toadias, an adventurer, discovered a new world beyond the great ocean which formed the western boundary of the vast country first inhabited by the ten tribes. For nearly three hundred years this new world became the refuge of the oppressed in every land. It was called, in honor of its discoverer, Toadia. The kingdom of Dan began to exercise a sovereignty over Toadia, and though frequently remonstrated with, she still continued to burden the infant nation with exorbitant taxation. In the Parliament of Dan, no representative of Toadia had a voice; no petitions were answered, no grievances were redressed, no pleading was recognized. Armed legions were billeted on the people to enforce the unjust legislation of the mother country, as she was called, and the goddess of Liberty that had led the oppressed children across the trackless waste of waves to the shores of the west, seemed destined to perish in the wilds of the New World.

CHAPTER III.

The Rochelle had met with many adventures on its way to the capital of North Toadia. When she was out about twenty days, a Danish man-of-war crossed her path and demanded her surrender, and the Irish being in no position to resist, were compelled to submit. A storm swept over the North Abraham Sea and almost demolished the rigging of the vessel. The Rochelle attempted to escape during one night from the custody of the Danish ship, but her movements were detected and she was over-

taken. Finally a Toadian fleet of several vessels hove in sight, and the enemy abandoned its prey and sought safety in flight, and thus the Irish fell into the hands of their friends. Not knowing the mission of the Rochelle, or under what flag she sailed, for the banner of Erin was a mystery to the trans-arctic world, she was captured as a war prize. The Toadian seamen thought that the green flag represented some piratical nation from the distant islands of the Moabitic Sea, and they were determined to secure the booty on board. After thirty days on the deep, the Rochelle was towed into Baleh Bay, where Lidda could be seen in the distance. On reaching the wharf, the Irish were interrogated by the authorities, and having presented overtures of friendship, and given a reasonable account of their sudden appearance in this part of the world, they were allowed to disembark. The inhabitants thronged the dock to learn something of these strange visitants from the distant south, whence had wandered their ancestors to New Israel. James O'Malley, the best spokesman in the band, represented the company.

"We are Irishmen who were fighting for our freedom, and in attempting to escape from a superior force, we have drifted into this new world. We are your friends because you are fighting for a cause that has drained the blood of our country for six centuries; and we are now ready to join your ranks and sacrifice our lives on the altar of liberty."

If angels had come down in visible forms from the clouds, it would not have been more sensational than the appearance of these visitants from the southern world. The traditions which had grown vague and misty in the lapse of ages were suddenly revived. In their escape from captivity, the lost tribes wished to isolate themselves forever, and when the Arctic Ocean was formed, convulsive sighs echoed through New Israel like the trumpet of doom, and the wanderers from the land of Ur, regarded this as a stroke of divine intervention, creating a barrier between them and their foes. In the parliament of the nations, a law was early passed forbidding any one to navigate the Arctic Ocean farther than one thousand miles, that knowledge of their existence might forever

remain a hidden mystery to the people of southern lands. Therefore, on that beautiful, balmy morning, when the Rochelle was towed up the Boleh Bay, many thought that the passengers were captured invaders. Others presumed that they were adventurers or discoverers who had braved the cold and clouds and winds and waves of the Black Ocean in quest of new worlds. Again there were not a few who revived the ancient traditions, now almost forgotten, that a Savior would come after some thousand years, and restore the tribes to the land of their ancestors, and make their empire the dominant power to rule all nations. It was deemed prudent not to trust the refugees with arms, until more should be known of their character, and, if possible, their antecedents. Hence, they were conducted to the barracks adjoining the city of Lidda, where they were royally entertained. Fort Bethel became the rendezvous of people of every description and disposition, all anxious to see and converse with the strange visitants. The Irish told them many amusing stories about their experience in the rebellion, and their pilgrimage to the land of Toadia. Nothing in the Arabian Nights could be more astonishing to the average American than these fictions sounded to the Toadians. Darby McKeown says that an Irishman must always be humbugging somebody, and if he can find no one else, "it is out of himself that he is taking rises."

Teddy Mahony related the story of the Irish giant. "In the arly days of our counthry, there was a man be the name of Fin McCoul. He was the biggest man that ever lived. He could crass the Irish Say in seven stips. Wan day it was very moody and as Fin was walking along, a pile of mood stuck to wan of his fate, and the hole made after that mood was gone, was called Lough Neigh, a lough twelve miles long. Sure, ye niver had a man that size in yeer counthry!"

The Toadians now began to recall the story of giants recorded in their sacred books and in the memory of their great men, and thought, perhaps, that these visitors were the scions of the ancient Canaanites, who had come to their country as spies. A few suggested that they were emissaries from the land of Dan; but this supposition was

quickly dismissed, for the features, manners, customs and speech, truly indicated their origin. It was argued by the statesmen that it would not be safe to imperil the country by giving arms to these refugees, or to trust them with any confidence. But the Irish were as happy as larks to see that they had attracted so much attention. Bat McGraw kept the Toadians laughing by his eccentricities.

"I am from the Lakes of Killarney, the most famous spot in the world. At the head of the upper lake is the Black Valley, where the devil held his court in the days of the Druids. And in this same valley is a great black stone, black as an ace of spades, and this is the stone that the auld boy threw at St. Patrick. The upper lake is two and a half miles long and contains four hundred and thirty acres, and Lough Leane covers five thousand acres. Nowhere in all the world have ye sech beautiful scenery. O'Sullivan's cascade, leaping down the mountain side from rock to rock, is equal to the cascades of Switzerland. Oh! but you know nothing of Switzerland! Well, it is the most picturesque country in the world, but it is only a bubble to Ireland. Now, I'll tell yez something about the freaks of the auld lad in those quarters. One fine morning in January, the divil was out early looking for his gay birds, the landlords, and to warm his blood, he wanted a bit of punch, but he had no vessel to stir the ingredients. So in his mad spell, he takes a bite out of the mountain and threw it into the water, making a little island which is called Divil's Bit Island. Thin he takes the hole which was created by the evacuation and he makes a punch-bowl, and this is known to this day as the Divil's Punch-bowl."

Bat was followed by Jerry Sullivan, Dan Murphy and Tim Daley, who kept the Toadians amused and amazed. A consultation was held among the natives, and they concluded to give the Irish a chance in battle, as they seemed to be anxious to fight. They were consequently accoutred and assigned to their regiments, divided so that treason would be impossible. A few days afterwards, the Danites moved down on Bekek, took that place, which was without garrison, and marched on towards Tekoat.

They were met by the Toadians, and a battle was imminent. Jerry Sullivan was enlisted in the regiment under the command of General Asa. When Jerry saw the Danites, he said:

"The dirty divils! and they are coming to take our country! Sure, they are only a party of ragamuffins. Two hundred Irishmen, with shelalahs, would lather the life out of thim lads. They are the dead-spit of them cut-throat English that we have been fighting over there beyant the Black Ocean. If ye give us half a chance, we'll be after flailing them blackguards till ye would hear them crying in London."

The Danites occupied an eminence, and the Toadians were necessitated to ascend a steep acclivity. General Asa gave the command to lie down, that the volleys from the enemies' guns might pass over their heads.

"Faith, I won't thin!" said Jerry Sullivan. "I didn't jine this regiment to lie down like a thieving coward, but to stand up and fight like a man. Troth, Ginerall, if ye want to lie down, I'll say nothing about it, but an Irishman will never hide his head from thim infernal scoundrels."

Shamus Mulligan ran to the front, waving the green flag, crying out, "Hurrah for ould Ireland!" Every son of Erin started in response to the slogan, and the brave refugees rushed up the steep ascent, into the very jaws of death. The Toadians were inspired by their valor, and in a wild, reckless, daring march, they gained the summit of the hill, to the amazement of the enemy, who fled panic-stricken from the field.

The most magnificent victory of the campaign was won that day, with a very insignificant loss of life among the Toadians, and with terrible slaughter of the Danites. The news was heralded all over the country. The Irish soldiers were collected into one regiment and Martin Callihan was made General. This regiment mowed down the invader at Tirtot, Sharon, Jehud, Askalon, Ziglog, Berri, Zablon, Zezreel and Sopan. Irishmen were selected as officers in many brigades, and they covered themselves with glory in every field of action, during the cruel and bloody war against the infant nation.

The government of Simeon recognized the independence of the country, sent a fleet to Toadian waters, dispatched twenty-five thousand of the trained soldiers of the kingdom to fight the Danite forces on land, and in every way assisted the aspirants to liberty. Reuben acknowledged the Republic of Toadia, and sustained her acknowledgement with money, men and supplies. Ephraim, a little country that had been conquered, spoiled and persecuted by Dan for three centuries, poured out her columns to strengthen the Toadian battalions. Noblemen from Manasseh spent their fortunes and offered their lives for the freedom of the new Republic.

Those determined hosts, fighting side by side in the jungles of the new world beyond the Abrahamic waves, appalled the Danish lords, who never dreamed of defeat. The invaders fell on the mountain crag and their blood ran in the valley. Every mead and grove was consecrated by the goddess of victory, and the song of freedom echoed through every glade and dell, and was borne along by every brook and rill. Solomon and Abel, noble sons of persecuted Ephraim, poured forth their eloquence in defense of Toadian rights in the Danish Parliament. The trans-arctic world rejoiced in the humiliation of that brutal empire which had sucked the blood of the nations for a period of three hundred years. Misfortunes, reverses, depressions on one side, triumph, successes, hope on the other, terminated in the disaster of Asad, when the Danish fleet was destroyed on sea and the Danish army annihilated on land. The flag of the monarch was humbled, and the flag of liberty floated proudly from every spire in the realm of Toadia.

A constitution was drafted and adopted, giving to every citizen of the Republic the right of franchise. Each State should have its autonomy. The State Legislature, which enjoyed the prerogative of making the State laws, should consist of a house of Representatives and a house of Senators, both houses being chosen by the voters. Each county and municipality had the right to make decrees governing local affairs. The national government consisted of two houses. The lower house was elected by the popular vote, and the upper house was chosen by

the voice of the State legislatures. The President of the Republic was chosen by the electoral votes, there being as many electors as members in both houses of the Federal Government. Congress, or the lower house, had the right to declare war and the President was commander-in-chief of the army and nation. In fact, the government of Toadia was in every particular the same as the United States.

The Toadians were not the first inhabitants of the country, but they were preceded by a race of barbarians, whom they called the Scythians. These tribes, that roamed over this broad country, were friendly to the colonists from the land of New Israel, but the Danish spirit of conquest and spoliation and brutality, had early engendered hostilities between the aborigines and the early immigrants, and this spirit of avarice, inherited from the mother country, as Dan was called, grew, in the descendants of the pioneers, with the roll of the decades. The Scythians were pushed farther back into the wilderness; their houses were burned, the graves of their sires were desecrated, their religious instincts were outraged, their warriors were massacred. The blood of the brave mingled with the mountain dust, the bones of fallen heroes bleached in the valleys, and the land of Toadia, from the Sea of Abraham in the east to the far-away cedars of Libanus in the west, became the cemetery of the conquered race. Well might the vanishing people weep over the loss of their happy hunting ground.

Since the establishment of the Toadian Republic, the tide of immigration flowed over the western waves to that land of liberty. The sons of Ephraim, especially, took advantage of this asylum of peace and freedom, which their brethren had consecrated with their blood. Although a very small percentage of the inhabitants were of Danish origin, and this decreased every year, owing to the large influx from other Israelitic nations, yet a large portion of the people of Toadia generally boasted of their Danish blood, and the government usually discriminated against other powers in favor of the ancient foe.

The knell of thralldom had scarcely sounded on the

western shores, when a spirit of unrest was felt abroad, and when the goddess of freedom was decked with the crown of liberty and enthroned in the national hall, a revolution subverted the empire of Simeon, which threw all Israel into the throes of war. Ozias, a mighty spirit, had swept away solid phalanxes at Rothman, Latrice, Rama, Eher, overrun the empire of Zabulon, filled the vales of Sharon with consternation, demolished the throne of Prea, humbled the kings of the north, and threatened to invade Dan. Simeon sought the assistance of Toadia in the expedition, but the latter had already forgotten the service rendered by the former in the cause of its independence, and refused to participate in the struggle. A Danish spirit grew up in the nation which was manifested in the policy of every administration. Favors were constantly shown to Dan, and contempt was expressed for other kingdoms of New Israel.

Dan, by her foreign acquisitions, was fast becoming the greatest power in the trans-arctic world. She had colonial possessions in the east and west, north and south. She was recognized as the queen of the ocean and mistress of the deep, and with a mighty standing army, she banished the eagle of liberty from every land where her flag was unfurled. Her purpose was to swoop down upon poor, defenseless savages, and infant nations, and whenever victory crowned the emblem of her dominions, she massacred the natives without regard to age, sex or condition. The cry of the mother, the wail of the widow weeping over the loss of her children in the fury of battle, the piteous pleading of orphans asking the Danish myrmidons to spare their lives and their homes, every voice of supplication was answered with a savage reply in the roar of the musket and the glitter of steel. Her pride was humbled in the successful insurrection of the Toadian colonies, and she long contemplated the destruction of the youthful Republic.

In 1810 she proclaimed her complete dominion over the Sea of Abraham, and forbade the Toadian fleet to cruise in its waters. This brought the two powers into conflict on the deep. The Danish fleet, rejoicing in its marvelous strength, went forth in quest of the Toadian

smacks, as they were sarcastically denominated, with the vain boast that the flag of this presumptuous nation would be torn in shreds, and the bodies of her marines would feed the denizens of the briny flood. The navies met, and the little fishing smacks sent broadsides into the iron-clad battle ships, swept away their masts, sails and riggings, pierced their mailed hulls and soon they succumbed to the dash of the billows, and were sunk beneath the sea.

In 1815 a wave of revolution swept over Central and Southern Toadia. These countries, long ruled by the monarchs of New Israel, inspired by the example of North Toadia, asserted their independence, which was recognized by the administration in Lidda. The next year the President, Jechonias, delivered a message in which he proclaimed that the Continent of Toadia should not, in the future, be considered as territory for colonization by any Israelitic power, and this proclamation became celebrated as the Jechonias doctrine.

The institution of slavery had existed in Toadia from the earliest period of its existence. Men of an inferior race, known as Cushites, from the islands of the Chaldean Sea on the south of New Israel, had been imported and condemned to bondage. Although the lives of the slaves were protected by law, yet the master could exact obedience and submission by the application of the lash, and perhaps there were not a few cases of cruelty. But the spirit of freedom, which characterized the pioneers of the land, which animated the authors of the Declaration of Independence, and was voiced in the formation and adoption of the Federal Constitution, which recognized the equality of all men; the spirit of freedom, which had erected an empire in the wilderness, and consecrated it with the blood of heroes, could not tolerate this distinction between master and slave. The thrall had been imported chiefly by the Southern States of the Republic, and they seemed to flourish in that climate. Statesmen began to agitate the question of thralldom, and they were divided in their views according to their sections. In the course of time, there was engendered a strong sectional

sentiment, and there were frequent allusions to secession and rebellion on the part of the South.

In 1826 the clouds of war gathered in the Southern skies, and the roll of thunder awakened the nation to a sense of imminent peril. The Republic was dismembered; a confederacy was formed beyond the Mathan River, with its capital at Meron; the bugle call was sounded, and the gallant hosts of the Sunny South, clad in bright gray uniforms, armed with lance and spear and battle-ax, marched forth to the music of martial strains. Dan was not slow to see her opportunity. She furnished the swords for the soldiers of the Confederacy, sent ships to their assistance, decoyed, by floating the flag of a supposed friendly nation, and attacked and sunk vessels of the Federal Government, and then pusillanimously denied her responsibility. The war was brought to a successful termination after three years of carnage; the flag of the Confederacy was hauled down from the walls of Meron, and the national emblem floated over the ruined cities of the South. The Union was preserved and strengthened, the slaves were disenthralled and enfranchised, and the Republic of United Toadia wandered on the peaceful path of glory, rejoicing in the strength of the lion and the flight of the eagle, the emblem of her greatness. The Danish tiger was again disappointed, for he had hoped to see the dismemberment of the government, the fall of the Republic, and the conquest of the rival nations by the mailed legions of his realm.

The Toadian nation became more cosmopolitan as the years rolled by. A strong influx of immigration from all the countries of the trans-arctic world, gave the complexion of the population all the hues that were present in Jerusalem on the first Christian pentecost. There were people from Simeon and Reuben and Ephraim and Zabulon and Manasseh and Nephthali and Cuchites from the Chaldean Islands, and Scythians, and the Irish refugees who came over the Black Ocean on the Rochelle. The sons of Erin adopted the customs of the country, and intermarried with the natives, and in the course of a few decades, there were thousands of that race in the Republic of Toadia. The characteristics of the Irish exiles had

been partially lost, though their traditions were still sacred. They were intensely resolute in their opposition to foreign domination, and would sacrifice the last drop of their blood in defense of home rule.

Intermarriage with those of Israelitic origin had resulted in a slight modification of the Celtic names. It is not unusual to meet with Isaac O'Flaherty, Abraham O'Reilly, Benjamin Fitzpatrick, Moses McGillicuddy, Aaron McGinty, Ebenezer O'Mulligan, Patrick Einstein, Teddy Rosenheimer, Maurice Lovenhart, Larry Jonas, Bat Semisheimer, Biddy Nyburgher. The descendants of the Irish are, like their ancestors, fond of politics, and they hold many important positions of trust. There are among them, Congressmen, Senators, judges, ambassadors, cabinet officers, diplomatists, generals, admirals, and some are employed on the police force. Many customs of English-speaking nations had been introduced by the Irish, and adopted by the natives. The monetary systems of different southern countries had been considered, the French frank, the Italian lire, the German mark, the English pound and shillings; but the trans-arctic natives were better pleased with the simplicity of the American system, and, at an international convention, this system was universally adopted, and our dollars have supplanted the Israelitic pecuniary denominations.

Our trans-arctic acquaintances are in every respect similar to the people on this part of the earth. The same passions and prejudices actuate them. The same ambitions, love of wealth, glory, renown, characterize their history. They differ, as we have already stated, in their religious convictions, and persecutions have been inflicted in the cause of truth and for the glory of the Creator. The old synagogue has lost its prestige in many countries, and reformatations have swept it out of others. Reuben, Simeon, Asher and Ephraim, still profess the Hebrew creed. Dan, Zabulon and other countries have lost faith in the promises of Abraham, and have adopted the new religion, which they call the Gentile Church, in contradistinction to the Israelites. The Gentile Church has changed materially since its formation, and many sects have arisen within the past four centuries. The republics of South

and Central Toadia still adhere to the Hebrew traditions, but Gentilism is the dominant creed in the north.

CHAPTER IV.

Isaac Gilhooley was a descendant of Patrick Gilhooley, who had crossed the Black Ocean in the Rochelle. His grandfather had fought with distinction in the war which had achieved the independence of Toadia, and again signalized himself in the clash brought about by the pretensions of Dan to the individual ownership of the Sea of Abraham. His wather was an officer in the Confederate army in the rebellion of 1826. The Irish fighting blood rolled in the veins of Isaac Gilhooley, and his belligerent propensities were not altered by two generations of refrigeration in the trans-arctic world, nor by the amalgamation of his stock with the phlegmatic scions of Israel. His mother was the only daughter of a wealthy banker, Jerry Rosenthal, who resided in Engeddi, the most cultured city in the western world. Louise Rosenthal was the belle of her native State, and her name was an open sesame to every levee in the land. Her education received the most considerate attention. She went to the best schools of Toadia, and was afterwards sent abroad to mingle with the leading society in the most polished cities of the New Israel empires, and to study art and music in the capital of Simeon.

On the ship she met Moses Gilhooley, the father of our hero. Mutual admiration drew them often together, and the acquaintance ripened into affection and pledges of love. They traveled in the same party for several months through the old world. When Louise reached Rubek, she matriculated in the conservatory of music, and was consigned to the custody of a noble matron who had charge of the ladies' department. Moses represented a large firm in the city, and, of course, he had frequent opportunities of visiting his fair dulcinea. Two years

passed most happily for the enamored youths dwelling alone in the realms of love, dreaming dreams of glory, building crystal palaces and enshrining their affection on golden thrones.

It was now the end of the term and Jerry Rosenthal sent his daughter a purse to procure her graduating apparel. It was the month of July, 1833. Rubek, the gayest city in the world, the city of lovely parks and boulevards, of limpid fountains and stately palaces, was clad in gala robes. It was the anniversary of the birth of Ozias, the founder of the Simeon republic. The city was filled with Toadian guests, who sympathized with their sister Republic, and venerated the name of the hero who had demolished thrones and obliterated empires. The Conservatory of Music decided to have the exhibition exercises the evening preceding the anniversary, and Jerry Rosenthal was to be present and see the triumph of his daughter.

The train reached Rubek at about six o'clock in the evening. Mr. Rosenthal went to a hotel for supper, and immediately afterwards proceeded to the Academy of Music. An immense audience thronged the hall. Parents proud to hear their children perform in the presence of such a distinguished assemblage; brothers anxious to witness the public applause rendered to their sisters; gay young beaux holding beautiful bouquets for their affianced; all swelled the great auditorium, and were waiting for the curtain to rise to behold the triumphs of their darlings and give vent to expressions of approval. Mr. Rosenthal looked for his daughter, who presently appeared, and was accorded repeated encores for her exquisite renditions. The evening was one prolonged conquest for the maid of Engeddi.

When the exercises closed, the honors were awarded by the director of the academy, who said in his introductory remarks, "We have this evening been regaled by the most brilliant exhibition in the history of this institution, and we are proud to see the interest manifested by this concourse of people, who not only represent the artistic genius of this realm, but the refinement of other nations. Rubek has long been the home of culture. It surpasses in art the fabulous traditions that have been transmitted

through the dim and distant centuries by antiquarians, poets and authors of romance, respecting the glories of Athens when she was the shrine of the Grecian Muse. Whether these stories be true or false, or whether there be in that world beyond the waves of the Black Ocean, a land of buried splendor which lives only in the song of the bard, is a mystery which must be solved by the scientists of the future.

"Yet, even presuming that the dreams of Homer and Hesiod are realities, they afford no themes of admiration to the nations of the trans-arctic world. We have trod all the paths of fame, fathomed all the depths of lore, scaled all the heights of glory, opened all the treasures of art, mastered all the mysteries of science. We have reached the goal of civilization, and the children of unborn generations will enshrine the memory of this age in the temple of song. Arion has wandered from Lesbos, and built his throne in the heart of Rubek. Our fountains have been consecrated by the touch of Apollo's magic breath, and Calliope has encircled our brow with Bernice's golden locks.

"We are glad that our sister Republic beyond the waters sends her daughters to the Parnassus of Simeon, to drink the hallowed stream of inspiration, and we rejoice that a child of far-famed Engeddi has won the medal of honor in the graduating exercises of this evening. We present her to-night, crowned with the halo of victory, clad in nuptial wreath and bridal robes. To-day she was led by a young Toadian to the altar of Hymen, where their love was consecrated by the benediction of the Church. We have the supreme pleasure of inviting you to extend your congratulations to her gallant young husband, who distinguished himself as an officer in the Southern Confederacy, and we ask you to rejoice with the daughter of Mr. Rosenthal, who is now Mrs. Gilhooley."

Mr. Rosenthal was astonished, nay, appalled, to hear the awful tidings of a marriage between his beloved daughter, and the descendant of an Irish refugee. He sprang to his feet and vociferated that it was false.

"You calumniate my child! She is not married. It is impossible. She would not dare contract matrimonial af-

finity with any one without my knowledge and approval."

Louise fainted, and was carried off the stage, but soon recovered, then swooned again, and again revived. The father rushed behind the scenes and folded his darling in his arms.

"O Louise! Louise! have you betrayed my confidence, and tarnished my name and the honor of your family, by giving your hand and heart to a plebeian? Do you not know that the blood of kings flows in your veins? You can trace your ancestry back to the reign of Jeroboam, and have you stained that noble lineage by condescending to be the wife of a proletary? I know," the father raved incoherently, "I know the young man who has robbed me of my child. He is a Confederate officer, and has no more idea of honor than his low-bred sire who unsheathed the sword in defense of another rebellion."

"Yes," cried Gilhooley, "your daughter has pronounced the vows of everlasting fidelity to me, and I have taken her under the protection of my name, a name that is clothed with venerable antiquity. My maternal ancestors sat on the throne of Iberia long before the lamentations of the rebellious tribes echoed through the vales of Assyria, long before the renegade King of Israel erected idols in Bethel and Dan; long before the temple of Solomon became the pride of Judea; long before the children of Abraham journeyed to the City of David to lay their vows before the altar of God and offer incense, sacrifice and prayer through the meditation of the Aaronitic priesthood. My sires were the Ardrighs of Scotia and reigned in Tara's hall. My forefathers fought the Dane and the Norman, and never fled from their land to shun the dangers of war and the privations of captivity, like the dastardly Israelites. I married Louise because I love her better than my life and soul, but I regret that she is the daughter of a varlet, with exalted pretensions."

"Begone from my presence!" cried Rosenthal to Louise. "To-day I disinherit you. To-day you relinquish your patrician rank, and sink to the level of the common herd. To-day you are banished from my home and family, and henceforth, I shall obliterate your name and bury your memory. If your proud, noble mother

could arise from the chamber of death, and see her degraded child, she would sink back palsied at the sight. Your brother shall become sole heir of my wealth. Begone, child of perdition, daughter of infamy, and seek consolation in the embraces of this vile cad!"

Rosenthal immediately departed from the scene, returned to the hotel, and made preparations to leave for Toadia. Louise was prostrated with grief. She was insanely fond of Moses, and knowing that her father would never sanction her marriage with a Confederate soldier whom he hated, she contracted clandestinely with the hope that he would condone her transgression in the triumph of her genius, grace and beauty at the Academy of Music. But she had not correctly estimated the haughty disposition of Jerry Rosenthal, who had intended his daughter to adorn, with her accomplishments, the castle of a baron. Moses Gilhooley was more to her, however, than home and a father's love, and she endured, with patience and fortitude, the curse of her sire. The young couple lived in Rubek for two years, enjoying every comfort and pleasure their means and the society of refined associates could afford.

In October, 1834, the birth of a child crowned their nuptial bliss. In honor of her maternal grandfather, Louise called her son Isaac. Little did she dream when she first smiled on the face of her infant that his life would be a contradiction. Early the next spring Mr. and Mrs. Gilhooley left Simeon for their native country, where Moses was to occupy the first position in the electric light company, which he had represented for the past four years in the old world with distinguished ability, enhancing, thereby, three-fold the trade and profits of the firm.

On the 21st of April the train for the seashore steamed out of the Oriental depot at the south side of Rubek, and the son of the Irish hero of the revolution smiled in the face of his darling wife, who held their cooing babe in her arms. The morning was serene, not a cloud floated on the purple sheen of heaven. The fields wore the verdant garb of youthful Spring. Nature pulsated with new-born life. The snow-clad vales and storm-swept hills of the brumal

season had passed away, and the earth smiled with radiant hues.

"Nature," said Louise, "reminds us of our fortunes in life's toilsome path. The fragile lilies fall beneath the blighting breath of the hoar-frost and the ruthless march of the north-wind. They sleep the sleep of silence, and nature mourns their loss; but in the sweet zephyrs of the south sea, they inhale new life and arise to gladden this world with their innocent smiles. So it is with man. Clouds gather on our horizon, and roll across the azure depths of heaven, till no rays of sunshine tinge the tree-tops, and dance on the rippling streams and move along the babbling brooks. The storm bursts forth with the fury of demons. The elements blaze with the flames of fire, and the artillery of the heavens proclaim the vengeance of the gods. The gale sweeps on with its vapory columns charged with bolts of death, the shadows vanish in the sky, and the king of light and glory drives his golden car across the purple vault.

"Phoebus paints the orient with crimson hues, wheels along through aerial zones, smiles on mountain-tops and green-robed vales, and sends his shafts of golden light o'er waving meads and fields of yellow grain. The faint light of infant morn culminates in the splendors of noontide glory, and the rays of the westerning sun and the fiery flood of waning day, sink into the twilight shadows, and are soon lost behind the sable curtains of night. But the auroral blush of maiden day sweeps along the realms of shadows, and the sleeping world awakes to the realities of life. The history of the human race is made up of sunshine and shadow, and a throb of joy crowns every pang of grief.

"When my father renounced me in the presence of that cultured assembly, because I dared to give my heart to the one whom I loved so dearly, I felt, for the first time, the sword of sorrow piercing my young bosom. But through the shadows there was a rift, and hope lay beyond the golden-tinged clouds. Our love has been blessed with every joy. The little arms of Isaac entwine around our necks, and his prattle and smiles banish every gloom and fill our souls with every bliss. You have been success-

ful in your business, and when we return to our land, and look upon the glittering stars, can we not say that the patriarchs and prophets of Israel, enthroned amidst the purple light, have guided our footsteps across the troubled waves, as of old Jehovah led the chosen hosts through flood and over desert wastes to the fertile plains and vine-clad hills of Canaan?"

They reached the city of Ser on the western coast of Simeon, and took passage on the ship Damascus, bound for Deboreh, the metropolis of the New World. The gangway was removed, the cables unfastened, the vessel weighed anchor, and spread her sails, and a thousand voices cried good-by, and a thousand handkerchiefs waved, and banners floated, and sobs were loud, and moaning rent the air, and tears flowed down the furrowed faces of the old and the dimpled cheeks of youth, as the mighty steamer cleft the surge and glided down the bay.

"Ah!" said Louise, "does this not remind you of the Judgment Day, when fathers shall be separated from their children, husbands from their wives, sisters from their brothers?"

"Yes," said Moses. "But that day shall be ushered in by the demolition of nature's laws. The earth shall heave with convulsive sighs, the deep shall boil and rage, and the waves shall mingle with the clouds. The sun shall be darkened and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from the heavens and the powers of the heavens shall be moved. Whereas now these relations and friends part with the choicest blessings of nature to alleviate the desolation of their hearts, and in many cases with hope of meeting again before they reach the end of life's toilsome journey; and, I presume, they all expect to be re-united when they cross the gulf of death, and stand before the jasper throne, where the God of our fathers crowns His children with the diadem of immortality."

"Yes, Moses, I thoroughly understand the difference; but are you not quoting from the Christian Bible when you speak of the vanishing of the moon and the falling of the stars?"

"These signs are substantially expressed in your books. Isaias refers to thunders, earthquakes, flames,

whirlwinds and tempests; and Amos calls it a day of wrath, tribulation and distress; a day of calamity and misery; a day of darkness and obscurity. And these prophecies are contained in your version and occupy a high place among your canonical works. Joel confirms these vaticinations, and while it is supposed that he wrote after the departure of your ancestors from Babylonian captivity, or, if at an earlier period, his book has not been incorporated in your canon, yet he was a prophet of Judea, and is worthy of credulity. Israel and Judea were equally the chosen people of God, and the voice of inspiration directed the councils of the Abrahamic race, whether offering sacrifice in the temple of Solomon, or burning incense on the altar of Bethel. The Christians who accepted the teachings of the Nazarene, collected the books of Israel and Judea into the ancient Testament, which they hold, contains the promises that were to be realized in the birth of the Messiah, the Redeemer, not only of your race, but the Gentile nations. The disciples of the new religion wrote a history of the life and teachings of their Founder, under the name of the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament, and these works were brought hither by the little band of Irish refugees in 1799. I learned the doctrine of Christ from the lips of my father, and I look upon the birth of Bethlehem's Babe as the realization of Israel's dreams; and hence it is not strange that I should value the New Testament as highly as the Old. In fact, the former is the substance, the latter the figure. The promises were made to Abraham, and they were fulfilled in Christ. The Gentiles have inherited the land of your ancestors, and the visions of the desert and the dreams of the ancient seers, have glorified the world in the promulgation of a new law, and the nations of the earth have been redeemed in the blood of the Savior typified in the paschal lamb. In speaking of the Israelites, I use the pronoun in the second person, since my paternal ancestors belonged to the Gentile race and I am half Christian."

Louise admired the tenets of Christianity, because they were permeated by the spirit of love, but she could not reconcile the prophetic utterances of the Old Testament, dilating on the national exaltation of Israel into a world-

wide power, with the total demolition of the lines of demarkation between the chosen people and the Gentile race, and the complete absorption of the latter by the former, so as to form but one united, universal empire of spirituality.

Four days had passed since they embarked, and there was not a single incident to mar the pleasure of the homeward voyage. Often they sat and watched the foaming billows as they swelled and broke on the liquid expanse, and the whales sporting in the distance, and the porpoises floating on the crested waves, and phosphoric scintillations sparkling in the nocturnal gloom that brooded over the deep. They frequently recalled their first meeting on the water a few years before, when they were gazing at a passing ship.

"Do you remember," said Louise, "that beautiful afternoon as I was leaning against the railing of the deck, and you smiled so blandly and offered me the use of your glass?"

"Yes," returned Moses, tenderly, "but we never dreamed at that moment that our lives would be so inseparably interlinked in the near future. I did not think, then, that I would ever see you after we disembarked."

The moon had risen, and her soft beams fell directly on the path which the keel of the ship had cut through the waters. Standing on the aft deck, they gazed on the broad track which glittered and sparkled like a street of sapphire. At a late hour they retired, and in a few minutes were lost in slumber, and wandered in sweet dreams through the golden palace of bliss which their youthful fancies had built of future years. A heavy fog had settled over the sea. The fog horn blew, and many woke at the first sound, but being reassured that there was no danger, fell again into refreshing sleep. The hours passed away and the unconscious dreamers were as silent as the inmates of the tomb. Crash! Crash! Crash! Screams echoed from every cabin. Shrieks and wails were heard.

"We are lost!" cried a hundred voices. "The ship is sinking! There has been a collision. Our vessel is riven. She is struck amidship by the bow of another steamer.

Lower the life-boats! Get the passengers on deck. Fly and give the alarm!"

In less than five minutes every living person was on deck, but many had been crushed by the concussion, for the vessel had been cut in twain. Louise awoke with alarm, and noticed her husband carrying her and her sweet babe in sheets to the upper deck. A terrible struggle ensued. Men and women were fighting to get into the life-boats. Weapons were savagely used, pistols were fired, sailors, forgetting their duty in the hour of peril, sought to save their own lives, and brained those who stood in the way. Moses pushed forward with his charge. The throng surged and swayed. Here one trying to get into the boat fell into the water; here another was pushed overboard; a third one was struck with a hatchet, a fourth stabbed. Louise and Isaac were safely placed in the boat, but exhausted by his superhuman effort, Moses fell back into the waves, and, in the darkness of night, was seen no more.

The gray dawn peered through the clouds of the orient. The morning sun rose on the wreck. A few floating planks, a few chairs here and there, were all that could be seen. The steamer had sunk. Some had saved their lives, but many slept to wake no more. Louise looked for her husband. He could not be seen, and she supposed that he had perished. She was cold, hungry and frantic with grief. A young widow, with an infant child, banished from the home of her parents, what would she do? Oh, if the angry waves would engulf them, that she and her babe might join the lost beyond the skies!

CHAPTER V.

The third day after the wreck, Louise and her companions descried the mast of a vessel sailing toward the west. In less than an hour the steamer had reached the few life-boats that were seen floating within a circum-

ference of many miles, but others had drifted far away and could not be seen. Louise and her baby were now safe, but the heart of the mother was sad and lonely. Would she visit the home of her childhood, and ask her father's pardon? Would he condone her transgression, and recognize his daughter and the child of Moses Gilhooley, the Confederate officer? If she were repulsed by her stern sire, she resolved to seek refuge with the grandparents of her babe. The ship reached Debokeh, and thousands of people lined the water's edge to greet their returning friends. But no face smiled on Louise, for none knew her. Her coming was not heralded, and even if the information had been imparted, she would expect to see no one from her father's roof, for her name was forgotten there.

She went from the dock to the depot, and took the first train to Engeddi, where she arrived early in the afternoon. She engaged a carriage and immediately proceeded to her father's home. How familiar was the old place! The tall pines and cedars that adorned the lawn waved their graceful branches as if in welcome, and seemed to speak to her of the happy days of youth, when she romped with her brother in their inviting shades. Ascending the broad, stone steps, she rang the bell, and waited in breathless anxiety for the response. Soon the door was opened, and a servant politely inquired whom she wished to see. How strange those words sounded in her ears! She did not know this servant, for many changes had taken place in the domestic affairs since her departure for Simeon; yet to be treated as a visitor in the house where she had once reigned as a queen, was more than Louise could bear. In her indignation, she said:

"I wish to see my father."

"Your father?" repeated the servant, in surprise, for as she had come from a small town in the State, and had been but a week in the employment of Mr. Rosenthal, she did not know he had a daughter.

"Yes, my father," said Louise. "Go and tell my father that Louise is here."

The domestic left the widowed mother in the hall,

and announced her arrival to the lord of the mansion.

"A young woman downstairs requested me to say to you that Louise wishes to see her father."

"Louise wishes to see her father! Is it possible that she returns to me, after what she has done to tarnish my name?" and Mr. Rosenthal hurried downstairs to ascertain the truth of the servant's announcement. When he beheld the form of his visitant in the corridor, with an infant in her arms, and approaching, looked into the careworn face of his only daughter, he said:

"Well, madam, what can I do for you?" And before she had time to respond, he continued: "If you are seeking employment, I will inform you that I have as many domestics as my premises require, and if you are begging alms, I notify you to present yourself to the charity institutions of this city." And turning, he walked deliberately away.

Louise gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears, exclaiming, with heart-rending sobs:

"O, father! father! how can you ignore the presence of your child?" And seizing his arm, she cried: "Father, I ask your pardon. Do not crush me with your hatred! We were shipwrecked seven days ago, and my husband was lost. I have come to my home, the home of my childhood, the home consecrated by a mother's love, and ask you, father, not to forget the days of my infancy, the years of my youth, when I was your pride and your joy. If I have sinned, remember my innocence. Remember my mother. Recall how she loved me, how you and she built your hopes in my promising life. Father, O, father, pardon my only offense, my only act of disobedience! Have pity on your widowed daughter and her fatherless child!"

But the old man was inexorable.

"Ah, madam, you betrayed my confidence once; you gave me a fatal stab in the presence of that cultured assemblage in the hall of the Music Academy in Rubek. I returned home with a sad and broken heart. Within one week after my arrival I was overwhelmed by the sudden death of Benjamin, my son and heir."

"Benjamin dead!" exclaimed Louise. "O, my poor

brother! How can I endure the sorrow that has fallen upon me! My husband and my only brother dead, and I banished from the home of my father!"

"Yes, banished forever! Had Benjamin lived, there might have been some distant hope for you, when my influence over him had perished in my death. Being left alone in the world by the sad fate of my son, I wooed and won the heart of a lovely maiden, and now my property shall descend into another line, and your hopes are forever destroyed," and saying this he disengaged himself from her grasp, opened the door and bade her good-day in cold, formal, haughty tones.

Louise descended the steps and walked slowly to the carriage. As it was passing down the avenue, she heard a familiar voice, and looking around, she saw Aunt Martha, the old nurse who had rocked her cradle, and who had been an attache of the mansion for more than a quarter of a century. Aunt Martha threw her arms around the young widow, and embraced her affectionately, crying:

"O, Miss Louise! I'm so glad to see you! When did you return? Why are you leaving so soon? Surely you are going to stay with us?"

"No," said Louise, sadly; "I am disinherited by my father, and he has coldly, cruelly banished me from the parental hearthstone." She then related her misfortunes, beginning with her marriage, which was known to Aunt Martha, though the faithful domestic was not cognizant of the unpleasant results of her connubial alliance. The nuptials had been announced in the society papers of Engeddi; but Mr. Rosenthal had never adverted to the marriage. When the old nurse heard of the shipwreck and the fate of Mr. Gilhooley, she went into hysterics.

"How unfortunate! Poor Benjamin also perished in the water. One bright afternoon he went down to the beach to enjoy the surf, and venturing too far, he was carried away by the current and lost his life struggling with the breakers. When he was brought home, Mr. Rosenthal was prostrated with grief, and his friends thought that he would succumb to the shock. His life was in danger for two weeks, and then he began to re-

cover. In less than three months after, he was married to Miss Rosaline Romeyer. People said that she married him for his wealth, and indeed it seems that they were not disappointed. She never enjoyed social distinction previous to her marriage with your father, and now you would imagine that she was the scion of an ancient house. She assumes all the airs of the noblesse, and her arrogance is almost intolerable. No doubt she has poisoned your father against you, for she wishes, I am sure, to exclude you from your inheritance. But, my child, do not lose courage. Brighter days will dawn upon your life. You have a host of friends who will extend their good wishes, and welcome you to their homes. Besides, I know that your father will relent in the course of time, and enthrone you again in his affections."

Louise thanked Martha for her kind words, kissed her good-by, and bade the coachman to drive to the Union depot, where she took the first train for Meron, the home of the Gilhooleys. It was early the next afternoon when she reached her destination. She experienced no difficulty in ascertaining information about the residence of Mrs. Patrick Gilhooley, the aged mother of the gallant Confederate officer, who had won immortal glory fighting for the rights of the Southern people. The sudden appearance of Louise was a surprise to her mother-in-law, for the venerable matron had read of the disaster on the deep, and she had previously learned from her son that he would sail on that vessel. The papers had announced the list of passengers, all of whom, it stated had perished, except a few that had taken refuge in the life-boats. Mrs. Gilligan had appeared, by mistake, in the columns of the press, among the names of those who had been rescued, and, of course, Mrs. Patrick Gilhooley, not correcting the error, and failing to identify this name with her daughter-in-law, concluded that the trio had been lost. It was the first time that the young widow had met her husband's mother, and the latter impressed Louise as the noblest of women.

"My child," she said to the unfortunate girl, "this is your home. Take the place of my son, and comfort my declining years with your bright smiles and youthful

voice and cheerful disposition. We will live together as mother and daughter, and watch with joy the growth and development of our little babe, the child of your husband and my son. In this little cherub our hearts will center, and our affections will wax warm with his increasing years."

Louise accepted the hospitality of the noble matron, and daughter and mother mingled their tears and smiles in their sorrows and in their joys. Isaac gave promise of being an honor to the family and no labor was spared in the development of his marvelous genius. At an early age, he was sent to the best schools in Meron, where he distinguished himself by his mental powers and his close assiduity to his studies. When fourteen summers had passed over his head, Isaac was matriculated in the State University, one of the best known institutions of learning in the Republic of North Toadia. Within its hallowed walls many of the great men of the nation had been educated, and going forth from that sacred retreat, they became leaders in every department of lore.

Isaac won the highest honors in his studies every year, and the professors predicted that he would rank with the first scholars of the age. At eighteen he graduated in the scientific course, and immediately adopted the profession of law. While pursuing his legal studies, he became intensely absorbed in the economic questions of the day. He had perused the histories of all nations, and was thoroughly familiar with the records of those empires, whence his grandfather had migrated a half a century previously. The works of Mr. Flynn, who had crossed the Black Ocean in the Rochelle in 1779, had been republished in the various tongues of the trans-arctic world, and numerous copies were found in every city of the Toadian Republic. This collection embraced, besides the works of the ancient fathers of the Christian Church, the works of the best historians of all nations and all ages.

Isaac Gilhooley had made a study of these valuable books. Often he had wandered in fancy through those dim and distant centuries, and repeople the silent ages with the grand monuments that their civilization had left to perpetuate their memory. He became familiar with

the buried empires that had flourished on the borders of the Nile, the Euphrates and by the waves of the Persian Gulf. In dreams he would visit Palmyra of the desert, and meditate with Volney upon the revolutions and ruins of the past. He flung out upon the desert the voice of civilized man, touched those solitudes with the magic wand, and saw the moss-covered ruins of the ages leap forth into new creations. He saw again the thousand thriving hamlets and villages, populous towns and magnificent cities, adorned with regal halls and stately palaces and majestic temples. He visited the marts and emporiums of the Orient that have been forgotten in the roll of ages. He studied the history of the Grecian Republics, and the lives of the great men who made the Ionian isles the sweet shrine of song. He read the origin of the vast Roman Empire, and watched the flight of its eagles from the cedars of Libanus to the rock-bound coast of Albion. He became familiar with the glory of Carthage and the conquest of her heroes. He viewed the commencement of the Mohammedan domination on the arid plains of Arabia, and followed the legions of the Prophet across the sandy desert, till his emblem was recognized throughout western Asia. He saw the dusky warriors sweeping over northern Africa like the withering, scorching simoon, leaving naught in their wake but smoking ruins and bloody streams. He followed the path of the Goth over the rocks of the Pyrenees, the summit of the Alps, the crags of the Apennines; he beheld, in visions, the migration of the Cimbri, the Teutons and the Huns, the Scythians, the Vandals and the mighty army of turbulent barbarians that rolled down from the frozen shores of the Baltic to the verdant hills laved by the crested billows of the Mediterranean. He watched the foundation of European monarchies, the fall of the throne by the shores of the Tiber, where the Caesars had been crowned the sovereigns of the world. He saw the establishment of the Byzantine Empire on the shores of the Bosphorus, and heard the tramp of the Arabian war-steeds amidst the ruins of Grecian liberty, and the rise of the Ottoman power in Europe and the glimmer of the Crescent on the waves of the Hellespont.

He, also, studied the history of the trans-arctic world, and became familiar with the causes that enhanced the wealth and glorified the nations of New Israel, and he perceived that these causes were everywhere the same. He beheld Dan, on the borders of the western ocean, leading the countries of the North; Reuben sending forth her legions to the shores of the New World; Simeon climbing the snow-capped summits of intelligence, guiding the nations in the flight of genius; Zabulon, Asher, Nephthali, shedding glory on the triumphs of civilization. He noticed that poverty kept apace with progress, and as nations became wealthy, the masses were oppressed. He had read the "Wealth of Nations," by Adam Smith, and he learned from this standard author on Political Economy that "In that original state of things, which precedes both the appropriation of land and the accumulation of stock, the whole produce of labor belongs to the laborer. Had this state continued, the wages of labor would have augmented with all these improvements in the productive powers to which the division of labor gives rise. All things would gradually have become cheaper. They would have been produced by a smaller quantity of labor, and as commodities produced by equal quantities of labor, would naturally, in that state of things, be exchanged for one another, they would have been produced likewise with the produce of a smaller quantity."

But mankind has abandoned the simplicity of primitive life, and with that change the honesty of pristine nations has vanished. Even within the last fifty years, he reasoned, our powers of production have been multiplied twenty-fold, and by a natural sequence, the necessaries of life, the means of subsistence, should be produced with one-twentieth the labor, or the same amount of labor now should be rewarded with twenty times the amount of comforts that our forefathers reaped from their toil. But the contrary is true. Our hours of work have not been reduced, and our wages have diminished. The laborer is not as comfortable as he was a generation ago, and his condition compared with the progress of the nation, with the earnings of capital, with the facilities of enjoyment,

with the conveniences of modern life, has vastly deteriorated.

It is not so much, after all, what a man receives as the proportion of wealth that falls to his share. When capital yields but a moderate profit, the toiler is satisfied with a meager remuneration, but when he sees the money of his employer doubled in two years, he is forcibly reminded that the product of his wealth is appropriated by the capitalist under the name of profit. This nation was never so wealthy, nay, there is not a land of ancient or modern times that can be compared with ours. We have all the facilities of production.

Machinery has been applied to the production of every commodity, and the genius of invention is rapidly supplanting the necessity of manual labor. To-day one man can spin as much cotton as eleven hundred men could accomplish a century ago. One weaver can now supply the place of fifty in weaving. In making horse-shoes, the power of machinery compared with hand labor is in the ratio of five hundred to one. In the production of nails, the ratio is one thousand to one. In shipping, one man can perform the work of two thousand men; eighty-five per cent of hand labor has been displaced in the manufacture of watches. In 1845 there were three millions of tons of coal mined by machinery, and in 1850 the amount had increased to thirteen millions, and this line of industry one man can accomplish with machinery the work of ten men without machinery. A boy can make as many tin cans with a machine as eighty-four men with hand labor. Ninety-six per cent. of employes have lost their positions in the manufacture of musical instruments. There were employed, in the year 1845, four million, two hundred and fifty thousand, nine hundred and eighty-three men, women and children in the three hundred and fifty-five thousand, four hundred and ten establishments in this country, and they produced eight billion, two hundred and fifty million dollars of wealth, and they received in compensation for their labor one billion, six hundred and fifty million dollars, or twenty per cent. It is estimated that their portion of the natural production has fallen to seventeen per cent within the

past two years. Yet, within the last twenty-five years, multi-millionaires have sprung up in every quarter of the Republic. To-day there are four thousand families who own twenty billion dollars of wealth, and twenty-five thousand persons own more than half of our national wealth. And is it not strange that the producers of wealth are in a worse condition than they were twenty-five years ago?

These thoughts occupied the mind of Isaac Gilhooley day and night, and, prompted by a sense of justice, he expressed his views in a letter to the press, in which he condemned the avarice and inhumanity of the capitalists.

CHAPTER VI.

On the 14th of November, 1854, the following communication appeared in the Weekly Ledger, published in Meron, a very large paper that had a wide circulation among all classes of readers throughout the nation:

"Editor Ledger—For some time I have been making a study of the labor problem, and I decided to give publicity to my views through the columns of your excellent paper, with the hope of making proselytes to the standard of truth. The object of civilization is to give men greater facilities of education, the advantages of the refinement of social life, more domestic comforts, to elevate their physical, mental and moral status. If civilization does not accomplish these purposes, it is a failure, and our retrogression to barbarous life will not be mourned by future ages. But has the progress of the centuries achieved these ends? Do we, in the glorious triumphs of the nineteenth century, enjoy more advantages than our fathers who lived the simple pastoral life in the distant realms of the Arabian desert, or in the fertile plains and olive groves and rich vineyards of Israel?

It is true that the prophets did not realize the advantages of steam and electricity. The railway carriages were not seen passing over the mountains of Benjamin, gliding

along awful precipices, bounding through tunnels, crossing verdant valleys, spanning deep chasms. They had none of the conveniences that enhance the comforts of modern life. But were they not more happy, more contented, having better food and clothes than the millions of poor in our broad and glorious country? And if we follow the stream of time down through the long ages, we observe that as nations advance in civilization, distinct classes emerge on the theater of national life, and while wealth flows into the coffers of one, poverty invades the home of the other.

The line of demarkation becomes more distinct with every improvement in the productive facilities of the nations. The genius of invention was intended for the benefit of mankind, and, especially, to lighten the burdens of the toilers, and give them the opportunities of developing their mental faculties, and elevating their moral instincts by utilizing the advantages of educational facilities, and coming in contact with refined associations. But these productions of human creation have been employed for the promotion of the few and the degradation of the many. Our economic system is established on a false presumption and its consequences have been, not only deleterious, but most disastrous to the world's producers of wealth. Let us examine the cause of these social ills without prejudices and predilections, and we will open our investigations with a few definitions.

Wealth consists of all those things which have been modified in any way by human labor so as to render them capable of satisfying human desires. The land is not wealth, because land in itself does not satisfy human desires. In vain would you plead with the verdant hills and smiling meads to transform their growth into lager beer and sauerkraut. In vain would you appeal to the mighty forests and umbrageous groves to transmute their wealth into cheese and macaroni. We say that Toadia is more wealthy to-day than she was when the Rochelle steamed up the placid bosom of the Baleh Bay, and by that statement we do not intend to convey the idea that she has more land, more natural resources, that her hills are higher and her mountains more majestic, that her groves

are greener, that her streams are longer and her seas are grander; but that her natural resources have been converted into food, clothing, railways, steamboats, residences, factories, villages and cities.

The factors of wealth are land and labor, as labor applied to the land produces all wealth. But they say, what about capital? I cannot consider capital a factor of wealth, for it is not a positive agency, but merely an instrument in the hand of labor. Capital is stored-up labor, and therefore is nothing more than the product of labor. Labor is the agency which transforms the rude materials of nature into articles of food, clothing and domestic and public comfort, and all the wealth in the world is the product of toil. If every laborer on the earth would die to-night, what would be the fate of the capitalists? They would perish in less than ten days. But should all the capitalists expire this moment, what would be the condition of the laborers? They would not only survive, but would grow wealthy in being permitted to appropriate the entire product of their labor without a master to claim eighty-three per cent for the privilege of enjoying the remainder of seventeen per cent.

The political economists of this, and every other country, have magnified the importance of capital. They claim that the wages of labor is drawn from capital, which is false. The acceptance of this principle leads to the conclusion that the rate of wages is the ratio between the number of laborers seeking employment and the amount of capital expended, and this is the foundation of all those miseries which accompany the march of civilization.

If the manufacturer can afford to spend two thousand dollars daily in labor, and his establishment requires the services of one thousand men, and only that number seeks employment, each operative will receive two dollars per day. The next year one of the men invents a machine, by use of which fifty employes can do the work of the one thousand men. Let us suppose that the inventor gets the benefit of his genius, which is rarely ever the case; then this individual enters into a new field, and leaves the nine hundred and ninety-nine to compete for the fifty positions. This competition gives the proprietor abso-

lute dominion over his employes, and those who are retained are compelled to work for starvation wages, while the discharged are reduced to mendicancy. If they seek employment in other fields, they find the machine in operation there, and twenty men competing for the same position. They cannot resort to other trades, for we must presume that the power of machinery has forestalled them.

Besides, having spent the best years of their lives, and concentrated the wealth of their genius in mastering one line of business, they are unfit for other work, or, at least, are incapacitated to give the satisfaction required, and they are turned away to yield place to more efficient workmanship. They cannot expect to find work in constructing machinery, for if the same amount of labor saved by the application of machinery were utilized in the construction of machinery, then the employment of machinery would not redound to the advantage of the manufacturer.

The division of labor increases its capacity and diminishes the demand. Adam Smith says that one man can scarcely make twelve pins a day, whereas ten men, each working at a single operation, can produce forty-eight thousand pins a day, which would be four thousand eight hundred per person. The ability of each operative is increased five hundred fold, or each is now able to do the work of five hundred men. This is simply one illustration taken from hundreds.

Both machinery and the formation of trusts, according to our present system, are mighty agencies in the enslavement of laborers. The result of this competition is the reduction of wages to the lowest possible point upon which laborers can live and reproduce. Capital has been exalted above labor, and the latter has been made a commodity which we buy in the market at the lowest figure. In hiring the laborer, the capitalist never considers how much wealth the former creates, but how cheaply he can be hired. In Nippon, one of the most ancient countries of the trans-arctic world, where the competitive system has produced its ultimate results, laborers live on rats, and dogs are considered a great delicacy among the lower

classes. I predict that within fifty years from to-day the same conditions will exist in Toadia. In the dark and dismal days that shall mark the close of this century, the poor man's wife will go to the butcher's shop in the morning, and ask for cat steak and skunk cutlets.

Since the beginning of January, 1850, three hundred trusts have been formed in this country. One hundred and fifty thousand traveling agents have lost their positions; nearly one billion dollars in advertising have been saved by the corporations; fifty thousand men have been discharged by the railroads. And this mighty army of employes is thrown on the market, if the expression is legitimate, and competition is waxing fierce. Young lady clerks are working for three dollars per week, and are merely tolerated at that price. The department stores have driven seven hundred thousand small business houses from the field. The battalions are swelling day by day, wages is sinking, the necessities of life are increasing, hunger stalks through the land, the storm is brewing, clouds are rising in the western horizon, the roll of thunder echoes through the mountain dells, lightning flames are blazing in the skies, and the nation is already in the throes of a dreadful revolution, a political tempest, a social hurricane, that shall leave desolation in its wake, and drench the land in blood.

The wages of labor is the product of labor. In the primitive state of society, before the formation of industrial corporations, and the creation of a monetary system, every man obtained his subsistence from the product of his toil. The hunter roamed the forest, armed with his bow and quiver, pierced the heart of the bounding stag, and brought the slaughtered animal home. This was the product of his labor, and it was his wages. Now the division of labor, which gives rise to different pursuits, does not alter this principle. If one man picked berries, another fished, a third cultivated a few acres of corn, a fourth pursued the occupation of an archer and lived on wild beasts, a fifth raised fowl, and they exchanged their articles, the case would remain unchanged. The hunter gives his deer for a few bushels of corn, the farmer trans-

fers the produce of his toil to the fisherman, and receives an equivalent in another form.

Ten men depend on the finny tribe for their subsistence. One remains at home and makes boats and oars for the nine who go out on the deep, and he receives, in exchange for his boats and oars, a quantity of fish. The one who furnishes the material for fishing is engaged in that industry as much as the men who battle with the waves.

Let us apply this principle to our highly civilized state of society. A stove manufacturer engages a hundred men in his establishment, and he pays each ten dollars a week. Their combined efforts produce two thousand stoves per week. The work expended on these stoves represents the wages of the operatives. Hence when the employes receive their compensation on Saturday night, they have already enhanced the wealth of the manufacturer, and have contributed to the world's store of wealth many times the sum which they draw in payment for their week's salary. The proprietor, therefore, does not advance the wages of the men, when he gives them their compensation, but he simply converts the wealth they have created into another form, and the money they receive is merely a draft on the world's stock of wealth.

Capital assists labor in the production of wealth, but does not support labor. If we had no capital in machinery, labor would be compelled to make these improvements before it could operate with the same facility. Money is merely a medium of exchange, and is not a factor of wealth, and therefore should not be entitled to any merit beyond the functions which it performs. Money should not breed money. Money is unproductive and interest is usury.

If there were no money, and the operatives received their wages in stoves, they would be necessitated to seek some one who would be willing to accept their articles in exchange for bread, meat and clothes. Since money represents the products of labor, such as shoes, coats, hats, it is nothing more than accumulated labor, and hence the function of money is to assist the laborer in the production of more wealth by facilitating the conversion

of the articles created by his labor into other articles which his daily wants require.

Labor is the only title to property. An object belongs to me in virtue of the fact that I have spent my energies in its creation. But labor requires material for the exercise of its powers, and these materials are begotten in the womb of nature. The materials essential in the sustenance of human life come from the land. By the land I designate the entire earth, with its myriad forms of life, whether swimming in the boundless realm of waves, or floating in the purple sheen above, or creeping in the mire, or roaming through the forest glades; for every living organic creature, aquatic, aerial or terrestrial, draws its existence from the earth, and therefore it is a product of the land. Sugar-cane and cotton, wheat and corn, fish and fowl, the clothes that we wear and the food that sustains our lives, the stones in our factories and the bricks in our houses, the wood in our carriages and the iron in our railways, all come from land; but it requires labor to bring them forth from their original mode of existence, and form them for their special purpose.

It is true that, in the production of the materials utilized in perpetuating human existence, and increasing the comforts of life, light and water are essential, but these are included in land, inasmuch as the earth receives all these agencies. It requires labor to cultivate the soil and develop its latent energies. Nature produces the means, contains the power, but it requires the exercise of labor to call forth the hidden treasures and embryonic possibilities.

Nature makes no distinction between her children. She does not create rich or poor, lords or slaves. All are equal before her. It is true, that some are endowed with greater mental capacity, more muscular power, more courage and fortitude than others, yet in the struggle for existence she shows no favors. All have the same right to the gifts which she bestows. She smiles upon the cabin as blandly as upon the castle, and she frowns upon the king as well as upon the peasant. The wind fills the sail of the fishing smack as well as the merchantman that carries cargoes of provisions over thousands of leagues of

foamy waves. The sun shines as benignly upon the garden of the cottager as the demense of the Danish lord. The dews of night and the clouds of heaven refresh the fields of the poor and the rich without distinction. The treasures of nature are open to all who court and win her favors by the application of toil.

What constitutes the rightful basis of property? Does not the right of property originate in the fact that it has been created by labor, in the fact that every man is entitled to the use of his faculties, his powers, and to whatever those faculties and powers produce? What enables me to say that this house is mine? Because I have made it or purchased it from some other person who made it, and transferred his right to me. We may trace the article back through a hundred owners, and finally we reach the original maker. "There can be no ownership of anything, no rightful title, which is not derived from the title of the producer, and does not rest in the natural right of a man to himself."

Now this right of ownership, based on labor, excludes every other title. For if I am entitled to myself, and can exercise my power of production, it essentially follows that I must have material on which to expend my energies. Now land, which is not produced by labor, cannot be subject to private ownership. Private ownership in land would violate natural justice, for it deprives the laborer of the opportunities of exerting his powers, and hence robs him of the ownership of his person. For if he cannot exercise his energies without permission, he is subject to the will of others, and is a slave. The landlord can compel those who own no land to give a part of the fruit produced by their toil as a compensation for the privilege of exercising their powers; and, hence, the right to property not created by labor is an infringement on the right to property created by labor.

Every man born into the world has a right to life. The babe of the monarch and the subject, the child of the gilded palace and the miserable hovel, are equal in their claim to the right to life. But land is necessary for the exercise of this right, and hence no one can be deprived of the use of land. The private ownership of land would

place the lives of the toiling millions in the power of the landlords. If any man could control the light of the sun, the existence of the human race would be at his mercy; if any man could direct the circulation of the air, he would be in a position to dispense that element at a penny a breath; if any man held the streams and seas and lakes and bays at his command, he could famish the earth and destroy the commerce of the world; and if any man owned the earth, he could drive every living creature into the briny flood.

Place the land at the disposal of the individual, and you clothe him with absolute power over the lives and actions of his fellow-beings. He can compel them to crouch as slaves at the foot of his throne, and toil under the stroke of the lash. If I own a farm of land, I have complete dominion over it, and can dispose of it according to my pleasure. I can exclude others from the use of it, and let it lie fallow while millions cry for bread. If I have not this right, then my ownership is not complete, and amounts to nothing more than possession. If I owned the entire earth, I would violate no law in forcing the rest of mankind to vacate my dominions.

Nature has given to all the sons of Adam the use of the earth, and has assiduously guarded the rights of unborn generations by prohibiting private property in land; and God has sanctioned the decrees of nature, for He has given no individual a title to land.

When this government shall recognize the voice of nature, which cries out against the degrading poverty which haunts the footsteps of the wealth-producers, while the capitalist revels in luxuries; when the laws of our country shall do justice to every child born beneath the smile of our sun and the glitter of our stars, then the pang of hunger will no longer distort the faces of little babes, and fill their hearts with gloom. No longer will the mother, by the glimmering firelight in the chill wintry eve, with the howl of the north wind sweeping through her wretched hovel, wailing in harmony with the desolation of her soul, weep over the lifeless form of her darling child who perished for lack of clothing. No longer will the gamins wander about in tatters, begging for a morsel of

bread. No longer will the rosy-cheeked maiden sacrifice her virtue at the unhallowed shrine of lust; no longer will strong men grow wan and faint in the struggle for existence; no longer will haggard, careworn women fall and die on the roadside; no longer will the red hand of murder tarnish the brow of justice, and the curse of criminals shriek through our dungeon cells.

O ye men of power; ye legislators entrusted with the weal of the nations; ye hypocrites who swallow a camel and strain at a gnat; ye pharisees who are scrupulously exact about the exterior of the vessel, but are blind to its interior condition; ye hypocrites who are like whited sepulchres, who are covered with the blood of little babes, who have murdered the poor, the innocent and the defenseless; ye brood of vipers who poison the nation with your venomous stings, who drink the life current of thousands every year, who are reveling in luxury and vice while the poor are begging for justice—ah! it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for you. The long-lost inhabitants of Tyre and Sidon will appear as shining angels in your presence.

Rise up at once! Recognize the claims of your persecuted brethren; acknowledge your iniquities; purge yourselves by doing justice to the poor and the forsaken and the oppressed; wipe away the tears of sorrow from the eyes of orphans; and heal the wounds you have made in the hearts of widows. Unless you rectify these awful wrongs which you have perpetrated, the passions of your victims, goaded to fury by their miseries, will sweep over the land like a desolating cyclone.

CHAPTER VII.

This letter created a profound sensation in the aristocratic suburbs of Meron the morning of its appearance in the Ledger, and within a few days every plutocratic journal in the country was commenting on the temerity of the

youthful author, and denouncing his doctrine as anarchistic. The following rejoinder, written by Aaron Nicholson, an Israelitic rabbi of Vestonlag, was published in the Standard :

Editor of Standard :—I noticed in the columns of the Ledger, of your city, a contribution from the pen of Mr. Isaac Gilhooley, a young law student in your State University, in which the writer attacks the foundation of our social fabric by teaching communism, which is an euphemism for anarchy. God has made man a social being and in virtue of that innate desire, man seeks the society of his fellow-man. Since self-interest and dependence draw men together, government is essential for the preservation of order, for the restraining of the evil proclivities of lawless characters, for the prevention of crime and the promotion of the common weal. Hence, the power of making laws for the protection of property has been given to mankind by the Ruler of the universe. Now, if men agree to grant individuals the right to possess land, then that right is just and sacred. It is society exercising its God-given right of legislation. As Mr. Gilhooley says, man has a right to dispose of his labor, and he has consequently the right of converting the product of his labor into land, which is the only substantial property.

If we did not have a right to own land, then we could not call any place our home, we would be tenants of the government. If land is common property, then every man can claim the whole earth. Now, if every man can claim the whole earth, he might have reason to grumble if any other man took a part of his possession. The question arises who is to own this field and who is to own that field. This mode of partitioning the land would engender endless disputes, for no one would really know what he owned.

"Besides, Mr. Gilhooley presumes everybody lives on the land, which is a false hypothesis. While the farmer tills the soil, he needs some one to make his plows, some one to make his shoes, some one to grind his wheat, some one to bake his bread, officials to protect his property. Now all these people do not live directly on the land.

"Again, Mr. Gilhooley presumes that every man

should have exactly the same amount of land, and this is a false supposition. All men do not require the same amount of land. The farmer needs several hundred acres, the ranchman several thousand, whereas the blacksmith requires but a few feet for his shop.

"Mr. Gilhooley rants a great deal about the equality of mankind. He claims that all are entitled to equal opportunities of existence. All men are not equal. Some are large and others are small. Some are geniuses and others are fools. The writer also presumes that labor is the sole factor in the creation of wealth. This is likewise a mistake. The sun's rays are essential, also air and water. He indulges in silly, stupid twaddle about the rights of unborn generations. The unborn generation is not yet in existence, and that which does not exist can not have any rights.

"Ostensibly the soi-disant savant wishes God to come down from the skies and legalize our land titles, as He delivered the Decalogue on Mt. Sinai. Mr. Gilhooley can exercise the right of thought, and yet he never received permission from God for that purpose. Our laws are just, and every one enjoys equal advantages, and the distinction between classes originates in the natural disparities of men. Mr. Gilhooley should study logic and moral philosophy, and he would not venture to father such opinions as he advanced in the Ledger.

"Yours truly,

"Aaron Nicholson."

When the first communication from the pen of Isaac appeared in the press, many of the wealthy men of Meron and the opulent patrons of the University, notified the rector that they would withdraw their support from the institution if the students were permitted to advance ideas that would revolutionize society, and, perhaps, demolish the government. The rector had, on receipt of these peremptory communications, notified Isaac Gilhooley that he must withhold his views on the land question from the public press. But our young hero was not to be daunted by the arbitrary voice of plutocracy, and he informed the rector that he was a Toadian citizen, and would not frame his thoughts and language in the mould of other men, nor

would he acquiesce to the caprice of any enthroned autocrat. The rector informed the young man that a repetition of such misdemeanors would be punished by immediate expulsion from the institution.

On the fifth of December the Ledger attracted the eyes of all its readers by the prominent caption, "The Politician and the Rabbi Meet on the Bloody Arena. The Rod of Aaron Is Devoured by the Serpents of the Egyptian Magician. The Israelite Has Fallen by the Sword of the Philistine."

"Editor of Ledger:—I observed, in last week's issue of the Standard, a paper from Aaron Nicholson, a Rabbi of Vestonlag, in which the reverend gentleman attacks my position on the injustice of land ownership. However, I regret for the honor of the ministry and the reputation it has acquired for learning, that Mr. Nicholson has rendered himself ridiculous in the minds of intelligent people. In the first place his cause is indefensible, and the most profound erudition could not rescue him from humiliating failure; but the superficial Rabbi has enhanced the difficulties and objections that confront his side of the question, by absolute ignorance of the subject he attempts to manipulate, and his total misconception of my communication. His letter to the Standard is distinguished for its vain and unsophisticated assertions. I do my adversary no injustice when I characterize his article as the triumph of banality and puerility.

"It is true that God has given man the right to make laws for the preservation of society, but I fail to see that this purpose is accomplished by disinheriting the human race of its birthright, and jeopardizing millions of lives by placing them at the mercy of a venal, luxurious, atheistic, conscienceless Mammon. Did not God forbid stealing? And when society legislates in favor of private ownership of land, this is legalizing a theft of the gravest nature. God gave every man a right to life, and society, by passing enactments to secure the right of landlords, deprives man of the right to his life, and places the right to life in the power of the landlord alone.

"God gave man ownership over his person, the faculties of his mind and body. This personal right cannot

be exercised without land, for how can a man expend his energies, unless there be some object to receive those energies? Therefore, in defending the right to land ownership, society gives the landlord the right to dispose of the powers and persons of other men. Far back in the dim and distant centuries God spoke to the bridal pair as they roved along the crystal streams and through the shady groves of Eden, saying unto them: 'Increase and multiply and fill the earth and subdue it, and rule over the fishes of the sea and the fowls of the air and all living creatures that move upon the earth. And God said: Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed upon the earth, and all the trees that have in themselves seed of their own kind, to be your meat. And to all the beasts of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to all that move upon the earth, and wherein there is life that they may have to feed upon.' (Gen., 1 Ch.)

"This is sufficient evidence to show that God gave the earth and all its fruits to mankind at large, and that all generations were included in that grant. In reference to Mr. Nicholson's insipid attempt to display philosophical erudition, by stating that the unborn generation is not yet in existence, and therefore can have no right, I wish to inform my pretentious critic that one generation merges into another, and the continuity is unbroken, and it does not require any profundity of logical acumen or metaphysical lore to discern that this is necessary for the perpetuation of the human race. The rights of the unborn generations were reserved in the divine grant, just as a father leaves an estate entail to the heirs of his son. When these heirs are born, they immediately acquire their right. Adam and Eve were to enjoy the fruit of the earth during their life-time, and each generation was entitled to the same privilege, but had no right to dispose of the substance.

"Blackstone, referring to the first chapter of Genesis, writes: 'This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy, metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers on the subject. The earth, therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of mankind' (Com. Eng. Law,

Book 2nd, p. 208). Since this is the foundation of land titles, and since the land was given to all mankind and to all generations, then the title extended to the usufruct, and not to the substance. If it referred to the substance, then one generation could alienate its dominions, and the next generation would be born without any right to the usufruct of the land, which is contrary to the Genesiac phraseology.

"Men have a right to relinquish their personal claims, but they have no right to sell the claims of another generation. Since their personal right of using land cannot be abdicated without destroying the rights of the next generation, the right of the present generation to the use of land cannot be abandoned. Now that original title wherein all men are to have equal access to the fruits of the earth, remains until abolished by another positive decree; and since there is no divine decree altering the original law, the title is still extant. This should be plain enough for Rabbi Nicholson, whose office is to read and expound the law of God contained in the Ancient Testament. Every man can exercise his natural rights (as long as they do not conflict with the natural rights of others) until he is restricted by divine law. By natural law all men own the earth, and this has been confirmed by divine law, and therefore he who would, in violation of this dual enactment, appropriate land and exercise ownership in same, should be compelled to substantiate his claims, by showing that the author of these two laws had suspended their operation in his case.

"By natural law I can use my faculties, and this has not been annulled by divine positive law, and therefore it is not necessary, as in the former case, that God should sanction my right by a special commission. The parity which the clerical charlatan attempted to establish in these two cases, is like all his logic, philosophy and political economy, the mirage of a mental desert, the ignis fatuus of a befogged intellect.

"The difficulties of common ownership could be obviated by placing a tax, equal to its full rental, on land values, and those who are willing to pay the tax for a larger area would be entitled to the use of a larger area.

This tax would be more than sufficient to defray all the expenses of government, and, therefore, improvements, which are the product of labor, would be exempt from taxation. This would be the most just tax because it is imposed on the gifts of nature and removed from labor's products. If some use the land, a right which all possess equally, then they should pay for the enjoyment of that privilege. By a tax on land, the community receives a compensation for the use of a gift which God has created for the benefit of all.

"We now must consider the factors in the creation of land values. Four hundred years ago I could have purchased this county for one dollar, and to-day the same land is worth many millions. At that distant period civilization had not penetrated the wilderness of the west; the bush house rested on Mt. Gilead and Snowy Peak, the dusky warrior roamed along the plains of Gideon and feared not the pale-faced intruder from the shores of the Hager and the Goshon. Since then the aborigines have wandered beyond the desert of Gaza, the Caucasian has followed the footsteps of the conquered race, and the enterprising city of Meron has risen above the ruins of the Scythian village. What has created the present value of real estate in the Maiden City? Labor which felled the oak and the sycamore and the beech, cleared away the forests, built streets, houses, mills, factories and railroads.

"In a little village on our western frontier, real estate is very cheap, because there are no transportation facilities, no industries, a very inferior school, and the small stores which the patronage of the place supports cannot afford to carry expensive materials, and the wealthier inhabitants are compelled to visit distant cities to procure the costly articles that satisfy their tastes. There are no inducement to homeseekers, because people prefer to pay a much higher price for lots in a location where they can enjoy every domestic comfort and every commercial advantage. A few enterprising capitalists establish factories, build a railroad through the hamlet, open up communication with other cities; people come in vast numbers to seek locations; there is an enormous demand for lots, and real estate is enhanced ten-fold its former value. Who

should bear the burdens of supporting the government? The men who created the value in the land by their improvements, or the men who did nothing for the advancement of the city, but who are now enjoying, in the increased land values, the sole benefit of the progress made by the thrift, energy, labor and wealth of others?

"Would it not be a stimulant to labor to lighten its burden, to exempt the product of toil from taxation? Would not labor expend its resources in creating more wealth? Would not improvements multiply rapidly if all restrictions in the nature of taxation were removed? Levy a tax on dogs and there will be fewer dogs. Levy a tax on wealth and there will be less wealth. Taxes are paid to the government in compensation for services rendered in protecting property. But the landlord alone is reaping the advantage of the improvements, and in justice he should pay for the protection of those improvements. If a conflagration should envelop the city, and leave naught in its path but smoking ruins, real estate would immediately fall from building lot prices to frontier farming land prices.

"The improvements in a large city do not cost more than in the country, and perhaps much less, for, owing to the abundance of labor and material, both are cheaper. However, real estate in a city is a hundred times more expensive than in the country, because a dense population has augmented the improvements, which pander to human comforts, and have made the place an important emporium, and therefore have created a demand for land.

"A sturdy son of toil abandons the refined society in the center of population, and wanders forth to the unfrequented and pathless wilderness, with the hope of ameliorating his condition and acquiring a fortune for his family. The country is inviting on every side, endowed with potent energies, refreshed with limpid streams, bathed in the sheen of the sun and smiling in the gleam of the moon and the glitter of the stars. All the vast region is without a claimant, on account of its remoteness from the haunts of civilized life, and consequently it is without value.

"The pioneer selects his location and appropriates as

much land as he can cultivate. Others follow his footsteps, and finding the land everywhere of equal fertility, they occupy tracts adjacent to the farm of the first settler, and his farm, in the course of time, becomes the nucleus of a large agricultural community. To supply themselves with the comforts of life, it is necessary to introduce, stores, build a school, establish a postoffice, and naturally they would select the first farm for the location of these buildings. Now the first settler's land acquires a special value, and this value has been created by the expansion of the community, the enlargement of the population, and not from the efforts of the pioneer.

"The community is now divided between merchants and husbandmen, and, of course, every one wishes to be near the market, and there is an increased demand for land in the center of the district. If there were no land titles, disputes would arise about the right of appropriating the most desirable lots. With our present land system, the first settler would accumulate an immense fortune from the growth of the community. Is there no way of adjusting these difficulties? Is there no way of preventing disputes about the ownership of individuals, when land belongs to the community at large, and, at the same time, is there no method of securing to the community the wealth it has created by its improvements? Levy a revenue tax on land values, remove the burden of taxation from improvements, make the land tax equal to its full rental. The most desirable location will bring a higher tax, and the more remote a lower tax. Those who are willing and able to pay the higher tax would be entitled to the best locations; and the others would select cheaper lots. If the first settler desired to retain his entire tract, and pay the increased tax, he would be entitled to hold it.

"Then the amount of land possessed by each one is determined by the amount of tax each one is willing and able to pay. No one would keep more land than he could use, for it would be unprofitable to do so. As the land tax would be the only tax, we appropriately designate it the Single Tax. According to the Single Tax system, landlords would not be molested in their possessions but could

live on their estates forever, and bequeath them to their posterity. The only difference between the present system and the Single Tax system consists in the increased tax imposed on land. Our titles would not be altered, and no change would be made. This system would diminish governmental expenses by dismissing an army of officials who are employed in the revenue service. Sixty-five per cent of the land tax would be sufficient to defray expenses, and the total taxation on land and improvements to-day would fall from one hundred to sixty-five per cent.

"In this country the Wellthorgans own two millions acres of land; the Rothmans two millions acres; Lord Formeyer three millions; the Danish nobility twenty millions, and the railroads two hundred millions acres. These lands are held for the sake of speculation, while thousands of paupers cry for the crumbs that fall from our tables. They were acquired at a sacrifice (often by grant, as this government donated one hundred and sixty million acres to the railroads) and the tax on them is a mere bagatelle. Raise the tax to the full rental, and these broad tracts will be thrown on the market at reduced prices, and millions of paupers will be enabled to secure homes.

"New Media, previously to 1830, was cursed with vast wealth and degrading poverty. A few great landlords had dominion over the country. A graduated land tax, ranging from one to three cents on the dollar, according to the extent of the domain, with an extra two cents for absentee landlords, proved so heavy that the most of the vast estates were offered for sale. To-day there is not a millionaire in New Media, only one man owns half a million, and there is scarcely a pauper in the land.

"The Single Tax would have the same effect here, and the full rental of the present time would fall, on account of the abundance of the land, at least thirty-five per cent. Let us see what advantages would follow from this system.

"A man owns a lot upon which he pays five hundred dollars taxes, and he erects a factory upon this lot, and his taxes are increased to one thousand dollars. Another man has a vacant lot of the same size adjacent to the factory and he pays five hundred dollars in taxes. The Sin-

gle Tax system would relieve the first man's factory, and place the entire thousand dollars on the lot. Real estate having fallen thirty-five per cent the manufacturer would pay sixty-five per cent, and therefore six hundred and fifty dollars instead of one thousand dollars. The second man would pay exactly the same. Now the second man would immediately erect some industry on his vacant lot, establish a large mill, employ hundreds of men in constructing this plant, and hundreds of others in operating it. Hence thousands of dollars are now spent in the city, where not one cent was expended before.

"A poor man wishes to erect a dwelling. He buys a lot for two thousand dollars and builds a residence for two thousand dollars. He will pay a tax of fifty dollars annually for the lot and the same amount for the house. Now the Single Tax exempts the house and imposes the whole sum on the lot, which sum will be reduced thirty-five per cent and hence instead of one hundred dollars he pays sixty-five dollars.

"But this is not all. He has only two thousand dollars, for which he will purchase the lot, and according to our present system he could not build till he has accumulated two thousand dollars more, and all this time he pays fifty dollars annually in taxes. The Single Tax plan would enable him to build, with the two thousand dollars, a house on any vacant lot which is not appropriated, and pay the government sixty-five dollars annually for the use of the lot. In that way the poor man saves two thousand dollars in the beginning, and thirty-five dollars annually for the rest of his life.

"Rabbi Nicholson attempted to prove that all men do not live on the land, and he illustrates this by referring to the mechanic who makes plows, the miller who grinds the flour, the sheriff who keeps the peace. Is it possible that these men do not eat food or wear clothes? Of course they do. Well, then, they are living on the fruits of the land. Do they live in the clouds and float around on the moonbeams? No; they live on earth, move on earth, have their whole being on the earth. I will admit with my ministerial adversary that light, air and water are essential factors in the creation of materials used in the

production of wealth, but these would be useless without soil. The first three are beyond human power, but the owner of land has direct control over all the energies which nature expends in the formation of the substance that makes the fund of the world's wealth. Air, light and water would be abortive agencies, if we had no land to receive their energies. A learned scientist has endeavored to prove that vegetation can flourish in water, but he confines his illustration to one or two species which would not bear sufficient aliment to sustain the simplest forms of life.

"I will concede that all men are not equal in mental calibre, corporal ability and stature, yet they are entitled to the same opportunities. The strong man will utilize his power to greater advantage than the weak man, and will leave him behind in the race of life. Yet it does not follow that the latter must be disinherited for the benefit of the former. A giant and a pygmy have twenty acres of land each. The giant, by his superior strength expended on the soil, will increase its fertility to its highest productive capacity, and his land will yield one thousand bushels of wheat. It follows that the giant reaps greater advantages from the same opportunities, yet I fail to see that the pygmy should relinquish his right to his land in favor of one whom nature has blessed with superior gifts, or that the giant would be justified in seizing the property of the dwarf. Yet this is the legitimate conclusion from Mr. Nicholson's premises.

"I have spoken of the productive power of machinery, and the decrease in the demand of labor following from the consolidation of vast industries into mighty corporations that control the supply of the nation. The competition of laborers is daily waxing fiercer. If the wage-earners apply to the landlord, they must accept his conditions and hence they are sailing between Scylla and Charybdis. The Single Tax would open a new field of labor, and would immediately draw the excessive population from factories, and according to the law of supply and demand, laborers could exact as much wages as they could earn in cultivating the soil. I believe in the Single Tax (1) because it recognizes the fact that all men have

a right to life and person, and it gives all men equal opportunities of exercising these rights, and deprives no one of the use of God's gifts; (2) because it gives to every man the complete ownership of the products of his toil, removes from labor all restrictions and thus encourages industry; (3) because it appropriates the values created by the community for the good of the community; (4) because it appropriates values created by improvements for the protection of improvements; (5) because it reduces the burden of the community thirty-five per cent; (6) because it is an escape valve for labor in the hands of capital; (7) because it is the only correct tax that can be levied. No one can estimate the value of old machinery, factories, houses, but every one knows the value of land, for its value is established by the value of the surrounding land.

"But I do not say that the Single Tax is a complete remedy for all the ills of the age. It is the only just method of taxation, and its application would relieve the situation for a time; but society will not attain the golden dreams of perfection till all the means of production and distribution are nationalized. The Single Tax theory is founded on competition and individualism, and in place of these we should substitute co-operation and collectivism.

"Although the Single Tax would deal a severe blow to the domination of competition, yet in the course of time the scars of the latter would be cicatrized, and the conscienceless fiend would arise from the dust to rule the unborn generations. The moneyed kings would rent thousands, and, perhaps, millions of acres, which they would cultivate with the very best machinery, and could thus dispense with the most of manual labor. To-day wheat can be produced on the large farms of the West for twenty cents per bushel, whereas it costs the small farmer about forty-eight cents per bushel. Therefore, the large farmer, renting fifty or one hundred thousand acres and cultivating it with the latest improvements of production, could well afford to give the small agriculturist the wages the latter could make in cultivating his own land, and, in the course of time, monopoly would supplant competition.

"Again, the railroads own immense tracts of land, and

the imposition of the Single Tax would not curb their power, for possessing a monopoly in transportation, they could discriminate against their competitors, and thus annihilate their profits. If the government would impose a franchise tax on the roads, the management could charge this tax to their patrons in advanced rates, and the transportation kings would be as omnipotent as the autocrats of Kurush.

"After the raw material has passed into the hands of the merchants and manufacturers, the power of capital would have a vast field for the exploitation of labor. The profits arising from the unlimited cultivation of the soil would be so reduced by unfair competition with powerful corporations and syndicates, that many would abandon the peaceful life of the rustic, and seek employment in other fields, and with the ever-increasing combination of capital, division of labor, and multiplication of mechanical skill, it would not be many decades before the slavery of labor would be more galling than the gyves that manacle the limbs of the toilers of this generation.

"The Single Tax merely deprives capital of one club, which would, ere long, be supplied by other and improved weapons of warfare against the rights and liberty of the toiling masses. I advocate the Single Tax, not as an end, but merely as a means to the nationalization of land. The Single Tax is founded on collectivism in ownership and individualism in cultivation. We should adopt the first, and tolerate the second, in order to accomplish a third purpose, which consists in co-operation in production.

"Should we demand the immediate imposition of the land tax, or the confiscation of the rent for the community, we would meet with obstinate resistance. A gradual increase of the tax on land, with a gradual reduction of taxes on improvements and commodities for use, would never be felt by the land-owners, and the revolution would be so imperceptible that no one would suffer, and all would be benefited by the change. In the course of ten or fifteen years, the tax would be equivalent to the full rental, and speculation being totally destroyed, and the ownership of land giving no advantage to capitalists, the latter would relinquish their claims, and the soil could

be appropriated by the community, which could institute co-operation in cultivation. In the meantime, while the land is quietly passing into the hands of the commonwealth, the nation could acquire all the other means of production, and distribution, and Socialism would become a reality.

"But the objection will be advanced that it is robbery to nationalize the products of labor. The individual should own all the wealth that he has created, but should not invade the rights of others. We have seen that it is society that creates land values, and that is one of the reasons advanced for the nationalization of land. The individual living apart from society, in the wilds of the Orient, or in the jungles of the Occident, could never accumulate more than the barest competence, and, in many cases, he would be fortunate in securing the necessary means of subsistence. Why is it that the same individual grows wealthy in a highly civilized state of society? Because, in the manipulation of trade and in the complication of industry, he silently appropriates the wealth created by society.

"An isolated individual, having no one to fleece, and deprived of human co-operation, would not make more than the equivalent of ten cents per day, whereas now his labor creates ten dollars of wealth in the same time. The ten cents is due to his individual efforts, and nine dollars and ninety cents is the wealth produced by society as a whole. Hence, in every creation of wealth, there are two distinct factors, the individual and society, and there should be two distinct portions, one going to the member and the other to the collective membership. The progress of the ages is the accumulated wealth of society. The artist borrows his ideas from his contemporaries, and they have appropriated the knowledge of their ancestors, and thus we inherit the gifts of those whose bones have returned to dust, and whose names have faded from the memory of living generations. The inventor gets an idea from one piece of machinery, and adds this to the sum of knowledge he has acquired from other sources, and uniting these isolated notions, he adapts them to new

formations, and the result is a new invention and an advance in mechanical skill.

"These various ideas are the products of society, and the latter, after remunerating the individual effort, should appropriate the new invention, and use it for the benefit of mankind. Authors and scholars, statesmen and philosophers, owe their acquirements to society. All the works of civilization in the history of the world have been produced by society, and we can truthfully say that the complete destruction of co-operation would reduce mankind to a state of savagery.

"Our great industries are conducted on socialistic principles. A number of men come together and form a plan for the construction of a railroad. Every yard of earth that is cast into the valley, every cut that is made through the hills, every tunnel that is bored through the ribs of the mountains, every rock that is removed by the blast, every rivulet and stream that is spanned by a bridge, every tie and every rail, every pound of freight that is removed from place to place, every passenger that is conveyed from city to city, every stroke of work accomplished and every effort made in the building and equipment and running of that road, is an exemplification of co-operation.

"Our trusts are conducted on socialistic principles. Socialism is civilization, and competition is barbarism. Society, therefore, should own all the means of production and distribution, for these are the creations of society.

"But how should this be accomplished? Shall the State nationalize its wealth by confiscation or by purchase? In justice to the toiling millions who have made the wealth, in justice to society which has bequeathed the science of past ages, and which has directed our great industries, the State should resort to confiscation. However, I would not advocate that method, for there are cases where the consequences would be disastrous, and a sudden revolution of that nature would possibly deluge the nation in human gore, and therefore I would suggest the gradual absorption of the national wealth by purchase, which I will explain in the near future.

"Hoping that Aaron Nicholson will study the question

more seriously before attempting to ventilate his views on the justice of the Single Tax, I am yours, etc.,

"ISAAC GILHOOLEY."

CHAPTER VIII.

When Mr. Gilhooley's surrejoinder was read by the professors of the University, it was decided to expel the youthful Achilles, whose sword had pierced the armor of Hector, and had been crimsoned with the blood of the Trojan hero. The Church blushed for the humiliation of her servant. The students of the University were summoned to the study hall, and the rector thus addressed them on the perils of adolescent genius:

"My dear young men," he said, "this community, and, perhaps, this State and Nation, has been scandalized by the arrogant assumption and heterodox teachings of one who has been a protege of this venerable institution. The halls of this University have been consecrated by the wisdom and learning of the land, hallowed as the Mecca where talent has made its annual pilgrimage, where art has been enshrined, where the light of science has been fed by the flame of the vestal virgins. The halls of this institution have been enriched by every charm, adorned with every grace, and blessed with the sweetest memories. This seat of learning has been immortalized by the deeds of her brilliant sons, who became famous in peace and in war, who defended their country's honor in the national forum, and the glory of her flag in the field of carnage, and who have vied with the Grecian Muse in the temple of song. Their verses have charmed, like Orpheus, of mythological traditions, rocks and trees and woods and streams; their eloquence has enchanted ruthless mobs and thrilled listless throngs, and transformed sober men into surging masses. This University, sacred to the memory of the nation's millions, consecrated by the valor of a thousand heroes, immortalized by the genius of every profes-

sion, has been tarnished by the breath of a traitor, and desecrated by the shadow of a heretic.

"Mr. Isaac Gilhooley has promulgated doctrines that are subversive of government and religion. His ideas are in conflict with the Federal Constitution, which has been purchased at the cost of years of suffering and rivers of blood. That document, formed by the wisdom of our ancestors, secured the right of property to every individual, and this youthful anarchist fulminates against the validity of personal ownership. He would deprive every citizen of a home. He would go back to the savage state, when men wandered through the solitudes of the forest, lived in trees and caves and clothed themselves with the skins of wild animals. He would demolish our national capital, burn the legislative halls, abolish representatives and governors, banish the amenities of society, destroy all rights enjoyed by civilized people, and institute the reign of mobocracy and the triumph of fire and blood. What will the thoughtless, ignorant millions do when they read his teachings? Will they not grow restless under the burden of their daily toil, and meditate the dethronement of the law, the inauguration of brute force, the banishment of intelligence from the helm of the nation, and the governmental supremacy of the proletaire?

"It was the doctrine of such men as Mr. Gilhooley that eventuated in the breaking of the Simeonic sceptre, the fall of the diadem from the kingly brow, the decapitation of Benjamin the Sixteenth, the assassination of his royal consort, the destruction of the throne, the triumph of the Directory, the desecration of the Star Chamber, the sweep of violent passions ignited in the breasts of the rabble, and the institution of an epoch in New Israel which shall be known to all generations as the Reign of Terror.

"We do not wish to see our fair and beautiful country shorn of every fruit of civilization by a cyclone of fury. We do not wish to see Mars encircled with a belt of fire, and to hear the rattle of his flaming car echoing among our hills and along our streams and through our dells and dales, mountain glens and shady vales.

"Moreover, the doctrine advocated by Mr. Gilhooley is repugnant to common sense. Every man in this realm

is a proprietor of land, at least the land upon which his residence stands. If he does not at present own his home, it is his desire to be able, at some future time, to rest under the shadow of his own roof-tree. No man wishes to be the tenant of the State. In his last communication, Mr. Gilhooley goes a step farther, and attacks the right of property in every form, saying that all wealth is the product of society. This doctrine would lead to the very worst despotism. It would give the government unlimited power. It would result in the establishment of a kingdom, and the rod of an absolute monarch would ere long be used against the freedom of the nation, and the millions of Toadians would crouch at the throne and lick the feet of their master.

"There is a penchant in the human heart to accumulate wealth, to own some property, and the visions of millenarians will not conquer that innate aspiration. The poorest tramp that begs for bread at your door, would rebel against the tenets of these anarchists who would deprive him of the barest possibility of ever acquiring a foot of soil that he could call his own. The mendicant of to-day may be the capitalist of future decades. The ambition of man is to ameliorate his condition, elevate himself and his family in the social scale. The operative is contented with his toil, for he looks forward to the remuneration that will enable him to establish an industry and become a proprietor. Eradicate this ambition and you preclude the possibility of transition from the lower to the higher ranks, build a Chinese wall around man's social status, establish the Oriental caste, forbidding the artisan to become a merchant, confining the rustic toiler to the life-long drudgery of the field and the furrow, closing the door of the parlor against the face of the scullion, placing the embargo on the domestic, filling the professional ranks with none but the children of grandees.

"Destroy the ambition of gaining social prominence, intellectual distinction and commercial and financial importance; extinguish the power of accumulated wealth, and you paralyze the motive nerves of national prosperity, stop the wheel of fortune, stem the march of progress, dwarf the genius of invention, sterilize mental vigor,

stifle intellectual development, quench the flame of science, impair physical strength, cultivate the germs of moral infection, encourage the growth of bestial passions, and fill the land with poverty, misery and crime.

"The right of private property has not only been sanctioned by the traditions of all times, the customs of all peoples and the legislative enactments of all nations, but it is supported and legalized by the authority of the Church and the voice of God. The commandment promulgated three thousand years ago on the flame-lit summit of the Holy Mount says that 'thou shalt not steal,' and when the government appropriates the wealth created by human effort, that government violates the ordinances of the Most High. It is one of the sins crying to Heaven for vengeance. It is a crime that shall not be forgiven either in this world or in the world to come, for it is defrauding the laborer of his hire.

"The poor man has struggled for a quarter of a century, through the chilly blast of winter and under the scorching rays of summer, from the early dawn until the shadows of night wrapped the world in slumber. He spends the few thousand dollars, the result of his sweat and toil, the sum total of his life's labor, and he purchases a farm of land which he calls his own. The Single Tax theory is legalized in legislative action, and goes into operation. The farmer loses his home, and is forced in his declining years to seek the assistance of the cold, heartless world. Is that not robbery? Yea, it is worse than robbery; it is murder of the deepest dye, and the man who inculcates such detestable opinions, who would go so far as to legalize such injustice, is guilty of all the blood that it will wring from the hearts of the millions who will perish in the defense of their firesides.

"I regret that Mr. Gilhooley has been misled by the vagaries of a distorted brain, and has drifted into the current of anarchy. He was the star of this institution and was destined, by the judicious application of his talents, to rank with the highest minds of the nation. He would, had his genius not been perverted by reading dangerous books, and contemplating wild, chimerical theories, have woven a wreath of glory to crown the brow of the nation,

and his memory would have been encircled with the halo of immortality. This is a warning to aspiring talent.

"Young men, be guided by the counsel of aged wisdom. Great promises have been frustrated by hazardous steps, and lofty hopes have been wrecked on rocks and shoals. Many a ship, laden with precious gems and treasures of gold, has gone down beneath the boisterous waves. Loyalty to the law is the grandest virtue that can adorn the soul of youth, and disloyalty to the flag is the blackest crime that can stain the brow of a citizen.

"The destiny of our country is in the hands of the rising generation. Adolescence is redolent of every charm and grace, and juvenile fancies are pregnant with visions of future glory. It is consoling to behold the buoyant hopes and lofty ambitions of our young men, and I would be loath to discourage them in their noble purposes and exalted aspirations. They are to be the heroes of the future. They are to preserve the purity of our government and defend the honor of our flag, and send it floating down the ages, covered with the glory of triumph in the cause of justice and liberty, and consecrated with the benediction of a Republic rescued from the bondage of despotism by the flash of the sword. They are to make the laws of our land, and protect the weak from the strong arm of injustice. They are to be the fathers of the nation, the founders of homes, the framers of society, the custodians of morality the patrons of art, the teachers of science. Hence, their minds cannot be too well prepared. Their hearts should be isolated from the poison that has already inoculated society. They should be kept in the atmosphere of purity, and shun the withering breath of vice as they would avoid the deadly germs of contagion, or the mortal fangs of an asp. We have protected your unsuspecting simplicity, your child-like innocence of heart, from the fatal effects of anarchical association by ignominiously expelling that scorpion, Mr. Gilhooley, from this sacred retreat.

"I pity his widowed mother, who lost her husband when Isaac was an infant. I pity his dear old grandmother, who is now in her dotage. We would fain condone the transgression of this youth in reverence to the

memory of his sire, who was a noble captain of the Lost Cause; but this hallowed asylum of learning cannot harbor revolution within its walls, or permit conspiracies to ripen under the shadow of its wing. The offender was amply warned of his misdemeanors, and he cannot allege ignorance in palliation of his crime. This University is endowed by the wealthy men of the South, and they will not permit their beneficiaries to sully their honor and rob them of their affluence. If the patrons of this institution should withdraw their support, our doors would be closed immediately. I hope that the enemy we have detected beneath our roof has no confederates or sympathizers among you."

This address was prepared and afterwards published in the Standard, to convince the moneyed aristocracy that the University was not responsible for the opinions of Gilhooley.

The students were dismissed, and they retired to the campus to consider the expulsion of their associate. Some were unequivocal in their expression of concordance with the action of the faculty, and they were not slow in denouncing the temerity of Isaac Gilhooley, and they were sincere in their attitude. Some were jealous of his superior calibre, and mental attainments, and although they could see no grave crime in the defense of an honest opinion, even when wrong, yet they were glad to have an adversary removed, and actuated by selfish motives, they endeavored to conceal their hypocrisy in sanctioning the course that had been pursued. A small number were heirs of wealthy planters of the South, and they conjured up, in their fervid fancies, the poverty that would fall on their homes when the confiscation act would be passed, and they were loud in their defense of the verdict which excluded their associate from the historic institution. A few were the sons of policemen, ward politicians and saloon-keepers, and in their pretensions to wealth and aristocracy, they not only concurred in the justice of the sentence, but deemed it prudent, and even obligatory, to hang Isaac Gilhooley before he would destroy the government.

But the majority of the students were very fond of the

Irish reformer, as he was facetiously called by his comrades, and they were unanimous in stigmatizing the expulsion of their classmate as an act of contemptible cowardice, prompted altogether by consideration of public opinion which they did not have the moral courage to confront. Abraham McGillicuddy declared that the faculty were truckling to the money power behind the University. Nicholas Hellenmeyer said that the professors were afraid that they would lose their positions, and sacrificed a noble young man, fighting the battle of freedom, on the altar of their selfish ambition.

Many of the students drew up a petition against the dastardly conduct of the University corps, and threatened to withdraw from the University unless Isaac were immediately recalled. This document was read to the faculty by Abraham McGillicuddy with an emphasis which clearly indicated his determination. The rector exculpated the students from any intentional malice, but claimed that it was criminal to support the views of an anarchist. To this speech McGillicuddy replied with real Irish eloquence:

"I consider you a criminal in condemning the honest convictions of a man who has made a thorough study of the labor question. If you had read, with an unbiased mind, the works that have engaged the attention of Isaac Gilhooley, in your heart you would agree with him. I say you would agree with him in your heart, but, like a brazen-faced hypocrite as you are, your lips would belie your opinion, and to pander to the sentiments of land kings and railroad magnates, you would swear that black is white and that night is day. I would not disgrace myself by associating with the professors of this institution. I would not imperil my moral character by lingering under the same roof with a viper like you!"

Saying this, Mr. McGillicuddy ordered his trunk to be sent to the Emerald Hotel, and he immediately left the grounds. The other students abandoned their bellicose attitude and dispersed, talking among themselves over the events of the day, and voicing their different opinions in all forms of speech, ranging from the nicely couched expressions of the diplomat to the tempestuous burst of

eloquence, and bombastic phraseology of nervous temperaments and passionate natures.

McGillicuddy was not long in locating Gilhooley, and the two reformers made arrangements for their warfare against the injustice which held millions of people in the grim vice of thralldom. They decided to abandon the study of law, which they now regarded as a profession which flourished on human miseries, and depended solely for its existence on the perpetration of crime.

"If all men were just," they reasoned, "litigation would be unknown, for their difficulties originating in conflict of claims, could be adjusted by arbitration. There can never be but one just claim, for the justice of one claim logically excludes the justice of the opposite claim. Now, lawyers, who assume the defense of the unjust claim, necessarily criminate the innocent and exculpate the guilty. In fact, they must stifle the voice of conscience, and utilize every means of destroying the appearance of truth, that falsehood may triumph. If they hesitate to adopt criminal methods, they will make a complete failure in their profession.

"Besides, this is an age pregnant with great issues, which will decide the fate of civilized nations, and mighty agencies are requisite to counteract the forces now engaged in the deadly contest against justice and liberty, and we should use our influence and capacity to avert the terrible catastrophe that menaces this government, and imperils the safety of republican institutions."

"I think, Mac," said Gilhooley, "we should enter the field of journalism, and spend the resources of our brain in the cause of humanity. Let us establish a reform paper where we will be at liberty to discuss these questions, and bring them before the world in their true color. Let us expose the false positions of labor and capital, exalt the one and dethrone the other. Let us stir up the sleeping millions to a sense of duty, and the terrible realities that confront them."

"I think," said McGillicuddy, "that your plan is admirable. We speak of the liberty of the press in this country, but the word is only a high-sounding phrase of rhetorical skill employed to dupe the unwary."

"Liberty of the press!" exclaimed Isaac, with a mocking laugh. "Do you know," he continued, "that many subscribers have informed the Ledger to drop their names from the list since the appearance of my paper in its columns?"

"Is that possible!" cried his hearer.

"Yes," replied Isaac. "The editor, this forenoon, showed me some of the communications that have come to his office, and really their language would be repudiated by the more respectable fishmongers of Billingsgate Street. A flood of vituperation that would do no honor to the lowest member of the canaille."

"What reasons do the authors of those communications assign for such abuse?"

"Well, I took a copy of one of the letters, written by Elisha Wonterman, a distiller, who resides on Mulberry Street, and it is a fair sample of the rest," replied Isaac. "I will read it."

"Editor of the Ledger:—Since you have opened your columns to the anarchistic element of this country, and allow the dirty whelps to abuse decent people, and call them murderers and hypocrites and scoundrels, because they save their money, I must withdraw my patronage. I could not allow my advertisement to appear in your hellish journal, which is disseminating contagion throughout the land. We are the owners of this country, and we will please ourselves, and will not consult you and your miserable crew of pickpockets and burglars and midnight assassins. If you intend to continue the course you have begun, I would advise you to take your dirty carcass out of this city as early as possible. The law-abiding element of this community will take you from your bed some night and lash your naked back just as we used to punish our dusky slaves.

"Yours,

"Elisha Wonterman."

Isaac and Abraham went to Mrs. Gilhooley to get her advice and support. The noble little matron admired the courage of the young men, and approved of their plan. She offered to advance the little money at her disposal to further the enterprise. Abraham said that he would visit

his father, who lived in Baron, explain the cause of his departure from college, his determination to adopt journalism as a profession instead of the law, and perhaps could secure the influence and assistance of the elder McGillicuddy.

Isaac remarked that the suggestion was very appropriate and advised Abraham to leave immediately. McGillicuddy was not slow in making preparations for the journey, and was in ample time to get the fast-flyer which left early in the afternoon.

On arriving at Baron, he went directly to his father's home. Mr. McGillicuddy was rather surprised to see his son, but was more than pleased when he learned the cause of his expulsion (if I might call it such, for he had defeated the sentence by leaving voluntarily), and the nature of his mission.

"Ah, my boy! there is good old fighting Irish stock in you. The MacGillicuddy reeks of Ireland were not named after the founder of our house without a reasons. Two generations of intermarriage with the children of Abraham have not obliterated our national and family traits. Patrick McGillicuddy, of Donomore fame, would never see an injustice perpetrated without raising a hand in defense of the outraged party, and I am proud to see that same noble characteristic in his descendant at this remote day. Yes, I will furnish you with money to establish a reform journal, and I hope your pen will scathe every pharisee in the realm."

Abraham thanked his father for his approval and assistance, and after a few days spent in the old home, he returned to Meron to confer with his friend Isaac. Gilhooley was delighted to learn of the success that crowned his mission.

In the meantime the news of their expulsion from the college was spread far and wide, and the two young heroes were the recipients of very encouraging letters from champions of truth and justice throughout the nation. The labor organizations of Deboreh held an enthusiastic meeting, and it was unanimously agreed to send the students letters of sympathy, and at the same time to solicit them to continue the crusade, with the promise of every

support in their power. Isaac and Abraham thought that Deboreh would be the most desirable place to locate their enterprise, as it would at once introduce them to thousands of readers, and bring them into immediate prominence.

So, getting the approval of friends anxious for their welfare, they departed the first day of January, 1855, for the metropolis of the New World. They were just entering on manhood, Isaac having celebrated his twentieth birthday three months before, and Abraham was twenty-one the following March.

They decided to call their journal "The Flaming Sword," for they intended to wield it unsparingly against the foes of human right and liberty, without regard to age or rank, social etiquette or legal injunctions. The first issue of the paper contained a history of the difficulty at the University, in which the professors, especially the rector, were scored without mercy, and represented as toadies and sneaks, who never expressed an honest opinion in their lives, whose hypocrisy would make the demons blush, who constantly prostituted their talents in the service of duplicity, and sacrificed principle and truth to attain their selfish ends.

"You will never have a loyal, liberty-loving, law-abiding citizenship, until you have purified the seats of learning from the pestiferous breath of scorpions. The Meron University is a cloaca of corruption. The white-faced guardians of youthful innocence speak of God and the prophets, of prayer and sacrifice, when they do not believe there is a Supreme Being. If they had the faintest spark of faith, they could never burden their conscience with the responsibility of propagating falsehood and corrupting the heart of innocence with the virus of hypocrisy. We want truthful, sincere men, not liars and dissemblers, sycophants and equivocators."

In the same issue there was an account of the great strike in Kidron, and the participation of the Federal authorities in squelching the riots. "We cannot," wrote Gilhooley, "sanction bloodshed, and we condemn mob-rule, whether the perpetrators be our friends or our enemies. But at the same time, there are many extenuating

circumstances in this case. The employes went on a strike because they could not possibly live on the wages they were receiving from the railroad company. Perhaps the company was not in a position to pay more, since the management is compelled to pay eight per cent interest on stock watered about four times its real value, and while they are in the stealing business, it is not expected that they would show any partiality to their helpless victims. Let the railroads capitalize their stock at cost, declare six per cent dividends, and the wages of the employes will be increased three hundred per cent.

"The government that will tolerate powerful corporations to suck the life-blood from the veins of the wealth-producers, is guilty of all the murders actuated by desperation, all the thefts that are perpetrated, all the crimes that are committed, all the misery, sorrow, sickness and death, that follow the wake of poverty. If the wage-earners receive their portion of the wealth created by labor, there would not be a pauper in the land, there would not be a ragged child, a hovel or a hut, there would not be a pang of grief arising from want or privation, there would not be a prison, a workhouse or a jail, for there would not be a criminal in the Republic. It is something worthy of reflection that the dividends of great corporations increase in magnitude just in proportion to the diminution of wages paid to the laboring classes who work for these gigantic concerns.

"Elias Forsemer, the great political economist, denouncing the aristocracy of New Israel, makes a sad comment on Toadian legislation, when he claims that this country suffers more from the monopolists than Dan from her titled nobility; and as an antidote to the ever-increasing ills with which the vast corporations afflict our land, he suggests that the government compromise with these mighty magnates, and create dukedoms for them on the condition that they do not molest the peace of the millions by their cruel usurpations. It would be far better to have the Duke of Debokeh, the Earl of Engeddi and the Baron of Lidda, than the pestiferous monopolists, who, under the name of legitimate business, fill their maws with the blood of the toiling masses. If we could reward our mill-

ionaires with titles, they would not be necessitated to steal a much larger fortune in order to purchase the privilege of cleaning the cuspidores of Danish Lords; and that is the real position of our Toadian nobles, who acquire the right of sitting under the wing of aristocracy, by exchanging their gold for an empty title.

"And what is the condition of Toadian politics? The maloder of its putridity nauseates every honest man in the Republic. Every party is inoculated with the virus of political corruption. The disclosures that have been made in Deboreh are startling. The history of politics in the Metropolis of the Empire State is but the history of every municipal government in the country. Bribery is the order of the day, and every public official has his price. It is not surprising that four thousand millionaires have been created in this country in the last quarter of a century.

"Where is Toadian patriotism? A man that will sell his honor, his word, his vote for petty pelf, will barter his country's honor in the hour of her deepest peril. Toadia is ruled by the money power, and the millionaires of this country despise the land of their birth because of the uncongeniality of its soil to the growth of aristocracy. Having murdered and robbed until their coffers are swelled with the fruit of their dishonesty, they go to Dan to seek husbands and wives for their daughters and sons. A Toadian belle of wealth and promise would give her heart and hand to a titled vagrant rather than obscure the splendor of her life in conjugal union with the noblest son of the nation. There should be a law enacted forbidding such marriages under penalty of confiscation of all property possessed in this country by the delinquents, and perpetual ostracism from these shores, with the further penalty of being suspended from the first lamp-post in case the slightest attempt were ever made to return."

When the first issue of the paper came from the press, the newsboys in every part of the city were attracting the attention of all classes of people. They vociferated: "Here's 'The Flaming Sword!' All about McGillicuddy and Gilhooley! Here's 'The Flaming Sword!' All about the professors at the Meron University and the Kidron

strike! All about the murder of railroad men and the Danish lords!" Men, women and children eagerly purchased the paper. Orders for another issue came in rapidly, and before night ten thousand copies had been sold.

The daily papers scored the two young editors. The railroad kings of the nation were interviewed, and they were unanimous in their denunciation of the reform paper, and said that the law-abiding citizens of Debokeh should drive Gilhooley and his friend from the city. Others said the authorities should prohibit such incendiary publications.

The next week every one was looking for racy developments in "The Flaming Sword," and more than thirty thousand copies were sold. The reputation of the journal was established, and the fortunes of Gilhooley and McGillicuddy were made. Every issue of the paper became more interesting. Disclosures of a startling nature were published week after week. The laboring element sang the praises of the editors in their council rooms, honest citizens indorsed the methods of the reformers, and lent their patronage to the movement. The local journals, especially those of the conservative type, found that they could not condemn "The Flaming Sword" at the bar of public sentiment, and accomplished a triumph for the plutocratic lords.

CHAPTER IX.

Late in the month of February there was a levee at the palatial home of Patrick Einstein, at which the culture of Debokeh was represented. Mr. Einstein was an influential merchant, who had inherited quite a fortune, and having made lucrative, yet honest, investments, he was now ranked among the opulent men of Debokeh. But he was better known for his noble qualities of head and heart. Educated in the Layman University, he had pursued letters during his life of comparative leisure, and had always

cultivated the friendship of professional men. He was liberal in his views, a foe to bigotry or prejudice of any nature, spent his money liberally, yet usefully, was charitable to the poor, independent in thought, a man of versatility and originality.

He had admired the attitude of the young reformers, subscribed for their paper, formed their acquaintance, and encouraged them by his approval of their methods. Mr. Einstein recognized the evils of the age, and he regarded Socialism as the only antidote. Hence on this occasion he invited Gilhooley and McGillicuddy to the assembly.

His daughters, Misses Biddy and Mary Ann Einstein, were also readers of "The Flaming Sword," and ardent admirers of its spirit, and the courage and independence of the editors, and it was their desire to meet Gilhooley and his friend; and this is another reason why Mr. Einstein had extended them an invitation. Besides Teddy Einstein, the only son of the family, was an intimate friend of the reformers, and had often spent evenings in their office, talking over the burning questions of the times.

About eight o'clock the guests began to assemble, and before nine the drawing-rooms were full. Two beardless young men had entered. One was a tall brunette about six feet in height, rather slender, but yet not lank. The other was of the blonde type, slightly above five feet ten inches, but stouter than his companion. Determination marked every feature in the visage of the former, and strong intellectual vigor was mirrored in his deep, brilliant black eyes.

The other young man was equally handsome, and while his facial expression was not so decided, yet when he spoke the most superficial observer could discover his mental acumen and the courage and strength of his character. The other guests were attracted by the appearance of the two young men.

"Who are those gentlemen conversing with Miss Biddy and her sister?" asked an elderly matron of those around her.

"The tall brunette is Mr. Gilhooley, and the blonde is his associate editor, Abraham McGillicuddy."

"Ah! those are the famous journalists who publish 'The Flaming Sword?' Why, they are mere boys."

"Yes, neither is twenty-one years of age."

"So youthful and yet bold enough to attack our time-honored institutions!"

"Why it is supposed that they wish to abolish all law, and give the passions of the rabble boundless freedom."

"What a pity to see such talents perverted! How they could adorn society! They seem to be so polished, and besides they have had the advantages of a university education."

"You know, of course, that they were expelled from college for their radical utterances on the ownership land and other property?"

"O, yes, I read in the 'World' at the time that Mr. Gilhooley had advocated the confiscation of all property, and proposed to divide the wealth of the nation among the railroad employes, factory operators and tramps."

"Why, they have gone even further than that in their crusade against society. They are entreating the government to hang all the aspirants to noble titles, and give their property to the strikers and others of that disturbing element."

"I think it would be well to imitate our cousins beyond the wave, and establish a monarchy here. They have never any serious difficulties in Dan, because the Queen would not tolerate such impudence from menials. You see, she is independent, and does not apprehend any danger from calling on the army to quash insurrections. In this country, the President would not hazard his chance of re-election by opposing the dross and scum of society, and respectable people are kept in dread of those lawless bandits."

"Well, we attach too much importance to liberty, and the ignorant masses take advantage of this. Why, only a few days ago my husband horrified me when he informed me of a little difficulty he had in the factory. One of the employes had violated Mr. Reisan's rules, and was chewing tobacco, and when he was notified that he would be castigated for the offense, he really had the temerity and

audacity to curse, and say that he was a Toadian citizen, and would do as he pleased."

"And what did Mr. Reisan do?"

"Why he discharged him forthwith."

"Well, he would not have escaped that easily with my husband. There is nothing in the world that Ebenezer loathes so much as disobedience and impudence from inferiors. The day before yesterday, Ben, our coachman, was not to be found when I ordered the carriage. Of course, I could not go out that morning. Ben came up to the house about eleven o'clock, and an hour later Ebenezer walked in, and I reported the matter to him. Ebenezer called Ben and took him out to the stable, and a few minutes later I heard Ben screaming for mercy."

"Did Mr. Gehtheimer whip him?"

"Whip him? Well I should think so! He gave him fifty lashes with the carriage whip, and I think Ben will never forget his medicine."

"Well, I think if Mr. Reisan would resort to that method there would be no more trouble in his factory."

"Why, of course not. What are servants for but to obey their masters? There have always been slaves in times past. Look at Greece and Rome! There were far more slaves in those countries than freemen. Look at New Israel for more than a thousand years. The masters not only had the right to whip them, but could kill them, even without a cause. We should pass a law in this country to enslave every man, woman and child that is not worth a specified sum. Then there would be no strikes. The master could take his recalcitrant slaves, and give them a thorough lashing, and that would end the matter. Why, there were no strikes among the Cushites before the war."

In the meantime Mrs. Reisan remarked to her companion:

"Do you see how much those Einstein girls are making over those journalists?"

But Mrs. Gehtheimer was so interested in the discussion of the class problem that she continued, without noticing the remark:

"Don't you know, I think it was a bad idea ever to have

allowed the Irish to enter this country? They came here with their Christian ideas about the equality of men. Their God preached against class distinction, and the Apostles of the new religion began to propagate the tenets of their Master throughout the world. They subverted every power that opposed them, abolished slavery in every land, teaching that there were no longer Jew or Gentile, Greek or barbarian, bond or free, but all in all in Christ."

"Did they not inculcate the idea that the human race forms one great brotherhood?" interrupted Mrs. Reisan.

"Yes, if I remember correctly, they teach that there is one God and Father, who is above all and in all and through all."

"Well, I should hate to think that I was created by the same God that brought those miserable tramps and servants into the world!" remarked Mrs. Reisan.

"I should hate still more to think that we were all going to the same heaven!" said Mrs. Gehtheimer.

"O, I think that we will go to the same heaven," observed her companion, "but it will be just like it is here. The wealthy, cultivated people will be waited on by the others with perfect submission and obedience."

"Ah! there goes Biddy Einstein with Mr. Gilhooley!" exclaimed Mrs. Gehtheimer.

"And do you see Mary Ann with Mr. McGillicuddy?"

"O, well! the Einsteins have Irish blood in them, and it is no wonder they consort with that class of people. They say that Mr. Einstein is a great admirer of 'The Flaming Sword,' and that Teddy pays frequent visits to its editors."

"What a pity! Mr. Einstein is such a refined gentleman, and besides he is an honored member of the social set, and it is too bad that he and his family should associate with anarchists."

Similar remarks were made in an undertone by various persons throughout the evening. Though many condemned the positions which the reformers had assumed, yet all admired their genius and their accomplishments. They were the cynosures of every eye, and many a maiden heart beat faster when the handsome young editors escorted Miss Biddy and Miss Mary Ann to the dining-

room. The guests were scarcely seated at the table when Mrs. Gehtheimer addressed Mr. Gilhooley.

"I understand," she said, "that you intend to establish a communism in this country?"

"Well, I have not advocated that doctrine in any of my public utterances, but I do not repudiate the plausibility of such a form of government," he replied.

"Do you not think that your ideas are Utopian?"

"Do you mean the ideas I have advanced in our paper?" he asked.

"Yes. You are waging a crusade on wealth, are you not?"

"No, not on wealth, only on legalized theft," he answered. "I would make no distinction between the midnight burglar who enters your premises and loots your treasures and the railroad robber who appropriates the product of the laborer's toil. In fact, the latter is even more criminal, because he steals a poor man's crust of bread, whereas the former lives on the luxuries of the rich."

"Do you think you will ever be able to accomplish the object of your ambition?" she questioned, fixing her small, keen eyes on him.

"What do you intend to signify by the 'object of my ambition'?" he asked, frankly.

"Why, to divide the land among the people."

"I never had any such intentions," he returned, coolly.

"No? Why, I thought that was your doctrine."

"Then, madam, you have been misinformed," he returned, with a smile that robbed the words of their curtness. "I am simply pleading for the justice of Socialism, an economic change in our industrial methods that will prevent the accumulation of vast wealth in the hands of the few, at the expense of the masses, and will throw open the resources of nature to millions of willing toilers. It will destroy the possibility of some thriving on the wealth produced by others. It will take the rod of despotism from the hands of trusts, stimulate industry, banish poverty, and make every earnest laborer comfortable and happy."

During the conversation the other guests listened breathlessly, and not a word was lost.

"I hope," then said Mrs. Gehtheimer, "that you will not succeed in making Miss Biddy a convert to your views."

Miss Biddy replied:

"I am already a convert."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Gehtheimer, adding: "Mr. Gilhooley must be a necromancer to have enchanted you so soon."

"It is not so soon as you think," replied the young girl. "I have read Mr. Gilhooley's contributions to the Meron Ledger, and his controversy with Rabbi Nicholson. Moreover, my father subscribes for 'The Flaming Sword,' and I read every line of the paper. The views entertained by Mr. Gilhooley and Mr. McGillicuddy seem, in my mind, as clear as the noonday sun, and I fail to see how any intelligent person can refuse to accept the justice of Socialism."

Silence fell on the guests when this defense was made. After a few moments Mr. Gilhooley started the conversation by a pleasant remark on the value of his convert.

"I knew a gentleman in Meron," said he, "who was an officer in the Federal army, and, after conquering the masculine heroes of the South, he was himself conquered by a fragile Southern beauty. And when I reflect on this incident, I have every reason to feel proud of the triumph I have won, in taking, to the Socialist camp, a maiden whose charms would have fascinated all the generals engaged in suppressing the late rebellion."

This little incident created good humor among the guests, which was expressed by their smiles and laughter. The conversation assumed a more cheerful, lightsome character, and many of the young people bantered Mr. Gilhooley at the expense of the blushing maid at his side. At about one o'clock the party filed out of the dining hall to resume their amusements in the parlors. Mrs. Reisan approached Mrs. Nehlmeyer, and began to speak of the merits of the gallant young men who seemed to be winning the heart of every damsel at the levee.

"Do you see," said Mrs. Reisan, "how the fair sex ogle and smile on the youthful crusaders?"

"Yes," replied her companion, "they seem to make a grand impression here, and I am not surprised, for they are men of splendid caliber, and lofty aspirations. My daughter, Rosaline, thinks that they are the heroes of the age. She has been reading their record, and entertains the highest idea of their excellence, and when she was introduced to them this evening she was charmed with their manners. She told me that they really surpassed her dreams."

"Which one is the more admired?"

"Well, I cannot say," responded Mrs. Nehlmeyer. "Many of the young ladies speak of Mr. Gilhooley's stately form and wavy hair and sparkling black eyes, while others rave over Mr. McGillicuddy's matchless grace. I think the fair victims that escape the one will be captured by the other. Cupid's arrows are flying thick and fast among the ranks of beauty, and every maiden's heart will bleed to-night."

"Why, Mrs. Nehlmeyer! I cannot see how young ladies of opulence and social prestige can go into raptures over those anarchists. Debokeh is full of young men just as brilliant as the editors of 'The Flaming Sword.'"

"That may be, but the fact cannot be denied that they have made an impression. Besides, Mrs. Reisan, I cannot agree with you in calling them anarchists. If they were anarchists, Mr. Einstein would not have invited them to his house. They are men actuated by noble purposes, and they are expending their mental energies and defying the scorn of the world in the realization of their dreams of purifying society and redeeming the nation."

"Do you not think, Mrs. Nehlmeyer, that this inflammatory sheet will excite riots, and encourage the populace to ignore law and order?"

"No," replied Mrs. Nehlmeyer; "I think, instead, that it will inspire the masses with courage, form them into lawful associations, and enable them to present their consolidated forces at the polls, and demand their innate rights from the despots who have long oppressed them."

"You surprise me!" exclaimed her companion. "Pray, what right have those cads?"

"The right to the wealth which they produce, a right to the fruit of their toil, a right to the ownership of their persons and their powers, as 'The Flaming Sword' has well expressed the idea."

"Do you really believe, then, Mrs. Nehlmeyer, that servants are equal to their masters?" sweetly asked Mrs. Reisan. "Why did not God make them wealthy if He intended them to be our equals?"

"God does not make servants. That is the work of men. It originated in usurpation," explained Mrs. Nehlmeyer.

"Well, for my part, I believe that some were born to be lords and some to be slaves, and this is necessary for the existence of society. If there were no menials, who would wait on us?"

"If there were no menials, we should be noble enough to wait on ourselves, and consider it no disgrace. Labor would be dignified, for the proudest in the land would toil. We are drifting back to the corrupt civilization of ancient Greece and Rome, when labor was stigmatized with the brand of infamy, as we read in the histories of those countries, imported by the Irish refugees; and we do not marvel to see the most cultivated minds of those days, such as Aristotle and Plato, teaching the ideas that you have imbibed. I admire the spirit of the benign Zeno, the founder of Stoicism, who said that 'All men are by nature equal. Virtue alone establishes a difference between them.'"

"Well," replied Mrs. Reisan to this defense of human equality, "you may think as you please, but the country will never enjoy the blessings of peace and prosperity till we undo the work of the Federal Government in the abolition of slavery. I think that institution, hallowed by the touch of time, and consecrated by the shadows of antiquity, should never have been subverted. It is the bulwark of civilization, the foundation of the social fabric, and I hope to see the whipping-post again called into requisition, not only for the dusky Cushites of the South, but for the poor white trash of the nation."

"Your hopes will never be realized in the glorious civilization of our age, and especially in this country," replied her companion. "The last drop of Toadian blood would be shed if any attempt were made to resort to those barbarous customs, to the brutality that stained the buried generations. You cannot enthrall the citizens of this land of freedom, and I emphatically denounce your views as selfish and cruel."

"You think that Toadian citizens, as you call them, will not submit to the lash? Who made them citizens? Can we not change the constitution, disfranchise them by establishing property qualifications for the rights of voting? Your Toadian citizen, indeed! Mrs. Gehtheimer just told me this evening that her husband lashed her coachman the other day for remissness. I suppose he thought that he was a Toadian citizen till he felt the lash on his back, which forcibly reminded him that he was a Toadian servant."

"O, yes, it is very easy to abuse a poor simpleton like Ben, and any man who would take advantage of that ninny is a varlet of the deepest dye. But perhaps Mr. Gehtheimer is not to be censured, for he also receives the lash from his vixenly consort. That disreputable virago is capable of committing any crime. She is a child of vice, and she was nurtured at the breast of degradation."

"Why, Mrs. Nehlmeyer! What do you say? Mrs. Gehtheimer belongs to the social set."

"She belonged to the social set because her antecedents were unknown there. Her mother was a public woman in Sohonan, where she made her money by worshipping at the shrine of Aphrodite. Her daughter inherited the same vocation from her scarlet dame, erected a crystal palace, consecrated her youth and beauty on the altar of lust, and officiated as high-priestess of the lupercal festivities in the temple of Venus. When her fortune had reached several millions, she came to Deboreh and passed as the widow of a wealthy miner. Ebenezer Gehtheimer, a poor lawyer, who never had a case in court, to escape starvation, married her for her gold. And since then he has acted as her agent in making investments, which have multiplied her wealth many times. Even when she lived

a public life in Sohonan, she became interested in the gold mines of the West, purchased large tracts of land, and afterwards sold her possessions at a very high figure, and thus made fabulous sums." After recounting these facts, Mrs. Nehlmeyer said to her companion: "Now, you have the history of this painted hypocrite, who apes aristocracy. My husband learned her antecedents when visiting Sohonan last year. Every one there is acquainted with Eliza Hannon, the queen of the demi-monde, and the same Eliza Hannon is now known in the social set as Mrs. Gehtheimer. Mr. Einstein does not know of the vileness of this woman, or she would not be here to-night. I shall see, however, that he will be informed, and your goddess, Mrs. Gehtheimer, will never again tarnish the purity of the Einstein home with the poison of her breath. Good-evening, madam!" and Mrs. Nehlmeyer walked away from her companion.

The night had almost vanished and the guests, after a delightful entertainment, began to depart, each one assuring the hostess that the occasion would be long remembered in the social annals of Debokeh. The two reformers drove to the hotel, and before retiring, they smoked a cigar and commented on the events of the levee.

"I think, Mac," said Isaac, "that Mrs. Gehtheimer is a termagant."

"She is a half-educated, pompous old hag, who is too superficial to know her deficiencies, and who has not enough sense to hide her ignorance," said McGillicuddy.

"My God! I'd hate to be married to that one! I bet her husband never doubts the existence of hell, for he has it right at home."

"By the way, Gil, that reminds me of a little incident that occurred one night at a spiritualistic seance in Baron. Mr. Lohlstcin married a woman of a tempestuous, supercilious temperament, and she made his life miserable. After his death, like all pharisaical women, she went into hysterics, and pretended that she wished to be buried with her husband. Of course, everybody was disgusted with the hypocrisy of the old dame, for it was well known that she had never loved him. One night, about six months after the funeral, she thought that she would like to have

a few words with Jacob, and she consulted a medium. It is reported that the shade of Jacob appeared, and his widow asked him if he were happy. Mind you, she was already engaged to another at the same time. The voice of Jacob was heard to say that he was happy. 'Are you as happy as you were with me?' she asked. 'O, yes,' he said, 'far happier than I was with you.' 'Then I suppose you are in Heaven?' she asked. 'No,' said he, 'I am in hell.' "

After the laughter that followed this recital had ceased, Isaac said:

"Don't you know that when you mentioned love, I thought of my experience this evening? To be honest, Mac, I believe there is something in love, after all. I felt mighty funny when I was in company with Miss Biddy."

"I can sympathize with you, for my heart throbbed every time I looked into the liquid depths of those beautiful orbs of Miss Mary Ann," said McGillicuddy, with a laugh in his voice. "In fact, Gil, I believe I'm struck—that's the word, isn't it?"

"Well," said Isaac, "we may console ourselves that we have two such handsome girls to love."

"By the way, Gil, what is love?"

"I would call it an intangible substance that has neither height, depth nor breadth, yet leaves a mighty weight on the heart."

"That is good," said Abraham, "but I think I can give a better definition than the one you offered."

"Give it to us, then," said his companion.

"Love," said McGillicuddy, "love is an inward indescribability and an outward all-overishness."

"That is capital, Mac! Let us now go to bed, and dream of our sweethearts," and the friends retired to rest a few hours.

CHAPTER X.

In the month of May, 1855, on the shores of the Nashan, in the kingdom of Dan, a dreamer was wander-

ing through the realms of fancy, and his mystic wand struck an empire, and it faded like the mirage of the desert. He saw in his heated, fervid imagination, insurrection, victory, power. He saw all peoples crouching at the throne of his royal queen, and all the nations vanishing before the onward march of a world-wide empire. Lord Aran drove to the lovely city park in the suburbs of Hosea. The winged songsters were caroling their matin lays amidst the leafy bowers, chanting their praises to Him who made the glorious universe. The car of Phoebus rolled across the purple space on wheels of glittering gold, and the smiles of the young day chased the frowns from hill and vale and mead and field. The gauzy veils of floating vapor arose from the briny flood, like Thetis, the daughter of the Sea. The morning air was balmy and fragrant with the breath of budding life. The scent of flowers floated on the wing of the breeze, and filled every living soul with joy. The woods were alive with the voice of the Dryads, and the song of the Nymphs mingled with the splash of the fountains, and the gush of limpid rills. Lord Aran was not moved by the radiant smile of nature, but like the ancient hero, immortalized by the harp of the Grecian bard, "In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll, and scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul."

"Yes," said the haughty nobleman, "we will humble the pride of this youthful nation that dare check the growth of our empire. The late message of the President of Toadia is an insult to our arms. This Jechonias Doctrine! We will not be hampered by such nonsense. We cannot conquer them, for a Toadian will die for his country and his home. Our hopes were blasted in the Revolution; and in the battle of the seas, where we had been crowned as queen by the voice of the nations, our ships went down before the desolating fire of their mighty guns. We failed again in the rebellion of 1826, when we thought that the days of the Toadian Republic were numbered, and the Danish flag was destined to float in triumph over the towers of Lidda. But the symbol of the Confederacy fled from the dark and bloody ground, and the banner of unity was hailed from the frozen banks of Zedad to the golden sands of the Doric Gulf.

"But we have crushed them financially. To-day we own fifteen billion dollars of Todian wealth from which we draw an annual income of one billion five hundred millions. The Toadians are a lot of big boys, that will fight for glory, but they have no idea of finance. A child could deceive them in a business transaction. Besides they never utilize their advantages. They boast of honor, and if you strike them on that point, you can gain any object. Honor! As if such a virtue existed anywhere but among imbeciles! I wouldn't give a penny for all the honor in the world! It is the ruin of men and nations. However, it is well that there are so many fools that can be flattered by that empty name, for wise men can succeed by their mistakes.

"Yes, we are excluded from South Toadia, because the citizens of the Toadian Republic think that they are in honor bound to defend the Jechonias Doctrine. Had it not been for that damnable opinion, the Danish Lion to-day would roam the forests of the South, unmolested by the cry of the Eagle from the North. But we will use Toadian honor to our advantage. In its name we will demolish the Jechonias Doctrine, and the king of beasts will conquer the earth, and the queen of birds will sweep the heavens. By a little chicanery, by soft, oily adulation, we will gain the confidence of the Eagle, and draw her into the mouth of the lion, and Todian honor will be lost in Danish empire.

"They call their country the land of the brave, and boast that their flag has led the sons of freedom to the temple of victory. We will use this puerile sentiment in advancing our intrigues. We will send our emissaries to Ammon, and incite the inhabitants of that island to rebellion against the government of Reuben. Of course, the Toadians will lend their support to the insurrection, which will bring on a war between the two countries, and will culminate in the annexation of Ammon to the Toadian Republic, and the Jechonias Doctrine will be annulled by its violation, and the lion will be at liberty to roam through the jungles of the New World. I will mature this plan and before fifteen years the empire of the sea will become the empire of the world.

"O, my heart leaps with joy when looking down the vistas of the years, I see the blood of the Toadian heroes mingling with the waters that lave the shores of Ammon, the clash of fleets on the swelling surge, the shrieks of death that come from sinking ships driven to destruction in the battle's awful fury. March on, ye haughty sons of freedom, march on to your graves in the liquid depths, where your bodies will feed the aquatic broods. March on, ye sons of the revolutionists, who humbled our flag on your distant hills and shed the blood of our ancestors in your deep defiles, and left them a prey to vultures that build their eyries on the lofty mountain peaks. March on, ye vain gasconades, ye vaunting band of guerillas, ye ignorant hordes of mountaineers, ye progeny of rebels and traitors, ye offsprings of the proletaire, who would aspire to noble rank. We will cheer ye on to battle, and in our hearts laugh at your stupidity. We will pretend to be friends, forget the past and call ye by the endearing name of cousins, give a few empty titles to your moneyed canaille, and win their love and confidence. If the world consolidates its ranks against you, we will join the mighty armament and be the loudest in denouncing your atrocities, tear down the pillars of your temple, and hurl anathemas on your guilty head. If you succeed, we will beguile you into an alliance with us, urge you to crown the brow of your ruler with the royal diadem, and ere long, by intermarriage with our regal house, the scepter of Dan will rule the empire of the West. Great and glorious are these dreams of future power and conquest! They are worthy of the ancient bard who built the throne of Osiris amidst gleams and flames of purple light that roll 'in glittering billows' in that vast realm of spheres that fleck and jewel and spangle the broad firmament of heaven. Homer, revelling with Grecian gods on the cloud-capped peaks of Olympus, never drank more freely from Aganippe's silvery tide, and the Muse of the frozen North might leave the marble halls of Valhalla, where heroes celebrate their triumphs amidst regal splendor, and borrow the visions begotten in the womb of Danish genius, and fill her soul with the inspirations of the goddess enthroned on the borders of the western main."

CHAPTER XI.

The Presidential election was to occur in November, A new issue came before the people. Hitherto, the great questions were protection and free trade. The defenders of the latter were called liberals, and they advocated that it was to the interest of the Republic to allow all nations to sell their merchandise to the dealers of Toadia without any restrictions, except a moderate tariff for the purpose of creating a revenue to defray governmental expenses. The protectionists claimed that the infant industries of the country should be protected by the imposition of a high tariff on foreign importations, and they argued that the manufacturer, not being compelled to cope with the cheap labor of New Israel, could afford to remunerate his operatives with higher wages. High tariff, in their creed, meant high wages, and a low tariff meant low wages. The liberals contended that low tariff meant low prices for the necessities of life, and with a modest compensation, the laborer could easily provide himself with all comforts; whereas the more advanced wages promised by the protectionists would be consumed in the increased price of food and clothing.

The laboring element were divided in their opinion as to the merits of the two political doctrines. Some voted for the liberal party and others for the protectionists; and, hence, their power in wielding the franchise for the amelioration of social conditions was lost. In 1855, the liberals adopted in their platform the unlimited coinage of silver on a par with gold at the ratio of sixteen to one; and the protectionists vowed to maintain the sound money standard. The labor party was again absorbed by the silverites and gold bugs. "The Flaming Sword" took an active part in the campaign, and admonished the laboring classes to sever allegiance with the old political creeds, and formulate a platform that would advance the interests of the producers.

One evening in August, Isaac and Abraham called at the Einstein house, where they had been weekly visitors ever since their attendance at the levee, when they had met for the first time Misses Biddy and Mary Ann. The large double parlors were brilliantly illuminated, and the two young ladies were waiting for their lovers. The door-bell rang, and Gilhooley and McGillicuddy were ushered into the drawing-room, where they found the bewitching damsels engaged in rendering the latest musical composition. Isaac took a seat beside Biddy, and Abraham occupied a sociable with Mary Ann in the next parlor.

"By the way, Isaac," said Miss Biddy, "I see 'The Flaming Sword' is dealing quite comprehensively with the financial question. I have been reading your communications, but I do not thoroughly grasp the situation, and I wish to ask a few questions this evening, if you will favor me with your information."

"Why, certainly, Miss Biddy, I am only too glad of the opportunity. What particular information do you desire?"

"Well," said she, "I do not understand the full import of the exception clause."

Isaac's admiring glance rested for a moment on the bright, intelligent face turned so confidently toward him; then he began:

"An act was passed in 1827 issuing greenbacks to defray the expenses of the war, and this money was legal tender for all debts. It was the money of the government. Within a few months, the bankers had the exception clause passed, in virtue of which the government money was not available in payment of duties and interest on public debts, which was to be paid in coin. At that time there was one hundred and eighty-five premium on gold, and there was seventy-six cents duty on sugar. Now the importer would pay two dollars and sixteen cents in greenbacks for seventy-six cents in gold, and instead of paying one dollar and seventy-six cents for his sugar, he actually paid three dollars and sixteen cents, or one dollar and forty cents more than he would have paid if greenbacks were a legal tender for all debts without exception. The gold banker could take the two dollars and sixteen cents,

paid by the importer for seventy-six cents, and buy, with that, government bonds at face value, and draw his interest in gold. Besides these advantages accruing to the gold banker, there was a great demand created for his metal, which immediately enhanced its value."

"You have made it so clear that I comprehend it thoroughly," said his fair listener. "Now you must explain what is meant by the contraction of the currency."

"Immediately after the war," continued Isaac, "the greenbacks were called in and cremated, thus contracting the volume of money in circulation."

"What effect did this act produce?" questioned Miss Einstein.

"It depreciated prices and caused the financial ruin of every debtor in the country. Mr. Sampson, we will presume for the sake of illustration, has purchased a farm for ten thousand dollars, when corn was six dollars a barrel. He paid five thousand dollars in cash and gives his note for the remainder. Corn has now fallen to three dollars a barrel, and consequently it will take twice the amount of corn now that it would have taken previously to the contraction of the currency."

"That is a very clear illustration," commented the girl. "Now tell me what is the credit strengthening act. You are my tutor, and I am going to utilize the privilege of a tyro, and ask many questions."

"That is right, Miss Bidby; I am at your service," answered Isaac, gallantly. "The credit strengthening act was passed by Congress in 1833 in virtue of which the bonds sold at sixty per cent., and made payable in coin, that is, either gold or silver, were now made payable in gold alone. Finally the demonetization of silver was accomplished by the intrigue of Danish capitalists, who sent an agent to this country with millions of dollars to bribe Congress. Gold was made the money standard, and the circulation of silver was contracted."

"What results followed the demonetization of the white metal?" asked she.

"There has been an increased demand for the yellow metal, and consequently, its quantity being limited, the price has been enhanced and all commodities measured by

that standard have fallen proportionately. When gold and silver were on a par, wheat was worth one dollar per bushel. Since the limitation of silver coinage, its function in the money market has been curtailed, and its value has depreciated fifty per cent, and the result is that all articles of consumption have fallen fifty per cent. Twenty years ago a bushel of wheat would pay interest on twenty dollars, and now it will pay interest on only ten dollars. Debtors have been ruined and creditors have made fortunes by the restrictions imposed on the coinage of silver, and the removal of those restrictions would depress the value of money and elevate the value of commodities, and thereby give the producer an opportunity to meet his obligations and discharge the burdens that encumber his home."

"Do you mean that free silver would solve the social problem?"

"By no means. It would have no effect on the labor problem. It would assist the debtor, by enabling him to discharge his obligations at a discount of fifty per cent, and it would curb the power of the creditor class by reducing the value of their bonds. It would be no injustice to those who invested in bonds, or lent money, when the two metals were on a par at the ratio of sixteen to one; for the bonds purchased in those days would, by the unlimited coinage of silver, fall to the original purchase price. In fact, justice requires that debts contracted when the coinage of both metals were restricted by no legal enactments, and were legal tender for all debts, should be paid in either metal. With the facilities of mining, silver has fallen, and with the multiplication of machinery, all other products have depreciated accordingly. If silver had not been demonetized, gold, though limited in quantity, would likewise have depreciated in value in the same ratio as other commodities; and to-day one bushel of wheat would pay a debt which now requires two bushels of wheat to pay. Gold was adopted as the money standard simultaneously by all the countries of New Israel, and the great demand for gold has kept up the price of the yellow metal. However, we will offer another illustration. I will presume that I lent you one thousand dollars in gold

this year when the commercial value of a gold dollar is worth one hundred cents. The free silver bill is passed, and you can take five hundred gold dollars and buy one thousand ounces of silver bullion, practically speaking, and have this bullion coined into one thousand silver dollars, and thus you make, and I lose, five hundred dollars. Do you see the injustice that would be done to me?"

"No," said Biddy. "I do not understand your illustration. A silver dollar will buy just as much as a gold dollar."

"Yes," replied Isaac, "because the government has charge of the mints, and limits the coinage of silver to a certain quantity, and thus it keeps up the money price of silver. But remove the limitations of coinage and silver will fall from its money value to its commercial price. As an illustration: The South Toadian silver dollars are only worth fifty cents here, though they contain as much silver as our silver dollars."

"Well, the coinage of gold is not limited," said Biddy, "and yet it does not fall in price."

"For the simple reason," responded Isaac, "that gold is scarce, and all the mining facilities of the world could not create a superabundance of the yellow metal, whereas silver abounds in many countries, especially in our own, and with our modern mechanical appliances, the nation would soon be flooded with silver, and the price would fall to its bullion value, and the ratio between the bullion value of silver and gold is thirty to one. If the silverites would consent to the coinage of a silver dollar that contains one hundred cents in bullion, there would be no injustice in the movement, but they show their dishonesty in attempting to palm off half dollars for whole dollars. The law demonetizing silver was an unjust law, for it discriminated in favor of gold, thereby increasing the wealth of those who held bonds and other securities; but we must not rectify one wrong by perpetrating another wrong. The creation of the gold standard was an injustice to those who were in debt, and the unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one is an injustice to the creditor class, who have made this money when a

dollar was worth one hundred cents, and who are now paid in a coin worth only fifty cents."

"So you think that the silver bill would benefit no one except those in debt?"

"It would help the debtor class and would temporarily check the power of the creditor class, but in the course of time, the same difficulties would arise under the silver standard as we now experience under the gold standard. And it would not relieve the present strained condition of the laboring class. It would raise the wages of the toilers for the simple reason that their wages would be paid in cheap money, and this inflated currency would have but half the purchasing power of gold, and the condition of the laborer would remain the same. You must bear in mind that wages does not depend on capital, that industry is not limited by capital, and the solution of the problem would be seen at a glance. The writers on political economy were confronted with the fact that wages were higher in new countries than in old countries, in sparsely populated countries than in densely populated countries. Increase in productive power and wealth was marked by depreciation of wages. The theory that wages depends on capital would answer this difficulty, for wages must decrease according as the increase of laborers necessitated a more minute division of capital. But there was a moral side to this question, and Reman won the esteem and applause of every government in New Israel when he attributed the poverty that follows the march of progress to natural causes instead of social mal-adjustments. This famous divine advocated that population increases in a geometrical ratio, and the means of subsistence in an arithmetical ratio. Let us call, he says, the population of this island eleven millions, and suppose the present produce equal to support that number. In the first twenty-five years the population has doubled itself, and there are now twenty-two millions. The means of subsistence has also doubled, and it will support the population. The next twenty-five years the population has increased to forty-four millions and the means of subsistence to thirty-three millions. The next twenty-five years the population has increased to eighty-eight mill-

ions, and the means of subsistence will only support half that number. Taking the whole earth instead of this island, emigration would be excluded, and supposing the present population equal to one thousand millions, the human species would increase as the numbers, 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, and subsistence as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. In two centuries the population would be to the means of subsistence as 256 is to 9, and in three centuries as 4,096 is to 13. The theory of wages advanced by Mitheim maintains that wages falls as the increase in the number of laborers necessitates a more minute division of capital, and according to the Remanian doctrine, poverty appears as increase in population necessitates the more minute division of subsistence. It is easily seen that these two theories are substantially identical.

"Reman advocated that any act of charity, the establishment of asylums for the poor, aged, infirm, orphans, etc., was detrimental to the human race, as it encouraged marriage on the part of those who were not in a position to provide for a family, as they know they and their families would be supported by public alms in case of necessity. The theory of Mitheim and Reman are responsible for all the social crimes of the past century.

"What disproves the Remanian theory is the fact that the most densely populated countries are the wealthiest. They have the greatest abundance of those articles that gratify human desires. Dan is far more wealthy than Reuben, the eastern States of Toadia are far more wealthy than the new States of the west. You may survey the entire globe during all the ages of history, and the truth confronts you that, with the increase of population, comes an increase in wealth. The curse of poverty appearing in old countries is not due to over-population, but to an unjust distribution of wealth. Rent, interest and profits absorb the increase, and constantly depress wages. Until these are abolished, every facility of production, every invention formed by human genius and manual skill, every increase in the wealth of the nation, will not only not alleviate the condition of labor, but will depress the wage-earner more and more, till he seeks refuge in death. This is the terrible crime which I have so fiercely denounced

and for which I have been arraigned as an anarchist. Socialism would destroy the monopolization of opportunities, and divert the money, which is now paid in rent, interest and profits, from the coffers of the landlord and capitalist, to society."

"So you think that free silver would not have any lasting results?" asked Miss Einstein.

"No, free silver would not effect even a temporary relief, except in certain lines, and even then its advantages would not be permanent. 'Money is merely a contrivance for diminishing the friction of exchange,' and it is entirely unproductive. It is true that it aids labor by facilitating exchange."

"Since money merely represents values, why could not the government issue paper money instead of silver and gold certificates?"

"Simply because paper in itself has no value. If we would make our paper money representative of something that has value, say a bushel of wheat, a paper dollar would serve the same purpose as a silver or gold dollar. In some countries of antiquity, wealth was estimated by kine. Taking a bushel of wheat for the standard of value, a man who owns a thousand paper dollars, would be worth a thousand bushels of wheat, and he could exchange those dollars for any other commodity, since all wealth would be measured by the value of wheat."

"But would not wheat fluctuate, and hence create fluctuations in money?" questioned the young lady.

"Wheat being taken as the standard of value," explained Isaac, "all other articles would fluctuate according to the value of wheat, but the value of wheat would remain permanent. I will give you an illustration. Let us suppose that wheat is worth one dollar a bushel, and corn fifty cents a bushel. The next year there is a magnificent crop of wheat, so that one bushel of this cereal product has not cost any more labor than a bushel of corn. Wheat will not fall to fifty cents a bushel, but the price of corn will be advanced to one dollar a bushel. And so with all other commodities."

"What article would you select as the standard of value?"

"I would establish a labor dollar. You see labor, after all, is the basis of our money system. We call a certain quantity of gold or silver, a dollar, because it requires a certain amount of labor to secure those quantities. Now there is a two-fold disadvantage in employing the precious metals for money. In the first place, since the function of money consists in representing values to facilitate exchange, we should adopt a standard which does not cost labor to procure, and make it represent a certain amount of labor, so that it can be redeemed at any time in labor, or the equivalent in commodities. Again, the precious metals lose their weight by friction, and this is a loss without compensation."

"But, Isaac, did you not say that wheat could be used as a medium of exchange, and does not wheat cost labor?" inquired Biddy.

"Yes," replied he, "but wheat, after being exchanged, can be used as an article of food, whereas the precious metals, as money, have no other quality besides their representative character. If I owe you a thousand bushels of wheat, I could give you certificates for that amount, redeemable at any time in the granaries of the nation. In the meantime, the wheat can be performing its functions of preserving life. But if I pay you a thousand dollars in gold or silver certificates, those metals cannot, in themselves, be used as articles of consumption."

"I understand you thoroughly now," said the girl. "I see that the precious metals are expensive when used as money. But you forgot to explain to me the labor dollar."

"As money represents labor," began Isaac, "let us call two hours' work a dollar, and issue paper money of that character in small and large denominations. Those who hold those certificates can purchase that amount of labor, or they can exchange them for meat and clothes and other articles of consumption; for the merchant, receiving these certificates, will be empowered to command the labor of others. If the government wishes to construct a railroad from Deboreh to Kidron, it could issue labor certificates, and pay the men employed in the construction of the road

with these certificates, which would be accepted by any merchant for his wares."

"But what would be the redemption of these certificates?" she interrupted.

"The road, as these certificates represent the labor and material in this road, and when the line is completed, the certificates could be redeemed in service."

"O, that is so simple, Isaac!" remarked his charming pupil. "It is so strange that I could not grasp that idea at once."

Isaac smiled and said:

"You see, my dear girl, you are as yet young, and you have not devoted your time exclusively to the study of economics, and I do not intend to flatter you when I say that your comprehension of my elucidations is remarkable. In a few months you will be able to direct me."

"Thank you for the compliment, Isaac," said Miss Einstein, "but do not allow me to interrupt your instructions."

"We could buy the railroads of Toadia with labor dollars, and redeem them with work, and it would not be necessary to issue bonds. If the roads should cost three billion dollars, we could issue that amount in labor certificates. These certificates would gradually pass back to the railroad in payment of services, and, in the course of a few years, the roads would be entirely free from debt.

"This species of currency would destroy the necessity of paying interest, for the large industries of the nation could be purchased and conducted by the nation with labor money. Interest is usury, and should not be tolerated. If there were no money, interest would be impossible, for a person lending a hundred bushels of wheat would consider it a favor to have the same amount returned when needed, for the borrower would assume all responsibility of waste or loss, and the lender would be relieved of all anxiety and trouble in preserving the wheat. Now let us apply this to money, and we will see the injustice of interest. The wheat would not fructify and produce more wheat if held in the grainary of the lender, neither will money breed money in the safe of the banker."

"On what principle, then, did interest originate?" queried Biddy.

"On the principle that a person with money," replied Isaac, "can command labor, and as the value of labor is far above the price of labor, a large profit results from the transaction. Let us presume that I own a shoe factory. I buy leather at a certain figure and I sell shoes at another figure. The labor expended on the leather in making it into shoes is the cause of the difference in the price of the leather and the price of the shoes. Let us presume that this difference is two dollars, and that the wear and tear of the machinery in making the shoes entails a loss of twenty-five cents. The difference of one dollar and seventy-five cents represent the value of the labor expended in making the shoes. But if the operative in the shoe factory should receive that value in full, there would be no inducement to the manufacturer to continue the business, since there would be no profits. But the means of production are monopolized, and laborers are willing to sell their services to those who own the establishments. Labor becomes a commodity in the market, and is sold, not according to its value, but according to supply and demand. The price of labor is what it will bring in the market. The price of labor can never exceed or equal its value, for then it would be unprofitable to hire labor; but when there is large supply of labor, the price may fall far below its value.

"The manufacturer hires an operative for a dollar per day. The difference between the price and the value of labor is the basis of profit, and it pays men to borrow money and give interest, in order to be enabled to command these profits. If a laborer is hired for one dollar per day of ten hours, and he can earn that amount for his employer in five hours, then he gives five hours of labor free, and it is from this free labor that the employer makes his profits. Therefore, interest and profits exist on the exploitation of labor. Destroy the profit system, and no one will pay interest for the use of money."

"I understand that part, Isaac, but I wish to ask you one question. Did you not say that the precious metals

depreciate in value owing to the loss of weight from friction?"

"Yes, Miss Biddy."

"Well, then," continued the young lady, "would not the product of labor, such as railroads, lose in wear?"

"This is very true," responded the young editor, "but the loss in wear is being constantly replaced by the services the road renders. Gold and silver render service in facilitating exchange. Labor certificates render this service, and at the same time, the products represented by the certificates, such as buildings, factories, railroads, render a distinct service."

"Isaac, that is so lucid that a child could comprehend it," said his companion. "But I have one objection to present. Labor has different values, and how would you surmount that difficulty?"

"Very easily," replied Isaac. "We would take common labor as the basis of our system, and we could calculate the value of skilled and professional labor, by adding a certain percentage to manual labor as a compensation for the necessary time and expense in acquiring superior knowledge. We will suppose that common labor is worth five dollars per day, and there are three hundred working days in the year. We will further presume that it requires two years to learn the printer's trade, during which time the apprentice receives nothing for his labor. The common laborer has made three thousand dollars before the printer obtains any compensation for his skill. Taking thirty years for the average life of a laborer, the printer should receive one hundred dollars per year, or ten per cent more wages than the unskilled laborer. Again, we might make all labor equal, and shorten the hours of the working day for the mechanic, and this would be sufficient compensation and inducement for young men to apply themselves to some trade."

"That is very plain, Isaac, and if you will answer one more objection, I will gladly surrender," said the youthful student.

"With pleasure, Miss Biddy. I like to meet objections, for they bring out the beauties of the questions. What is the difficulty?"

"As society advances, the powers of production will be enhanced, and a dollar redeemable with a certain quantity of labor will gradually have a greater purchasing power. Would not the same effect follow as when the demonetization of silver was accomplished, which augmented the purchasing power of gold?"

"By no means," replied Isaac. "The case is entirely different. The augmentation of the purchasing power of gold had no effect on those people who did business on a cash basis, but only on the debtor and creditor class, whereas in the co-operative commonwealth, borrowing and lending would entirely cease, and there would be no debtor or creditor class. Again, the price of gold advanced in value owing to its limited supply, and the government's passing a law in favor of the single standard, the possession of the yellow metal soon became a monopoly in the hands of bankers and bond-holders. But labor, being unlimited in its supply, can never be monopolized, and since labor is essential to human existence, its supply will always equal the desires of human nature. The product of labor is the value of labor, and if a day's labor will produce ten dollars of merchandise instead of five dollars, we say that labor has advanced in value."

"Yes, I see that," said the thoughtful maiden, "but the difficulty is not yet solved to my satisfaction. Mr. Belderheim has stock in the trusts of this country to the value of two hundred million dollars. Now the government purchasing his stock will pay him, and heirs, we will say, two millions annually for one hundred years. A century from now, two hours' labor will produce as much as ten hours' labor, with our means of production. Therefore, the heirs of Mr. Belderheim will receive five times the amount due to them in the enhanced efficiency of labor."

"Oh, now I see your objection!" exclaimed Isaac. "That can easily be remedied. The time of labor in a labor dollar will be regulated according to the hours in a working day. The working day at present is about ten hours. When the waste from useless competition is eliminated by the government ownership of the great industries, the present working power, laboring five hours per day, will supply the nation with all luxuries. The working day be-

ing reduced one-half, the time of labor in a labor dollar will be reduced to one hour. When the industries of the nation are thoroughly systemized, the working day will be reduced to two and one-half hours, and the time in a labor dollar will be reduced correspondingly. As labor will be employed only for the purpose of supplying the requirements of the nation, the working day will be diminished with every advance in the efficiency of labor and the facility of production; and the time in a labor dollar will be likewise decreased."

"Isaac, that is so clear, but you must pardon me for imposing on your patience. Since we have been discussing this phase of the question, another difficulty presents itself. How can we transact business with foreign nations unless we adopt the precious metals as a money standard?"

"If we keep in mind the function of money, the difficulty will vanish immediately. Money is a medium of exchange, and we seek money because we can exchange it for all those articles that satisfy human desires. Since our labor dollar will buy any commodity produced by the nation, foreign traders can exchange it for our products in the markets of the world, and also for the products of all other countries, as the merchants accepting our currency can use it in making other purchases, and it will finally flow back into this government to be redeemed by labor."

Biddy smiled and said:

"Isaac, my difficulties are ridiculous when I hear your lucid explanations. I shall now read again the back numbers of 'The Flaming Sword,' where you have so ably treated the financial questions."

"And when I come again," said Isaac, "I hope that you will engage my attention with the presentation of difficulties as you have done this evening. I cannot say that I have ever enjoyed more real pleasure in my life. It is so gratifying to observe the interest you take in the great problems of the age."

As it was now ten o'clock, the two young men bade good-night to their sweethearts and wended their way home.

"Say, Gil," said McGillicuddy, "do you know that Teddy Einstein is desperately in love with Lucile Gehtheimer?"

"The daughter of that old hag we met at the levee?" asked Isaac.

"The very one," said Abraham, "and the Einsteins are furious."

"Well, I sympathize with them. I would not have that old dame for a mother-in-law for all the gold in the world. Did Mary Ann tell you that this evening?"

"Yes, while you and Biddy were discussing politics, Mary Ann and I were speaking of domestic affairs."

"Domestic affairs?" repeated Isaac. "Why you must be progressing very rapidly, since you are making preparations for housekeeping."

"O, no! it is not that far yet. However, there is a silent understanding between us that creates a mutual interest."

"We must have a conference with Teddy," said Isaac, "and dissuade him from paying attention to Miss Gehtheimer. By Joe! it is possible that Ted may be a brother-in-law some day, and I would loathe to have him connected with that rude woman."

"Oh-ho! So you are thinking of engaging new quarters? By Jingo! Gil, you are a sly coon!"

And the two friends laughed heartily and entering the hotel, they retired to their rooms.

CHAPTER XII.

Ezachias Rosenberger and his son-in-law, Lord Uriah, who had arrived the evening before in a Danish ship, had finished their breakfast and retired to the library to enjoy the fumes of a cigar. The sun was sending his golden shafts through the costly windows, and filling the room with iridescent hues. The rich tapestry that decorated the walls, the artistic moulding of the ceiling, the superb fur-

niture, the rare collection of books, the handsome Oriental rugs that covered the floor, were unmistakable indications of wealth. The morning papers contained an account of the insurrection which had broken out in Ammon.

The two men took their hats and canes and went for a walk by the sea-shore. As they wandered along among the toilers on the streets, they could see hunger and distress in their faces, but misery never appealed to the heart of Dives. They approached the strand, and they heard a group of idlers discussing the labor problem, and they stopped merely to hear the conversation, pretending that they were reading the papers, which they had taken with them. One of the men said that the condition of the wage-earners is growing worse every year. Another claimed that unless the government act quickly in suppressing the trusts, and in finding employment with fair compensation for the toilers, a revolution would drench the nation with blood. A third commented on the last issue of "The Flaming Sword," which ruthlessly excoriated Rosenberger, the coal king. A fourth denounced the millionaire, and said that he was revelling in luxuries at the expense of his half-paid employes. "His daughter is cutting quite a swath in Danish society, and the old fellow is sending her millions every year to keep her worthless husband out of debt. He is the most extravagant spendthrift in Dan, and when he married Miss Rosenberger he did not own one dollar. That cur has no respect for Toadian blood, and the Rosenbergers would sell their country's honor for a Danish title. That is the class of people who are driving this country to destruction."

"Well," put in a fifth speaker, "I think Gilhooley and McGillicuddy will bring the trouble to a crisis before long. 'The Flaming Sword' invades every district, and everywhere reform clubs are being organized. The laboring element heretofore has been working in vain. The unions did a great deal to keep up wages, but the time is fast coming when unions will be powerless. Machinery and the trusts combined will dispense with two-thirds of the labor now employed, and then the struggle for existence will be fierce, and the unions can do nothing to alleviate the dis-

tresses of life. Suppose all the laborers in the nation were organized, and there were five or ten men for every position, what can they do? Compete with each other or starve."

"Why not lessen the hours of a work day?" suggested one.

"That would solve the difficulty if the employers would agree to adopt the measure. But if they will not yield, the laborers are at their mercy. Only the government can make these reforms, but the government is now controlled by the money power. 'The Flaming Sword' is forming a new party, known as Socialism, and when this party is strong enough to elect a President and Congress, the friends of labor, the friends of humanity, will have it in their power to pass laws which will guarantee to every man the product of his labor."

Ezachias Rosenberger and his son-in-law moved on a few hundred paces, and sat down on a bench and began to muse on the flowing tide that washed the sands of the beach. The bay was to the right, and the masts of the ocean steamers were pointing to the skies, and sails of many vessels were spread to the breeze.

"On these shores," said Rosenberger, "nāy, on you mighty rock, our fathers landed two hundred years ago, and for five generations they humbly and gladly submitted to the gentle yoke of their mother country. Toadia became the home of the sturdy sons of toil, and the dauntless spirit of enterprise filled the forest glades and mountain dells. But bands of rebels fled from the old world, and, associating with the loyal children of Dan, corrupted the morals of the people, and completely changed their character. They would not be ruled by an alien power, they said. They would be represented in the royal government. They would have their rights. They would be independent! O independence! Is it independence for a son to rebel against the authority of his father, and burn the paternal roof, and murder his ancient sire? And such was the independence of the revolutionists.

"Yon distant hill recalls the crime of a nation when the first cannon of insurrection boomed on its summit. For years our fathers, goaded on by a horde of Ephraimites

and other lawless tribes engaged in a matricidal war which resulted in the establishment of the Toadian Republic. We hear much about the goddess of liberty. Yes, it is liberty to start riots, and burn houses, and slaughter innocent people in the streets! Had the empire of Dan been perpetuated in this country, I, and others of my class, would be knighted lords and titled earls. We would be honored and obeyed by the plebeian herds, that now question our authority, and violate our mandates. The lazy varlets that are abusing us, and imprecating curses on the government, should be tied to the tail of a cart and whipped through the streets of Engeddi.

"The common people are not allowed to talk that way in New Israel. The Danites always predicted that our Republic would prove a failure, and recent events show the wisdom of their prophecy. The idea that people are able to govern themselves! Only educated, intelligent, wealthy people should be enfranchised. The Creator intended that one class should rule and the other obey. Why, these rebels even quote the doctrines of the Nazarene to sustain their opinion. Those books of Christianity imported to this country by that band of Irish refugees, who should have been shot the day they landed, have done incalculable harm. It is true that much can be construed to support our claims, such as the advice of Paul, telling servants to be obedient to their masters; but yet there is much in Christianity that favors independence, for example, the teaching that all men are equal, inculcating the brotherhood of man; and those accursed principles have had a potent influence on the ignorant masses. The only salvation for our country is the royal scepter.

"Regal power is begotten in Heaven, and it is the only divinely established government. All through our sacred books we read of kings, but not a word about presidents. Earth should be like unto Heaven, where the multitude stand in awe before the radiant throne. There was never but one strike in Heaven, and the strikers were at once cast out into exterior darkness. They were hurled like stones from the battlements of the royal city into liquid flames and their torments shall ascend forever and ever. The decisive step taken by the Omnipotent Ruler struck

terror into the hearts of the rebellious spirits, and since that time not a murmur has ever marred the peace and bliss of the Eternal Kingdom.

"But how can we establish an empire here on the foundation of a Republic? There are no qualifications for citizenship except birth and naturalization, and the franchise is enjoyed by every citizen. However, we could bribe the electors, and by their co-operation have our choice proclaimed President, and then we could bribe Congress and the Senate to crown him with the royal diadem. This could all be accomplished by a liberal expenditure, for we have succeeded in buying the services of State Legislatures and the national government for years, and by the agency of legal enactments we have been enabled to multiply our wealth until now we own the country. But I fear that any attempt to enthrone monarchy on the Altar of Liberty, as it is vainly and erroneously styled, would precipitate a civil war. Our present standing army is too insignificant to crush an insurrection, and we dare not increase it in time of peace. The canaille would clamor against a mighty armed force unless required to defend the honor of the nation. Have they not already boldly asserted that it is one of the glories of a free government that it is not taxed like monarchical countries in supporting idle men for the sake of guarding their safety against the influx of mailed legions? We have no colonies, and, therefore, we are not complicated by foreign alliances, and escape the embroglios of foreign governments. It would be perilous to magnify the army and navy without necessity."

"Yes," said Lord Uriah, who had been listening attentively to Rosenberger's vagaries, "that is a difficult question to solve."

"But we can delude the rabble," continued Rosenberger, "by pursuing a machiavelian policy. The Ammonites have rebelled against the supremacy of Reuben, and now we will subsidize the Press to inflame the populace with horrid details of the atrocities committed by the government of Tirzah in suppressing the aspirations of a liberty-loving nation. The voice of the multitude will demand Toadia to befriend the cause of the Ammonites,

and this will embroil us with the mother country. Reuben is comparatively a weak country. She has only seventeen millions of subjects, whereas our population is more than quadruple that number. Our navy is more modern and better equipped, and a million of churls and bumpkins will offer their services on the field of battle. It will be a struggle for liberty, and of course the ignorant louts will expose their lives to the smoky cannon and polished steel for the honor that will deck the soldier's brow.

"We can afford to remain at home in our luxurious palaces, and write long communications to the press about the bravery of Toadian heroes, and the empire of freedom, and the flight of the Eagle and the goddess of liberty, and thus inflame the nation with our platitudes and fustian. And while the warrior is bleeding on the field of carnage, and the nation is thrilled with victory, we can speculate in stocks and bonds, emphasize the necessity of the gold standard, as illustrated in our present crisis, double our wealth in a few months, and have ample leisure to mature our schemes for future conquest.

"In the meantime we will incite the Heronites to imitate the example of the Ammonites, and that will bring the war to the Moabitic waters, and it will result in the extermination of Reubenite domination in the east and the annexation of the islands to the Toadian Republic. Then we will form an alliance with Dan, laud the magnanimity of our cousins beyond the Sea of Abraham, refer to our common language and common origin, and emphasize the fact that blood is thicker than water, dilate on the glory of expansion and the sublime mission imposed on us by the God of nations to assimilate other peoples, and bear the blessings of civilization to the ends of the earth in the formation of a world-wide empire. Liberty, humanity and civilization, this shall be our motto, and millions will be duped by our intrigues, and enroll themselves under the banner of imperialism.

"Under the plea of conquering the flag of Reuben, and driving the despot beyond the main, we can afford to increase our army to one hundred thousand. Later on we will augment it to two hundred thousand. Gradually we will curtail the liberties of the people, declare strikes

illegal, reduce wages by legislative decrees and compel laborers to toil at the point of the bayonet. Then we can, during the next administration, bribe Congress to extend the term of office to a period of eight years, and formally declare the present incumbent duly authorized to exercise his functions as Chief Executive for four years more. Of course this is not constitutional, but the Press will explain it to the people that it is for the advancement of the nation, and the storm will soon blow over. At the end of the second term our movement will be advanced so far that we can proclaim the President of Toadia the Emperor of the West.

"Then let the brood of vipers dare raise their voice against our authority! We will butcher them on the streets. We will chain them in gangs and make them toil under the stroke of the lash, or be shot down like mad dogs! Ah, yes! and my son may yet be the monarch of a broad empire, or my daughter may reign as a queen in the imperial mansion. Happy thoughts, Ezachias! Thou art destined to walk through royal halls and pass through doors that roll on golden hinges!"

Lord Uriah clapped the old man on the shoulder and said:

"Father, how would it read in the papers that all the royal houses of New Israel were represented at the coronation of Uriah, the first Emperor of Toadia?"

"It would be music to my ears! Let us go home and mature our plans."

CHAPTER XIII.

The election took place in November, 1855, and the Protectionist party, with a gold standard platform, was placed in power. The war between Reuben and Ammon was waging fiercely, and the Herodites had augmented the difficulty of the mother country by declaring their independence, and taking the field in the assertion of their

liberties. The Toadian press contained daily recitals of fiendish cruelties inflicted on the Ammonites by the officers of the Reubenic army. The people were inflamed with passion. Speeches were made all over the country by lecturers and politicians, demanding the recognition of the Ammonite belligerency. Congress was petitioned by every religious denomination in the land to hearken to the cry of liberty that arose from the neighboring isle, and annihilate the power of the Reubenic nation. Danish statesmen urged the adoption of the measure, and Danish journals pleaded with the Republic of the West to champion the cause of humanity and civilization.

The Deboreh Herald, which represented the national sentiment, emphasized the fact that Dan and Toadia were the greatest powers on the globe. "We are destined to conquer the world. What is Reuben and the sister nations in the southern part of New Israel? Decayed and defunct. Ignorance and bigotry have marked them for destruction. They are passing away. Their fate is sealed, and the historian of the future will not weep over their tombs. They are like the lost empires of antiquity. Go back through the shadows that encircle the early ages, and what do you find? Mighty kingdoms that seemed to be eternal in durability. Zaron had reached the zenith of glory, when the children of Israel were nomadic tribes. But where is Zaron now? Come forth, ye mighty lords of the east, and tell us whither has vanished your power. Come forth, ye potentates who built temples and shrines that have been the wonder of ages; come forth, ye conquerors and chieftains of the Orient; ye men who immortalized the shores of the Tabor, and Ekron by erection of cities that rival the dreams of bards! Come forth, ye sages of Gath, ye warriors of Gerar, and tell us the history of your fall, the story of your entombment. It was ignorance and bigotry. It was corruption and slavery.

"Such a fate will inhume the once mighty name of Reuben beneath the debris of ages. She is destined to be swept away by the march of civilization, and the progressive nations of the earth will laugh at her destruction. The Danish speaking peoples have been selected by the wisdom of the eternal to conquer all nations, and convey

the blessings of humanity and civilization to those that are lingering in the chains of thralldom, to the benighted lands of the east and west, north and south. The old enmity is forgotten. The mother welcomes her child again to the parental roof. Dan and Toadia are forever linked in friendship. We could not overcome the love begotten of a common origin. The wrongs of the past are amended, and like noble men our embrace reaches across the chasm of two generations with the affection of long-separated friends who have met again. Let Reuben be crushed. Let her flag be pulled down from the capital of Ammon. Let her navy be swept off the seas. Let her empire be broken asunder, and let the people, who have long suffered under her yoke, cast away the gyves of bondage, and rejoice in their new-born liberty."

"The Flaming Sword" took part in the discussion of the question. On the second of March a lengthy article appeared in that able journal, and its publication created a profound sensation in the remotest villages of the Republic.

"Men are clamoring for war with Reuben, and I do not hesitate to denounce the spirit which actuates them as ungrateful and dastardly. A little more than half a century ago the cry of justice went up from the lips of twenty millions of oppressed people to the throne of mercy, and the God of freedom moved the hearts of our ancestors to strike the blow for national emancipation. Who was the cruel tyrant that pursued our yeomen with lance and spear and battle ax? Who was the despot who said you shall have no voice in legislative halls, and you shall be taxed to support the army and navy of a foreign land, an army that has lighted camp-fires in every valley, that has hunted the goddess of liberty from every shore; a navy that had swept the seas in search of plunder, and has crimsoned every wave with human gore? That despot was Dan. She invaded every right which nature and the God of nations had given to the colonies.

"The little republics of the West had been formed by sturdy men who had been driven from the Old World by governmental oppression, and they came here to build the temple of liberty amidst the tall pine trees and stately

oaks of the wild, unbroken wood. They had braved the dangers of the great primeval forests, filled with wild beasts and savage foemen. They cleared away the woods, built the cabin and the home, the hamlet and the town. They navigated the majestic streams, explored the vast regions, became familiar with all the hills and vales, and all the lakes and mountains of the western world. The commercial city rose in the wilderness, where a few years ago the roar of the lion and the shout of the huntsman were the only sounds that ever broke the wail of the woods or mingled with the voice of the streams. When the time came for reaping the benefits from the sweat and blood of the noble republicans of the West, the Danish king was not slow to utilize these advantages. The mother land imposed every burden on the colonies, and deprived them of every constitutional right, preparing to make this country the servile slave of despotism. In those days Simeon and Reuben were our friends, and by their assistance we won the battle of freedom and the goddess of liberty was enthroned in our national halls.

"Fifty years have rolled away, and the scene is totally changed. Reuben is now our enemy, Simeon is our supposed enemy, and Dan is our darling friend. Shades of the immortal heroes of the Revolution! arise from your peaceful slumbers, and denounce the cowardice, the servility and the hypocrisy of our age and nation! The men of 1800 have passed away, leaving no progeny to uphold the honor of our flag. Reuben has acceded to all the demands of this government in alleviating the situation in Ammon. I am in favor of liberty, and I think every people should be entitled to free government, and I admire the expression of our people on behalf of the Ammonitic emancipation, but I condemn the sentiment that actuates those expressions. Is it sympathy for the enthralled subjects of Reuben? If so, why not unfurl the banner of our nation in a war of universal emancipation, and sheathe not the sword till the Toadian eagles scream above the citadel of despotism, and the God of Democracy speaks to the enchained multitudes, calling on them to doff the livery of servitude, and celebrate their victory in the temple of liberty?

"The Ephraimites have been crushed by Danish lords, and hunted by Danish myrmidons for three hundred years. Their homes have been burnt, their fields laid waste, fathers have been massacred, sons have been assassinated, their religious convictions have been outraged, the sacred bond of matrimony has been ruthlessly broken, their altars have been consigned to the flames, their Rabbis have been pursued like wild beasts. They came to our land to enjoy the blessings of liberty, and they have fought for the honor of our flag from the day that the first cannon announced the conflict for independence, till the Eagle of the West chased the Lion of the East to his forest glades and mountain dells.

"When the war of 1810 was proclaimed, Ephraimitic soldiers enlisted in our army, Ephraimitic sailors came to our navy, and Ephraimitic generals led our legions to matchless triumphs. Again, in 1826, when the Confederacy menaced the stability of the western empire, and the Union was tottering on its foundation, Ephraimitic blood was copiously shed for the cause of freedom and the durability of the Republic. Why not proclaim our allegiance to the cause of Ephraimitic liberty and notify Dan to relinquish her claims upon that island within a specified time? Is it because Dan is a powerful nation that we can turn a deaf ear to the lamentations of Ephraim? Did our ancestors ever suffer such torture in their captivity? Did their wails on the rivers of Babylon ever awaken in the souls of their prophets more pathetic appeals, more desponding eloquence, than the miseries of Ephraim have stirred the spirit of her bards and orators? Let us, therefore, be just, and proclaim the independence, not only of Ammon, but, also, of Ephraim. But the money kings of the Republic are anxious for an alliance with the Danish throne, with the hope that the alliance may grow into a union and Toadia become a land of nobility."

A strange religious party had originated in Toadia a few years previously to the time of which we speak. This party was opposed to the old Hebrew cult, and it vowed to destroy it by the application of every means. The party was known as the Toadian Protective Association, and the members were called "T. P. A.'s." Their object was

to protect Toadian interests from the usurpation of the Hebrew religion, and they were to use the dagger when their purpose could not be accomplished by milder means. The party was solicitous about the war for two reasons. The Hebrew altar was still venerated in Reuben, and the old religion was the only form of worship that existed in the kingdom. Again, the T. P. A.'s thought that the Ephraimites, who were staunch adherents of the ancient creed, would betray their country from religious motives, and thus furnish the government with ample evidence of the pernicious results of Hebrew teaching, and the perils of tolerating that worship in Toadia.

While the press was inflaming the people with glaring accounts of Reubenic atrocities, the ignoble character of the Reubenites, their cowardice and cruelty, their thirst for blood, their insensibility to the suffering of their colonists, filibustering expeditions were daily arranged and executed with the connivance of the Federal Government. Insincere attempts were made to prevent these unfriendly manifestations to the Reuben government in Ammon; but the whole world knew that the authorities were cognizant of every movement in that direction.

At the solicitation of the people, and the pleading of the press calling on Congress to protect the lives of Toadian citizens, who were in the greatest peril from Reubenic hostility, the battleship Tyre was ordered to Ammonitic waters. On the thirty-first of May the announcement ran over the wires to every part of the country that the Tyre had been destroyed. Citizens of all classes armed themselves and cried for the blood of every living Reubenite. A committee was sent to investigate the cause of the disaster, and they reported that it was a mystery that could not be solved. The deputation consisted of Solomon Levi, David Loveheart and Jacob Jonas. These gentlemen were besieged on their return from Ammon, but they were unanimous in maintaining that the cause of the explosion could not be ascertained, and if it were the work of a premeditated plot, the agent of the dastardly deed would never be known.

But the press maintained that it was a Reubenic conspiracy, and the people called for vengeance. Congress

acted unanimously, and war was proclaimed. As Toadia had four times the army and navy, and fifty times the resources of Reuben, the struggle ended in less than three months, with the establishment of a provisional government in Ammon, and the promise of independence at some future time, when the people were far enough advanced in civilization to be entrusted with the exercise of authority. In the conflict between the two powers, the Toadian fleet in the Moabitic seas attacked and totally demolished the Reubenic fleet on the shores of Heron, and, with the assistance of the natives, the Reubenic forces on the land were conquered.

The Heronites looked upon the Eagles as the emblem of freedom, and they thought when that flag was erected on the battlements of their cities, that foreign domination was forever ended. But they found that they had only exchanged masters, and that the new power that was enthroned on the land was far more cruel and despotic than the ancient regime.

The dual conspiracy formed in the fertile brains of Lord Aran and Ezechias Rosenberger had been successfully executed, and the fiends behind the curtain were dreaming of the empire that would rise on the altar of freedom's temple, above the altar of Democracy. The blood of heroes on the battlefield, the wail of mothers weeping over the death of their sons, the cry of orphans expressing their grief for the loss of fathers, went on unheard by the lord and his minion. The Hebrews fought bravely for Ammonitic independence, and their valor won the admiration of all fair-minded Toadians, while the T. P. A.'s shrank into obscurity, and pined away in their chagrin that the machinations they had matured for the destruction of the ancient creed, had proved a fiasco.

CHAPTER XIV.

About the middle of February, 1857, a tall, handsome gentleman of aristocratic appearance, stepped into the

Theban Hotel, and registered as Lord Jesse, from the Kingdom of Dan. His appearance at once attracted the attention of the guests, and his identity was soon established. After he was assigned to his room, he presented his card, and asked to see Mr. Gilhooley and Mr. McGillicuddy. The two gentlemen had just finished supper, and were preparing to return to their office, when they were informed that Lord Jesse wished to see them. On entering the parlor, they found the nobleman waiting, who immediately advanced, and said:

"I hope I have the distinguished honor of meeting the editors of 'The Flaming Sword?'"

The compliment was reciprocated by the journalists, and soon the gentlemen were engaged in the discussion of current topics.

"I heard of you and your admirable paper," said the lord, "when I arrived in Engeddi a few weeks ago. You seem to be transforming the nation. I am in sympathy with the movement. While yet a boy, I became familiar with the conditions of the laboring people in the Danish coal mines, and I have spent much money in attempting to introduce these reforms in our kingdom. But I met with intense opposition, not only from the aristocracy and wealthy class at large, but even my own people have renounced me. However, I have my fortune secured, and I am independent of the world, and I came to this country with the hope of promoting the cause of humanity; for I believe that this broad Republic, where every man has the right to vote, and where the gift of liberty is jealousy guarded, is a vast field to prosecute the good work."

"Lord Jesse," said Gilhooley, "it is really gratifying to hear the expression of such noble sentiments, especially in a man of your birth and prestige. I readily appreciate the sacrifices you are making in behalf of freedom. In the first place, you were born and educated under the influence of monarchical institutions; and being a member of the Danish nobility, you were compelled, at the very dawn of your reform career, to turn your back on the parental home, renounce the pleasures that dwell in the castle, forego the influence of your home, and trample on the hallowed traditions of your family and the time-honored

customs of your country. We welcome you to our shores, and we gladly initiate you in the Socialism of the Toadian Republic."

"And I, too," said McGillicuddy, "congratulate you, and welcome you to the ranks of the new party. I know that your efforts will contribute marvelously to the enthronement of human liberty, which has been crushed in our land by money kings and their sympathizers. You have the royalty of blood, and we have the royalty of gold; and the latter exercises all the despotism of the former without any of its redeeming features. We speak of freedom, but the only freedom now enjoyed by the masses of the country is the freedom to curse, and they will soon be deprived of that.

"There is a movement in progress here to subvert republican institutions, and establish an empire. The recent war with Reuben was waged for that purpose, and the people are beginning to discern what has actuated the government in its participation in the struggle of the Ammonite insurgents. The measure was adopted for the purpose of augmenting the standing army and expanding our dominions, and when this is accomplished the soldiers now crimsoning the vales of Heron with the blood of free-men seeking independence, will be marshalled against the natives of this land, and the establishment of an empire will be the crowning coup d'etat of this pharisaical parade of patriotism, and the presumptuous claim that our nation is destined, by the fiat of high heaven, to encircle the globe, and erect the altar of liberty in every land."

"Why, do you think they would imperil their lives by such temerity?" asked Lord Jesse.

"Imperil their lives? What can a conquered people do when they are confronted by cannon and bayonet? There are not a braver people on earth to-day than the Ephraimites, and yet they are held in subjection by the soldiery of the Danish empire."

"To give you an illustration," remarked Isaac, "of how liberty is ignored by this government, I will cite a few facts. Several months ago there was a strike on the Jordan Valley Railroad, and the chief executive of the Brotherhood of Engineers ordered the engineers on the eight

connecting lines to assist the Jordan Valley strikers; and the result was that instant action was taken to give up work on all the lines, if the Jordan Valley freight were handled. The object of this movement was to force those lines to reject Jordan Valley freight, and compel that road to come to an agreement with the engineers. There was no malice, no violence, no fraud. The matter was brought before the Supreme Court of Toadia, the eight connecting lines claiming that the action of the engineers was a violation of the inter-state commerce law; and while the court decided that the men had a right to quit when they wished, 'But so long as the employe remains in his employment, the law can compel him to do his whole duty; a part of his duty, when employed on an inter-state line, is to grant equal facilities to connecting lines.' By promulgating the order to quit, the chief executive of the Brotherhood of Engineers and the men are guilty of 'a conspiracy to procure the officials of the connecting lines to violate the act. Again they are civilly liable to the Jordan Valley for the conspiracy.'

"I will give you a couple of other decisions of the Supreme Court. The State against Mulcahy decided that for men to combine and notify the employer that they will quit unless certain fellow-workmen are discharged, is indictable conspiracy. The same decision was rendered in the case of Levi versus Reinan."

"You really astonish me with these citations, Mr. Gilhooley," said Lord Jesse. "I knew that there was a spirit of antagonism against the usurpation of capital, and this was retaliated by the adoption of drastic measures, but I did not deem that the highest tribunal in the land would tarnish its character for honesty by such unjust decisions."

"The highest tribunal as well as the lowest," interposed Abraham, "can be bribed, and that is ample evidence of our political deterioration."

"The same conditions existed in Rome, according to the literature that has been preserved of that fallen empire," said Lord Jesse. "But a few good men like you and Mr. Gilhooley will purify the nation."

"We hope, Lord Jesse," said Isaac, "that you will give some assistance to 'The Flaming Sword,' and by our

united power, its point will pierce the heart of every tyrant and every renegade from ocean to ocean."

"With your permission," replied Lord Jesse, "I shall be a frequent contributor to its columns."

"We offer you *carte-blanc*he, and hope that you will utilize the privilege," said the editors, in unison, and Lord Jesse bade them good-evening, with the promise of un-failing fidelity to the cause of justice and truth.

The next morning the leading papers devoted more than a column to the arrival and history of the Danish nobleman. His genealogy was traced back more than seven hundred years, and his coat-of-arms was engraved and minutely described by the able journalists. Many distinguished people paid a visit to the hotel, and presented their cards to Lord Jesse, who received them most cordially, and gracefully responded to the invitations which they extended. Levees and soirees, banquets and entertainments, receptions and theatricals, were honored with his presence, and the bon-ton society of Deboreh spent every effort to gain the esteem of the distinguished visitant.

One evening he was entertained at the Jordan Club, and the fashionable people of the city were in attendance. Mrs. Gehtheimer, as usual, forced herself to the front, and received an invitation to be present on the occasion. Lucile was with her mother, and the old dame thought that her hour had come when the scion of her house would be honored with a noble title. She never dreamed, for a moment, that the grandest character on the globe could refuse to lend his name to her family in exchange for her millions of glittering gold. The nation had become so corrupt, that the publication of this woman's reputation did not exclude her from the elite of society. The Gehtheimers were introduced to Lord Jesse, and immediately the matron engaged the Danite in conversation, and monopolized his time the remainder of the evening.

"My lord, I am pleased to meet you," said the virago. "I have met so many of your people, and I think they are simply grand. They are so courteous and refined. Of course, nobility begets polished manner."

"Madam, I thank you for the compliment."

"But, my lord, there is something about your associa-

tions that I do not comprehend; and, as you are a stranger in the city, and, undoubtedly beguiled by false appearances, I thought that I would speak to you on this question this evening."

"Why, certainly, madam. If I have been consorting with disreputable people, I am sorry, and, in extenuation of any offense I may have given to the fashionable society of Debokeh, which I so highly esteem, ignorance of wrongdoing is my apology."

"Perhaps I have been misinformed," began the lady, "but I have heard that you are the boon companion of those two notorious anarchists who publish 'The Flaming Sword.'"

"Ah! you intend to call Mr. Gilhooley and Mr. McGillicuddy anarchists? I beg to differ with you. They have violated no law, and they do not instigate the populace to violence, but on the contrary, they advise the adoption of constitutional methods in this warfare."

"That may be very true, but they are opposed to the existing government, and they propose to abolish the entire system by the introduction of Socialism."

"But what do you understand by Socialism?" asked Lord Jesse, who was highly amused.

"Why the total annihilation of private property, the division of wealth among the beggars and tramps."

"'The Flaming Sword,' madam, does not advocate the division of wealth, but merely the government ownership of the means of production and distribution, and they propose to compensate the proprietors for their property. If I mistake not, they confine their demands to the national ownership of land and railways, telegraph and telephone lines. At least, I have not read of any other innovations in the columns of their paper."

"Do you think that would be just?"

"Nothing could be more just. I am a land-owner, and I would be willing to relinquish my claims to-morrow, for I recognize that every man has a right to the use of land. Besides, in my native country, I have seen the deleterious results of land ownership. The few are living in luxury, and the masses are toiling slaves, giving the fruit of their

labor to those who have monopolized the treasures of nature by fencing in the common inheritance."

"I see, my lord, that you are mesmerized by those magicians. It seems that they have the power, not only to enchant the feminine gender, but extend their conquest to the noblest of the masculine sex."

"I thank you, madam, for the compliment. I hope that I am worthy of it."

During the evening Mrs. Reisan managed to have several brief conversations with the Danish aristocrat, and she declared that he was "the handsomest, the most refined, the most cultured, and the most fascinating gentleman" whom she had ever met. Lord Jesse's visit to Deboreh was the social triumph of the year. Costly bouquets were sent to him every day by the fair damsels and the stately matrons.

The following week he was entertained at the Gehtheimer mansion, and at the beginning of the next month, the courtly manners of the foreigner graced the palatial home of Mrs. Reisan. Mrs. Gehtheimer was again present, with her daughter Lucile, who was decked in the richest of robes. But the nobleman seemed to pay more attention to the hostess of the evening than the bevy of maidens who came to admire his handsome visage and princely mein, and to win from him a smile of satisfaction or a word of encouragement. Mrs. Reisan was young and gay, and her beauty was unrivaled in the city of Deboreh. Her husband was a multi-millionaire, fifteen years the senior of his wife, and devoid of those charms that attract the admiration of the fair sex.

The marked attention of Mrs. Reisan to her guest, and the compliments that he bestowed upon the beautiful lady, called for many severe criticisms. From that time, Lord Jesse was a constant visitor at the Reisan mansion, and was frequently seen on the boulevard in the family carriage with the mistress of the house. But Mrs. Reisan was not the only married lady in Deboreh who took the liberty of accompanying Lord Jesse on a drive. The maidens and matrons vied with each other in wooing the favors of the Danite; and not only did they call to see him at the parlors of the hotel, but they invited him

to private luncheons, and committed many other indiscretions worthy of public censure. Horses, cats and dogs were christened "Lord Jesse," the latest style of hats was distinguished with that title, and the papers were filled with amatory verses in honor of the aristocrat, who had deigned to visit the metropolis of Toadia.

A very strong attachment was engendered between Lord Jesse and the editors of "The Flaming Sword," to the surprise of the public, and to the sorrow and disappointment of a certain class of the elite, who hated Gilhooley and McGillicuddy with the malice of fiends. The Einsteins were still ardent defenders of "The Flaming Sword" and its management, and a deep and lasting love had been formed between the two young ladies and the two reformers. But a contemplated alliance of Teddy Einstein with Lucile Gehtheimer had estranged him from his family, who loathed the very name of that disreputable woman. Teddy had been told of Mrs. Gehtheimer's youthful career, but he was passionately fond of Lucile, and his love for the daughter was greater than his contempt for the mother.

Since the arrival of Lord Jesse, the attentions of Teddy were discouraged by Lucile's mother, who dreamed of the possibility of an alliance with the heir of a noble family, and though the Einsteins were among the most distinguished people of Deboreh, yet they had no titles. Lucile admired, but did not love Lord Jesse, but her mother said that she should sacrifice her affections to her ambition, and relinquish the pleasures of congeniality for the honors of aristocracy. Isaac and Abraham were deeply interested in the nuptial anticipations of Teddy Einstein, and endeavored to break the bonds which that young lady had drawn around his heart. But the chain was made of adamantine links, and their efforts were not only futile, but resulted in the growth of enmity between the whilom friends. Mrs. Gehtheimer fanned the flame that had been ignited, for she had no love for "The Flaming Sword," and she longed to see its editors behind the dungeon gate.

CHAPTER XV.

Directly south of New Israel, there is a continent which was named Arabia, after the geographical position of that country in relation to Palestine. The sea separating this region from New Israel was known as the Tranquil Sea, for destructive storms never swept its bosom, and the waters were as placid as the surface of a lake. Arabia was inhabited by many turbulent tribes, which incessantly waged intestine feuds. The Caucasian race found no inducements to penetrate the wilds of this savage land, and for centuries civilization was a stranger to its soil. The peasants of Asher established a colony in that remote part of the world, and by their unremitting efforts, a garden was planted in the wilderness. The Danish empire laid claims to the neighboring regions. But finding it more congenial to the tastes of her people to confiscate the cultivated lands of the Asherites, than to battle with the laws of nature in rescuing swamps from the floods of summer, and transmuting the forests into meadows and orange groves, she notified the pioneers to vacate their land and seek new homes in the unfrequented wilds. The original colonists moved onward toward the north, and occupied a desert tract surrounded on all sides by warlike nations. They were compelled to fight these untutored races, and guard their wives and little babes that gladdened their hearths, from the perfidious Arabians who lurked in every wood and mountain dell. Years were passed on the frontier of civilization, and many a noble Asherite fell beneath the deadly blade of the assassin, before the pioneers had secured a safe asylum in that distant part of the world. Their ceaseless toil at last created an oasis in the wilderness and then the jealous Danites notified them to migrate again.

Their homes and the graves of their sires were desecrated by mailed hosts, who were sent to execute the orders of the Danish government. Onward they marched, leaving their cabins in the valley and on the hilltop, which

were covered with the wealth of vegetation, and the defenseless peasants began to struggle with new difficulties. They were forced to confront the savage foe in his stronghold, and consecrate the new settlement with the blood of their best and noblest men. But the task was accomplished, and the formation of a little republic showed that liberty had triumphed over despotism, and civilization had conquered the savage hordes.

The peasants now, by long separation from their native land, had assumed a distinct nationality known as Jonites, and their country was called Jonas, after the prophet of Israel, who was commanded by the voice of Jehovah to preach repentance to the wicked men of Nineveh. Less than three decades had rolled away from the establishment of the Jonitic government, when diamonds and gold fields were discovered, and the small republic became the most prosperous country in the world. The wealth of the land was fabulous, and the cupidity of Dan could not rest, while another people had such precious treasures. A wave of migration swept into Jonas from the Danish empire, and in a short time the natives were in the minority. They readily discerned the significance of this movement, and anticipated the scheme by passing laws of naturalization, requiring the foreigners to live fourteen years in the Republic, before they could become citizens and be admitted to the franchise. The Danites thought that by their vast number they would be enabled to control the legislature and within a very brief period, the government would be attached to the Arabian dominion of Dan; and they were furious when the Jonites foiled their plans by passing a bill of qualification for voters, and they demanded that the bill be modified immediately.

The Jonites were not fully prepared to fight for the maintenance of their autonomy, and they made some temporary modifications. The conflict, however, was brewing, and the Jonites were supplying themselves with resources, and drilling their little army to meet the inevitable. The Danites were not satisfied with the concessions that had been made, and demanded that seven years be specified as the period of residence required in voters. After many protestations, the Jonites also yielded to this

demand. Again the tyrant requested that the period be reduced to five years, and the natives, seeing that their country was menaced the fourth time by the wily usurper, refused to comply, and appealed to the justice of their cause. But justice was out of the question, when dealing with inferior forces.

The Toadian Republic was still persecuting the goddess of liberty in Heron, and under the name of humanity and civilization, was waging the most atrocious, the most brutal, warfare that had disgraced any country within the millennium; and it did not surprise the natives of the transarctic world that the "Land of the Free" should sanction and encourage the invasion of Jonas under the same hypocritical plea that had been advanced to justify Toadian usurpation in the Moabitic Ocean. The leaders of the Protectionists were constantly lauding Danish civilization, and the necessity of exercising suzerainty over the South Arabian Republic.

"We are a great Danish-speaking people, and God has called us to preach His word to the ends of the earth, and if we should be recreant to our vocation, unborn generations will curse our memory, and the Almighty Ruler will exact a rigid account of the gifts He has bestowed on us for the accomplishment of our great and noble mission." This was the language of press, pulpit and rostrum, to the nausea of honest people, and the amusement of the hired hypocrites themselves. It was dangerous to speak in disparaging terms of Danish integrity, and it was necessary to extol Danish honor to gain any favors from the Federal government. Every Protectionist in the land claimed to have Danish blood in his veins; and if he were a native of that country, there was no office at the disposal of the party that was beyond his reach. In fact, it became disreputable in fashionable society not to have a coat-of-arms, certifying to Danish ancestry, and among the parvenues and ambitious canaille, the sentiment became so strong (for such people are always directed by the higher classes and excel them in extravagance) it was flagitious to speak in complimentary language of the Toadian Republic.

Gilhooley had delivered a speech on the Reuben-

Toadian conflict, and he characterized it as the most unjustifiable war in history. "Reuben," he said, "acquiesced to all our protestations, yielded to all our expostulations, complied with all our injunctions, but still we were not satisfied. We wanted battle, but we were very careful to imitate our Danish cousins in selecting a weak nation, on which to show our prowess. I do not hesitate to denounce my country for the blackest ingratitude on the page of history. If we were sincere in our affection for the Ammonites, we would have requested the nations to present a unanimous protest against the Reubenite domination in that land, and the court of Tirzah would have been necessitated to comply with this universal remonstrance. But no, we wanted war. If we were honest in our declaration of sympathy for an enslaved people, why do we withhold autonomy from Ammon? Why do we set up a military government in that island? Why do we allow every Toadian cut-throat and adventurer to suck the life-blood of that people? Why do we close our ears to their complaints and hold that such treatment is necessary for them?

"Of course we render all these stripes, we inflict all these injustices, we perpetrate all these robberies, in the name of humanity and civilization. It is not a matter of wonder that such an administration should lend its sympathy to Danish despots, and applaud the usurpations and atrocities of that government. A few days ago Senator Sodoc declared that we alone, the Danish-speaking people, have a right to existence, and we should conquer the earth and build a fence around it. O, ye immortal men of the past; ye warriors that carried the banner of victory from the vale of Hur to the battlements of Gilead; ye pioneers who fought the beasts of the forests and savage hordes from the wilderness, come forth from your sombre tombs! awake ye silent shades from the moss-covered stones; arise ye noble spirits from your grand mausoleums, and purify the nation with your philanthropic inspiration, with your lofty sentiments of love and patriotism."

At a meeting of Protectionists in the city of Deboreh just previously to the Reubenite-Toadian embroglio, "The Flaming Sword" was severely criticised for its opposition

to the policy of the government, and the editors were denounced for their treasonable utterances in the rostrum.

Mr. Benjamin said that "These two Irish-Israelites magnify the debt of gratitude we owe to Reuben. We owe a debt of gratitude to no nation on earth except our dear old mother country, that rocked us in the cradle of infancy, and guarded our childhood days; and we have been ungrateful in renouncing her maternal claims on our affections. To-day the Lion should rule the empire of the West. If the severance had not been accomplished by the rebels, who unfurled the banner of the Eagles, we should now be lords and earls and dukes, and the vile proletariat would be fawning at our knees, crying at our feet, bowing to the passing of our shadow on the street, instead of presuming to dictate our national policy, and to subvert the existing government. Even if Reuben had sustained us in our struggle, is that any reason why we should not castigate her for her heinous crimes, for unpardonable offenses? Gilhooley said that ingratitude is the vice of slaves; and I want to tell that young fanatic that gratitude is the virtue of dogs."

The sentiment expressed by Mr. Benjamin was the sentiment of the money kings of Toadia, with a few noble exceptions. The country in general, however, still preserved the sacred traditions of liberty bequeathed as a legacy by the fathers of the Republic, and there were expressions of sympathy for the Jonites from every part of the land. Men declared their convictions in public meetings, and armed bodies of cavaliers offered their aid to the President of the South Arabian Republic. The Ephraimites were unanimous in their expression of fidelity to the principles of liberty, and made powerful efforts to collect arms and ammunition for the Jonitic cause.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the 21st of October, 1857, the following communication appeared in "The Flaming Sword:"

"To-day we have, in this country, seven hundred thousand people out of work, eight hundred thousand paupers, and twenty millions poor. In the census of last year there were one million, one hundred thousand living in telement houses in Deboreh, whose population is only one million, five hundred thousand. Eighty per cent of the farmers in the country are in debt, and in less than five years they will lose their homes, and join the army of toilers and vagrants. In Dan the disparity between the classes is even greater. More than half the national wealth belongs to ten thousand people, and thirty thousand men own fifty-five-fifty-sixths of all the land and capital in the kingdom. The average wage for the upper and middle classes is one thousand dollars per annum, whereas laborers receive but eighty-five dollars per annum, or twenty-five cents per day.

"In the early history of our race, each man worked for himself, and received the fruit of his industry. But even in that remote age of time, there were always men who desired to live on the labor of their fellow-beings, and hence originated wars for the spoliation of wealth. Land was then abundant and this prevented the possibility of land monopoly, and the stronger nations enslaved the weaker, and exacted their toil as a price for their lives. Captives taken in war were doomed to thralldom, and served their masters under the stroke of the lash. In the flight of ages, when the human race had multiplied, the land passed into the hands of private individuals, and those were able to exact the labor of their less fortunate brethren as a compensation for their existence on the soil. The landlord took a large portion of the wealth created by his bondsmen or serfs, as a tribute for the liberty of cultivating the soil.

"When the race had increased and land became scarce, serfdom passed out of existence, and the bondsmen now became renters. Competition raised the rent of land with every generation, till now the entire produce, with a small allowance essential for the maintenance of the laborer, is absorbed by the owners of the earth. Rent in Dan is one hundred and twenty times greater than it was five hundred years ago. In Asher, Zabolon, Simeon and Neph-

thali, rent has doubled in the last quarter of a century. To-day the annual rent of land in the city of Deboreh, is two hundred million dollars; in Kidron, it is seventy-five millions; in Engeddi, forty millions; in Susanna, twenty-seven millions, and in the other cities it ranges from ten to twenty-five millions. Just to think that men must pay such exorbitant prices for the privilege of standing on the soil which God has created for their use!

"But the landlords are not the only class of people who live on the labor of their fellow-men. The small tradesmen of three or four centuries ago owned his tools, and, by hard labor, could make an independent living. But those days are forever past. The age of invention has arrived, and another class of people has entered the field of industry. Mechanical skill has supplanted the simple tools of the artisan, and the capitalist has purchased machinery and established vast industries, and the manual laborer, not having the means to compete with the capitalist, has been driven from the field, and forced to seek employment in the busy factories. The laborer does not own the means of production, but must sell his labor to the capitalist, and therefore he is the slave of the capitalist. This is what competition has accomplished. It has enthralled the wealth producers of the world.

"We boast of the freedom of contract! Freedom, indeed, when a man must work for a crust of bread or starve! When necessity urges a man to sell his labor for one-half or one-third its real value, that man is the veriest slave. Competition means bondage, and we are the vilest slaves that ever trod the earth. The employe is afraid to look up when the foreman's eyes are upon him, for he fears that taking the liberty to look upon the glittering sun and the purple dome, will be punished by dismissal from service. There is no lash above him. Yet the shadow of the wolf haunts the door of his cabin, his wife and babes are hungry and naked, and if he is discharged, they will fall by the wayside, and death will close their eyelids in the sleep that knows no waking. That man is more of a slave than the Cushite who was hunted by the bloodhounds on the southern plantations. The slave received food and clothing and care in the hour of sickness, for

the preservation of his life and health was an advantage to the master. But the poor laborer works from the grey dawn, when the auroral blush of the infant day encircles the brow of the morning, until Apollo's golden beams are lost in the liquid depths of the western main, and the dusky shades of eve creep along the vale and climb the mountain peak; and yet what is his wages? A crust of bread and rags. When he falls a victim to the loathsome disease that lurks in the stifled, poisoned atmosphere of his workshop, there is no master to provide for his family. He dies and is forgotten; his wife and babes follow in his wake, and the car of Mammon moves over the graves of its victims, while the enthroned monarch, reclining on his cushioned seat, and holding the reins in his hands, never reflects on the truth that the rotting flesh and decaying bones that sleep beneath the green sward on the wayside, once toiled and bled to make the spokes and hubs and tires of his carriage.

"Competition has begotten servility. Not only has liberty fled from the soul of the laborer in the ditch and the mill and the factory, but the venal spirit of the slave inspires every act in the history of our age. The book-keeper and the salesman, the physician and the lawyer, the merchant and the banker, are bondsmen of the veriest stamp. Every one is anxious to keep his position, his clientage, his practice, his trade, his patronage, and he smothers every noble sentiment, stifles every whisper of conscience, submits to insults, tramples on truth, mocks justice, despises honor, laughs at love and scorns friendship in his efforts to conquer his competitors, and triumph in the wild scramble for existence.

"Competition means the survival of the unfittest, for only the wily, the cunning, the dishonest, the deceitful, the untruthful, the unscrupulous, succeed in the struggle of life, and we are destined to bequeath a race of vipers to future ages and generations.

"What has produced the competitive system? The desire to live on the labor of others. Men go into business to escape labor, and business can only thrive on profits, and profits, as we have said in former issues of this paper, is the appropriation of the wealth created by

labor. Profits under private capitalism consists of three elements. In the first place, the capitalist must calculate on making as large a return for his money as he would make in lending it on good security; otherwise it would be better and safer to lend his money on good security. He must secondly make allowances for risks; for when he goes into business he hazards his investment, and he may fail and lose every dollar. If his chances are even, he must calculate on making more than one hundred per cent to cover all risks. Again, he must charge for superintendence and superior skill in conducting the business through dangerous epochs and seasons of depression. This will probably make a total of one hundred and fifty per cent.

"Now, when the article has passed from the farmer and the toiler through all the avenues of trade, and returns a finished product, its price has been augmented many fold, and the price paid for the accumulated labor will not purchase the commodity in the market, and thus economy is practiced from necessity. Hence, only a portion of the wealth created is disposed of, and the capitalist has a surplus in his storehouse. There is a wide gap created between the productive and the purchasing power of the nation. We are cursed from time to time with what people erroneously call over-production, but what is really under-consumption. The laborers of this country are supposed to consume their ratio of all wealth produced. Now the laboring element constitutes fifty-two per cent of the population, and they should consume fifty-two per cent of the wealth produced. But they only receive seventeen per cent of the wealth, in wages, and it is impossible with seventeen per cent to buy fifty-two per cent. Therefore, a surplus accumulates and we are afflicted with over-production. Men are hungry and children are naked, because so much is produced that it cannot be consumed!

"In order to sell this accumulated stock, merchants and manufacturers advertise extensively, and employ a number of traveling men to represent their wares in distant cities. They fail to see that this extra expense must be added to their merchandise, and that the price being increased, the purchasing power of the consumer is cor-

respondingly diminished. One thousand firms in Toadia spend, each, one million dollars in advertising, making a total of one billion dollars; and there are one million, one hundred and twenty thousand that spend at least another billion. While this outlay must be added to the wares, yet people cannot afford to pay the advanced prices, and the merchants have recourse to adulteration, and cheap merchandise, and the cost is really greater in the end, and the health of the community is jeopardized and injured by poisoned food.

"The next step is the reduction of the force employed, and this likewise curtails the purchasing power of the toilers, for men cannot buy when they have no work and no money. Then there is a reduction in wages, and this intensifies the situation. Finally, they introduce new machinery to diminish the cost of production, and thousands of employes are discharged, and swell the army of tramps. All the time the situation is growing more desperate, for the purchasing power of the people is falling. The larger houses consolidate to reduce expenses and the smaller establishments, unable to compete with these gigantic concerns, perish in the conflict, and we have a crisis. Finally, when the vast stores of merchandise have been wasted and destroyed by competition, a season of activity dawns on the country, and people say that we have good times. Another period of over-production comes again, another period of starvation, another crisis; and this has been the history of the industrial system of civilized nations for the last two hundred years.

"As the productive power of civilization advances, the demand for labor will diminish, and this will necessitate a contraction of the purchasing power, and the gap will widen with every step forward. Wealth will become contracted more and more, the middle class will disappear, and the ranks of the masses will be swollen by large annual accessions from those who have been driven from the field of industry. But profits must decrease with the reduction of the purchasing power of laborers, till finally the inducements will not be sufficient to encounter the risks in business, and industry will wane, and civilization

will retrograde. It is the inevitable result of the profit system.

"But people say that competition, that involves waste, is beneficial to the community, for it gives employment to the idle. If waste is an advantage to industry, why not make a bonfire of all goods that cannot be sold in the market? This would immediately destroy the curse of over-production, and industry would not be hampered, and years of distress and poverty would be avoided. This has been done on several occasions in order to create a demand for commodities. The Oriental Company in Mod-tian destroyed shiploads of corn and rice which had been held for high price until they were injured, and immediately prices were advanced so that the profits on the amounts saved compensated for the loss sustained in the waste.

"As all wealth is produced by labor, waste must come from the sweat and brawn, bone and sinew, of the toilers. Cloth that is retailed at seventy-five cents per yard cost the manufacturer for material and labor twelve cents. Clothes worth eleven dollars are retailed at seventy dollars. The difference between the cost and the retail price, goes in profits to the manufacturer and the middlemen. Eliminate these profits, and this waste of energy, and the laborer will be well paid for his services, and the nation will not be cursed by over-production; for when the wage-earner receives full compensation for his toil, he will live comfortably and his patronage will increase the sale of all those articles that administer to human desires. Here is a man engaged in a shoe factory, and he earns ten dollars per week, whereas he produces fifty dollars' worth of wealth in the same period of time. An operative in a woolen factory likewise produces fifty dollars of wealth in a week, and receives ten dollars in payment. The shoe operative must work five weeks in order to purchase fifty dollars' worth of clothes, and the operative in the woolen factory must work five weeks in order to purchase fifty dollars' worth of shoes. Eliminate the profits and waste of our competitive system, and each man could procure the desired quantity of articles for one week's labor. Therefore the hours of labor, under a co-operative com-

monwealth, would be reduced to one-fifth of the present working day.

"The advantages of co-operation are demonstrated in the management of the trusts. The price of oil a few years ago was fifteen cents per gallon. Since the formation of the National Oil Trust, the retail price is nine cents per gallon, and the cost is one cent per gallon, making a profit to the company of eight cents per gallon. It is true that the oil company pays its men fair wages; but if the industry were owned and operated by society, the hours of labor would be reduced, thereby giving employment to thousands of employers who are now walking the streets; and, at the same time, the price of oil could be reduced to one-third of its present cost. Let the iron trust pass under governmental control, and the hours of labor will be likewise reduced, and demand for labor will be increased. If the other gigantic concerns were conducted by society, the same results would follow.

"The trusts, having no competitors to meet, avoid all waste, and having complete control of their industries, are exposed to no risks, and therefore can place their products on the market for one-fifth the cost entailed by small concerns. But the trusts will never reduce the hours of wages when there is such a vast supply of labor. If their employes form a union and go on a strike, there are thousands of others who will only be too glad to fill their places. The government cannot justly interfere, for they can claim that it would be impossible for them to conduct business on a four or two-hour working day. In fact, to force the trusts to shorten the hours of labor or reduce the price of their commodities would be a violation of individual liberty, the pride and boast, the life and soul of trade. If the government can legislate in fixing the hours of labor, or the price of commodities, then it has a right to conduct the business enterprises of the nation."

CHAPTER XVII.

Gilhooley and McGillicuddy were devoted friends of the Einstein family, and as they displayed every indication of enamored youths, it was generally understood that Miss Biddy and Miss Mary Ann would some day be led to the altar of Hymen by the editors of "The Flaming Sword." Lord Jesse continued his devotion to the cause of reform, and was idolized by the laboring class and their defenders, and especially by Isaac and Abraham. They were inseparable companions. Lord Jesse was also a frequent visitor at the Einstein mansion, and seemed to be very fond of Miss Biddy, but, as she never appeared in public with anyone but Isaac, it was supposed that she would assume the name of Mrs. Gilhooley, in preference to Lady Jesse. While Biddy admired the Danish nobleman for the sacrifices he had made for the triumph of justice, and on account of his attachment to her affianced husband and his companion, yet she did not approve of his gallantry, especially with some of the married ladies of Debokeh, and she spoke to her father about the matter, and thought that it would be prudent to exclude him from their home. Mr. Einstein, however, took a different view of the matter.

"After all," he said, in speaking to his daughter, "we cannot criminate Lord Jesse for responding to the many invitations from the fair sex, for he is a stranger in our country, and totally ignorant of any impropriety in riding in a carriage with a married woman. As long as they move in the best society, the presumption is that their conduct meets with public approval. No; Lord Jesse has many noble traits, and we must not condemn him for trivial indiscretions. I mean trivial on his part, inasmuch as he is not cognizant of the indecorum. If some one would speak to him about the matter, I know he would be more circumspect in the future."

"Well, papa, why do you not have a conference with him, or tell Isaac or Abraham to act in your place?"

"Yes, I will refer the matter to the boys, and they can remonstrate with Jesse in an amicable spirit, and as they are intimate friends, he will not be offended."

About two weeks later, Isaac and Abraham were conversing on this subject in the editorial office.

"I agree with Mr. Einstein and the girls," remarked the former, "that Jesse has been rather indiscreet, but I attribute his improprieties to his ignorance of our social laws."

"In fact," replied Abraham, "this is the excuse he rendered when I broached the question to him, and he went on to say he would be more prudent in the future. It is very true that he would create suspicion, as he avers, if he would sever his relation with these people immediately; or even if he would ignore their invitations, unfavorable comments would be made by those whom he has neglected. But it would not create any adverse criticism if he were to abandon the society of Mrs. Gehtheimer, for people would say that he was nauseated with her masculine character and rude manners, and I think he would be applauded for his discernment."

"But at the same time," replied Isaac, "he might associate with that old hag forever and the tongue of calumny would be silent, for she is an antidote to virile propensities, and her presence would inspire the moral weakling with sentiments of single blessedness. If all women were like her, the world would be filled with celibates. But there is some danger in his relations with Mrs. Reisan. She is not over thirty years of age, and her husband is at least fifteen or twenty years her senior. Besides, he is not attractive, while she is both charming in appearance and vivacious in disposition, and Lord Jesse should not encourage the affection which seems to be drawing them closer together. I would not suspect either, for he is a man of noble aspirations, and while I have no admiration for Mrs. Reisan, at the same time I know that she is a faithful wife. But as the divine oracle says, 'He that loveth danger shall perish in it,' and both have jeopardized their innocence and their reputation by too much familiarity."

"Not only have they jeopardized their reputation, but

they have marred their social status. The public have been scandalized by their demeanor, and many have predicted a divorce in the Reisan home."

"By the way, when we referred to the Gehtheimer family, it reminds me of poor Teddy. Is it not a pity that he cannot see that connubial relations with that family will degrade him in the esteem of all respectable people?"

"Teddy is hypnotized by Lucile, and he imagines that she is a goddess of beauty and an angel of perfection."

"She is a handsome girl, but the vile character of her mother would be enough for me."

"There is no doubt that the old lady was a demi-mode in her youthful days."

"Not only a demi-monde, but a child of the demi-monde. Her mother was a mistress of the lower world, and every bone and muscle, every inch of flesh and drop of blood in the composition of that old hag, is impregnated with the virus of corruption. Teddy Einstein should have more manhood than to bring the blush of shame to his pure-minded sisters by associating with that family, and especially by cementing his affection with the nuptial bond. You are engaged to Miss Mary Ann, and I intend to marry Miss Biddy, and we should take the matter in hand. It is an affair which concerns our honor. But, Abraham, I do not know what to do. You saw how indignant Teddy became when we expostulated with him. He threatened to strike me yesterday, if I ever presumed again to speak in disparaging terms of his mother-in-law, as he called her."

"What did you say in defense of your conduct?"

"Well, I did not wish to tell him all I knew, but I referred to Mrs. Gehtheimer's enmity to us personally, and quoted the conversation between her and Mrs. Reisan, when both ladies vowed that 'The Flaming Sword' should be destroyed and its editors would ere long be incarcerated in the State prison. I, also, called his attention to the language used by Mrs. Reisan at the Queen's Club, when she said that it would be her delight to see us tied to a whipping-post, and lashed till every drop of blood had oozed from our veins, and that Mrs. Gehtheimer emphasized her malice by declaring that we should be hanged

and quartered, and our heads posted on the courthouse tower."

"By the way," interrupted Abraham, "it's striking four, and I am engaged to speak to the railroad employes this evening at Labor Hall on the South Side, and I promised to take tea with Mr. Lohman at five; so I must go."

"What time shall I see you again, Mac?"

"Not before ten o'clock. The speech will not begin until eight, and I will talk about an hour and a half, or two hours, and when I get back to the hotel, it may be after ten."

"Well, good-by till then," said Isaac.

"Good-by, Gil," and Mr. McGillicuddy left the office.

The next morning the city of Debokeh was startled with the information that Teddy Einstein had been murdered in the Jechonias Park. His body was discovered on the south side of the lagoon in a lonely spot, called the Cascade, which was screened by a thick growth of trees and shrubbery. His throat was cut, and there was every indication of a fierce struggle. Evidently the assassin had choked his victims to prevent an outcry. The hands were cut in several places, and the impression was that Einstein had grasped the weapon in his effort to save his life.

Was it a robbery? The opinion was immediately discarded, for his watch, jewelry and money had not been molested. The first intimation of the assassination was borne to McGillicuddy by two officers, who came to arrest the editors of "The Flaming Sword."

"Teddy Einstein murdered!" cried McGillicuddy.

"Yes, murdered, and you are accused of the crime."

"I accused of the crime of killing my own friend! Why the presumption is absurd! But I cannot believe that Teddy is dead. You say that he was killed last night?"

"Yes, he was killed 'ast night, and, as officers of the law, we are armed with warrants for your arrest. If you are innocent, you will be able to disprove the accusation."

Abraham was taken before the city judge for examination, and asked to state what he knew about the murder.

"I know nothing," said he. "I remember last night, when I returned from Labor Hall, that Isaac showed me a note from Teddy Einstein, asking for an interview in the

Jechonias Park at eight o'clock, and he told me that he went to the place, at the hour designated, but failed to see Teddy."

"Where was he to meet Einstein?"

"At the monument."

"You were not with him?"

"How could I be with him in the Park and at Labor Hall at the same time?" asked Abraham.

"What time did you go to Labor Hall?"

"About eight o'clock."

"What time did you leave there?"

"About ten minutes to ten."

"Where did you go then?"

"Directly to the hotel."

"What time did you arrive at the hotel?"

"Possibly at twenty minutes past ten."

"You did not leave the hotel after that hour?"

"No, not last night. Of course I left this morning, or I would not be here now."

"What did Gilhooley say when you met him last night?"

"He told me that he went to the monument at eight o'clock, and staid there until after nine; and, as Teddy did not appear, he thought it was very strange, and on his way home he called at Einstein's to inquire for him. Mr. Einstein said that Teddy had left in the afternoon, and had not yet returned."

"Well, Mr. McGillicuddy, if you have some one to go your bond, which I will fix at ten thousand dollars, you may have your liberty for a few days."

"O, yes, I can get a thousand men in this city to go bail for me. Kindly wire to David Meyers."

Mr. Meyers responded willingly, and Abraham was released from custody.

The following note had been found in Teddy's pocket: "Mr. Teddy Einstein:

"Dear Sir—You have persisted in consorting with the daughter of a vile wretch, and because I have remonstrated with you, through the respect I have for your family, you have taken revenge in the lowest and basest calumny—reporting that my mother was never married, and had

been renounced by her father for criminal relations with a Confederate officer, and that I am the child of unhallowed passion. You have, also, spoken disrespectfully of McGillicuddy's mother. You must either retract those statements or suffer the consequences. I will meet you this evening in the Jechonias Park, at the monument, at eight o'clock, and if you disavow the statements, I will offer you the hand of friendship; but if you persist in your obstinacy, you must be prepared for a duel. Yours truly,

"ISAAC GILHOOLEY."

"I approve the action of my friend, Gilhooley, and I will be present to see fair play. The duel shall be fought with knives; so if you decide to fight, come armed with the necessary weapon.

"ABRAHAM M'GILLICUDDY."

Abraham said that the chirography seemed to point to him and his friend, but he claimed that he had no knowledge of the note, and denounced it as a forgery. It was ascertained that Gilhooley had left the city early that morning for Meron to visit his mother, and this strengthened the suspicion. The authorities examined the wardrobe of the editors, and they discovered a pair of pantaloons and vest, the former belonging to Gilhooley and the latter to McGillicuddy; and both garments were stained with blood. The circumstances were too strong; and the sheriff immediately wired to Meron authorizing the sheriff of that city to take Gilhooley into custody. It was like a peal of thunder from a cloudless sky, when the officer of Meron informed Gilhooley of Teddy's assassination, and he was amazed when told that he and Abraham were charged with the murder. On his person they found the following note:

"Dear Isaac and Abraham:

"We have long been friends, and I regret the measures you have adopted. I think the difficulty can be satisfactorily settled without resorting to extremes. I will comply with your wish, and meet you this evening in the Park, at the monument, at eight o'clock. Yours very sincerely,

"TEDDY EINSTEIN."

"How do you account for this note?" asked the sheriff.

"I received that note in the last mail yesterday after-

noon. Abraham had already left the office, and I would not see him till late in the evening; so I went alone to the monument, reaching the place about two minutes before eight, and I remained till ten minutes past nine. I presumed, then, that it was a joke perpetrated by Teddy, and I determined to go home and say nothing to any one about my visit to the Park, for I knew my friends would ridicule my credulity. However, I decided to call at Mr. Einstein's, and inquire for Teddy, thinking that I would meet him and adjust our difficulties."

"What difficulties did you have with Teddy?"

"We had some words a few days ago about his associations and nuptial prospects. Teddy is supposed to be engaged to Miss Lucile Gehtheimer, to the humiliation of his family and the disappointment of his friends. Mr. Einstein and the young ladies requested us to use our influence to dissuade Teddy from consorting with the daughter of Mrs. Gehtheimer, for they anticipated that his friendship for the young lady would be sealed by a matrimonial alliance. Abraham and I spoke to Teddy on the subject, but he was obstinate in his position. In the early part of the week, I referred to the question, when I was alone with Teddy, and he became furious and threatened to slap me in the face, if I ever dared to derogate from the honor due to his mother-in-law. Since then, we have not seen him, and when I received his note, I was mystified, because he wrote as if it were in answer to some proposition I had made, and I am not cognizant of having made any proposition to him."

"Mr. Gilhooley, shall you accompany me without forcing me to obtain requisition papers from the Governor?"

"Why, certainly. I intended to return on the late train this evening, and I will go with you now, if you are ready."

"The next train leaves here at half-past one this afternoon," said the sheriff, "and we will go on that train."

When Isaac arrived at the station that afternoon, he was met by a host of friends, who declared their belief in his innocence, and swore to be faithful to him in his troubles. His examining trial took place the next morning,

and his bond was fixed at twenty thousand dollars, and Mr. Einstein offered the security. The family of the victim would not for a moment entertain any suspicion that Isaac and Abraham were guilty of the crime with which they were charged, and in the depths of their sorrow offered their sympathy to the editors of "The Flaming Sword." The young men were deeply gratified for this taken of confidence in their innocence, and they accepted Mr. Einstein's view, that it was a plot to destroy the happiness of his family, and to bring the defenders of the laboring element into disrepute, and to paralyze the influence of the reform journal. Lord Jesse did not express a decided opinion, but said that if they were guilty he would never again repose any confidence in human nature.

"I cannot think that two men of their character would play the role of assassins; yet the circumstances are criminating. I hope they will be able to exculpate themselves, for I had expected great things from those young men, and it would make me a misanthrope should I be disappointed in my expectations. Besides, with the condemnation of Gilhooley and McGillicuddy, the cause of labor and the triumph of justice are defeated."

The assassination of Teddy Einstein was a sword to the heart of his family, and caused profound grief among his friends. His funeral was one of the largest that ever took place in Deboreh. Isaac and Abraham were among the mourners, and it was a surprise to the public when the first walked into the church with Miss Bidy and the second with Miss Mary Ann. Mrs. Reisan made a remark to Mrs. Gehtheimer about the intimacy of the editors with the Einsteins, and her companion replied that the two editors had so enchanted the Einstein family that "the black stain of murder has no power to break the charm. The Einsteins are such respectable people, I am perfectly astonished that they would select such base-born friends."

"I have heard something very derogatory about the paterinity of Gilhooley," said Mrs. Reisan.

"O, there is no doubt about the question. His mother was a daughter of Jeremiah Rosenthal, the banker of Engeddi; and her father sent her to Simeon to finish her

studies in art. On the ship she met a young Confederate officer, who paid her frequent visits after she was matriculated at the Academy of Music in Rubek. When Mr. Rosenthal went over to bring his daughter home, he found that she had contracted a liaison with young Mose Gilhooley, and was enceinte as a result of her illicit love. Mr. Rosenthal renounced his daughter and came home and married. The mistake made by Louise Rosenthal, like all illegal relations, terminated very unfortunately for the poor girl. The wretch, who made her the victim of his lust, abandoned his paramour when her pregnancy became apparent, and she was necessitated to seek refuge in the bagnios of Rubek. In the course of time, when the gay world lost its charms for her, she attempted to reform, and she returned to this country and was adopted by the Gilhooley family, who pitied Isaac, the illegitimate offspring of Moses Gilhooley, the Confederate officer."

"I heard that story before," said Mrs. Reisan, "but I did not know that it had been authenticated."

"Authenticated beyond doubt; and I can go farther, and say that McGillicuddy's antecedents are not any better, but they are not so well known, as his parentage is wrapped in obscurity."

The funeral sermon was delivered, and the remains of Teddy Einstein were laid to rest in the family vault in Cave Hill cemetery. Thus closed the tragedy which blighted the hopes of youthful hearts, palpitating with the first warm kiss of innocent love.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Miss Biddy Einstein was engaged in reading the latest issue of "The Flaming Sword," when Mr. Nehlmeyer stepped into the hall and greeted her father. The topics of the day were freely discussed, and in a short time the trio were deeply involved in a conversation of the justice and wisdom of Socialism.

"I agree with 'The Flaming Sword,'" said Nehlmeyer, "that Socialism is the only remedy for the evils of this age; yet I think it would be better not to criminate the capitalists, for that engenders a class hatred, and intensifies the situation. Many people imagine that the object of the Socialists consists in enmity to the wealthy."

"There is a splendid paper on that phase of the question in this week's issue of 'The Sword,'" said Miss Bid- dy, "and I think it will contribute largely to dissipate that error. Have you read it yet, Mr. Nehlmeyer?"

"No, I have not seen the paper."

"Well, here it is; and I want you to read it before we go any farther."

"Why, certainly, with much pleasure," said Mr. Nehlmeyer; and, taking the paper from the young lady, he perused the following article:

"The capitalist is not responsible for the evils of the competitive system; but he is the product of the system, and were he to abandon the methods that govern modern industry, he would be victimized by forces beyond his control. Ten men engage in manufacturing cloth. They pay their employes three dollars per day, and still they make reasonable profits. All are satisfied, with one exception. This ambitious individual dreams of a crystal palace with golden halls. His daughter is destined to rule the elite society of New Israel. She is too noble to mingle with the plebeian herd of her native land, and must seek an alliance with some aristocratic house beyond the billows of the deep. But she is not the scion of a titled sire, and she must purchase a name with bars of gold. The profits realized in his business are too meager to enable his child to triumph over the obscurity of her origin, and win the smiles of the gartered knight of the castle.

"He has one thousand men employed. If he could reduce their wages one-third it would enable him to save one thousand dollars per day on the labor of his men. This would make an annual profit of \$350,000. He informs his employes that times are hard, the financial market is stringent, and they must be contented with two dollars per day. The men remonstrate with him against this measure, call his attention to the fact that other manufac-

turers are paying three dollars per day, and they can not work for less. But the manufacturer is obstinate. The employes grow indignant, hold a meeting, and decide to suspend operations unless their demands are granted. But all in vain. The employer must accumulate a fortune in a few years, and this will be an impossibility unless his profits are enhanced. The men go on a strike. The factory is closed. The employer seeks labor in other cities, but his efforts are useless. Industry is active, wages are reasonable, and his inducements are scorned.

"His competitors are getting more trade, and are thinking of increasing their force. He sees that he is conquered. He goes to the strikers with a bland smile, and requests them to resume operation, saying that he is unable to pay higher wages, but he wants to be just to his employes, if he does not make any money. The next year the manufacturer hears of a machine that will dispense with half the labor now employed. He imports this machine and selects five hundred of his most efficient men, and discharges the others. These who are dismissed, seeing that a strike will have no effect, offer to work for two dollars and a half per day. The others drop to two dollars per day, and yet five hundred men are on the labor market.

"They go to the next factory and offer their services for one dollar and fifty cents per day. But the employer says, "I have introduced a new machine which dispenses with half of the labor formerly employed, and I have just dismissed five hundred men." These two brigades move on to the third factory. Competition has forced the management in that establishment to introduce new methods, and half the men have been discharged. The army of fifteen hundred moves on to the fourth factory, and conditions being the same, their ranks are increased by another regiment. When they reach the fifth factory they are joined by the entire working force, including the proprietor, for he, not being able to purchase the new machinery, is unable to contend with his competitors, and is driven from the bloody arena. A few months more, and the five other establishments meet with the same fate.

"Why did not the nine honest men combine against

the first? Why did they follow his example? Because, if they had not adopted the machinery, and reduced the labor force, and the wages of their employes, the first could have put his wares on the market at a lower figure, and ruined their trade. The capitalist, therefore, is not responsible for the evils of the system, but he is guilty of the crimes of individualism if he supports the system.

"A husbandman had prepared a net to entrap the crows that were devouring his crops, and when he went to examine his contrivance, he found a stork. The bird said: 'I am not a crow, and I have not destroyed your crops.' 'That may be very true,' said the husbandman, 'but I have discovered you with those who were destroying my crops, and you must expect to suffer with the company in which you were taken.' So, if the capitalist supports the system of robbery, he is guilty of the crimes of robbery in spite of his protestations of innocence. Christ says, 'He that is not with me is against me,' and Socialists say that those who are opposed to collectivism are the enemies of mankind.

"We have quite a number of millionaire Socialists both in this country and New Israel, and yet they are compelled to adopt the methods of individualism until the inauguration of collectivism.

"When machinery was first introduced into the countries of the old world, laborers waged a fierce crusade against the improvements in productions, for they saw that it meant privation and poverty to them instead of ease and luxury. Bands of toilers were formed for the express purpose of destroying machinery, and they would sally forth under the wings of nocturnal shadows, and break the new invention that had been introduced. The pen of the poet would utterly fail to describe the sorrow that followed in the wake of invention. We read of the terrible massacres of ancient history, and we are shocked by the barbarities of those savage times. But the victims of invention have been more numerous than all the wars that have desolated the globe from the earliest days of the human race until the glorious civilization of the nineteenth century. Under Socialism, machinery would be utilized to diminish human toil, and fill the home of the laborer with

every comfort and every joy. Instead of dismissing men with the introduction of labor-saving improvements into the factories, we have instanced, the entire force would be retained, and the hours of the working day would be diminished.

"We have made wonderful advances in productive facilities in the last quarter of a century. To-day the Kidron slaughter-houses, with the introduction of improved methods, save large quantities of an animal that were formerly wasted. The bone, sinew, blood and hair of swine are utilized, and the by-products of a steer are now worth more than the meat. Forty different articles are made from the by-products of petroleum. The trusts have dispensed with the labor of five hundred thousand men and have thereby saved millions of dollars. In the course of fifty years labor will be almost dispensed with, and under individualism the working class are doomed to perish.

"The capitalist will seek his profits as usual. The two great parties of this country hold out inducements for the perpetuation of individualism, and decry the pretensions of Socialism. I use individualism in the industrial sense of the word. What do the parties offer as a panacea for the ever-increasing evils of the competitive system? The Protectionists say that we must protect our laborers by imposing a high tariff on all foreign imports. In the first place, this remedy is an insult to the laborer, who is represented as a helpless infant, who could not live unless shielded by the strong arm of the law. The laborer needs no other protection than the right to the fruit of his toil. If he were not robbed by the capitalist of the wealth which he produces, there would be no necessity for protection.

"Again, to keep out foreign products in order to protect the laborers of this country from the necessity of competing with the low wages of New Israel, is an admission that competition is disastrous. If it be the life of trade, as individualism contends, why should we adopt measures to prevent it? Why not make it universal? Competition is founded on the principle that wages is regulated by supply and demand. When supply is greater than demand wages will be low; and when wages is low,

competition forces down the price of commodities, and thus the requirements of the laborer can be satisfied with his small income.

"But the Protectionists maintain that a high tariff would not only increase prices and therefore advance wages, but is a source of revenue. This statement contains a contradiction. If the tariff is high enough to prevent foreign importations altogether, revenue from this source immediately ceases; and if the foreign manufacturer is enabled to sell his commodities in spite of the high tariff, the protection immediately ceases. If we wish to protect our home industries, we should close our harbors to the ships of the world. If we did not wish to resort to such drastic measures, it would be cheaper to give a bounty for the encouragement of our industries. To raise this by taxation would entail less expense than our present mode of collecting tariff, for now, in addition to the tax levied on industry, we are necessitated to keep an army of officials for the purpose of collecting this tax. Moreover, protection is based on the supposition that we are able to consume all our produce, and if other nations did not interfere with the extent of our trade by the importation of their materials, every furnace would be aglow with the white heat of industry; every city would be filled with the noise of anvil and bellows, the hum of mill and factory, the babel of human voices exchanging commodities in the store and on the market square; and every field would be alive with the music of the reaper and the mower; and every meadow would echo with the bleating of the flocks and the lowing of the kine. The painters of these dazzling dreams of commercial splendor forget that we could support the world with our present force of mechanical skill, and, therefore, it is puerile to think that the appetites and desires of the Toadian people can be so enormously increased by a high protective tariff, so as to consume the products of our industries. And even if we had the desire, how can the laboring class consume their ratio of the products when their purchasing power is so reduced by the profit system?

"The object of civilization is to give man all the com-

forts of life, with the least exertion, so that he may devote his time to mental pursuits; and this is what the government of individualism fails to accomplish. A farmer is engaged in raising corn. Some distance away another husbandman grows wheat. A middleman opens a store, and buys the corn of the first for fifty cents per bushel and sells it to the latter for seventy-five cents per bushel. He, likewise, purchases the wheat of the latter for fifty cents per bushel and sells it to the former for seventy-five cents per bushel. The middleman makes twenty-five cents on every transaction, and the farmers lose the same amount. The middleman is a parasite living on the labor of his two customers. But the picture is very faintly drawn. Here we have one parasite living on two producers, whereas there are twenty parasites subsisting on the toil of one producer. Ninety-five per cent of our population are parasites, and that is the reason for the slow advance of Socialism. Men rebel against the introduction of a just system of industry, for economic justice would force them to earn their living by the sweat of their brow.

"The remedies proposed by the exponents of the two great parties call to my mind the ancient fable. The cat offered her assistance to the sick hen, and the latter replied, "Do you be good enough to leave me, and I have no fear but I shall soon be well." Let the Protectionists and the Liberals and all the throng of parasites get off the back of the laborer, and he will soon be well, prosperous and contented. The Presidential campaign is inaugurated; each party clamors for power, promising grand results if elected. The successful party is enthroned, and its disciples are looking for the birth of a new era, but, like the mountain in labor, the disgruntled multitude are undeceived in the birth of a mouse.

"We have seen that the Protectionist party offers no remedies for the social evils that afflict civilized nations. The specific proposed by the Liberals is equally futile. If we sell our grain to Dan, the Toadian farmer is constrained to compete with the poorly paid husbandmen of Kurush, Arabic and Simeon. Dan imports her hardware and cloth to Toadia, and our laborers must enter into competition and accept the low wages paid by the manu-

facturers of Asher and Zabulon to the employes engaged in these industries. Hence, competition becomes universal, and, therefore, more complex. The laborers cannot combine and make a world-wide fight against capital; but the latter can consolidate its forces against labor, and arm itself with a sword of power that Omnipotence alone can annihilate. Free trade is a question that concerns the capitalist alone, but has no message for labor. In the universal struggle for trade, the stronger nations succeed, and the weaker must perish.

"To presume that we can feed the world implies that other nations cannot feed themselves. Now, if they cannot feed themselves, they must produce other articles which they sell to us in exchange for our commodities, and hence we must import as much in one line as we export in another, as foreign nations cannot buy our produce, unless they sell sufficient quantities of their produce to make their purchases. Trade between two nations is based on the presumption that one country can produce certain commodities cheaper than another. Our facilities for raising wheat are greater than those enjoyed by the farmers of Dan; but the Danish factories can produce cloth with less expense than the factories of Toadia. Hence we sell cereals to the operatives in the Danish factories; but they must sell their cloth to our people, in order to get money to make the purchases. Therefore, the employes in our manufacturing establishments lose as much trade by the importation of cloth as our farmers make by the exportation of wheat.

"There are some commodities which cannot be grown in this country, such as tea and coffee, and we purchase these from Nachin, and pay for them in such products of our climate as cannot be raised in the Orient. Since every nation supports itself, and must support itself, foreign trade is simply an exchange for equivalents, and does not increase the sale of any nation above its purchases, and the scramble for foreign trade is simply a waste of energy. To-day both parties are building their hopes on foreign trade. The Protectionists claim that we should hold Heron and Ammon and extend our dominion into the Orient, for the sake of foreign trade; and while

the free trade party does not advocate territorial expansion, yet it is founded on commercial expansion.

"Both contend that commercial expansion is the glory of the nation. It is, they say, essential to our industries, and without it we are doomed to perish. We have seen that this doctrine is an absurdity, and history contradicts the assumption that foreign trade advances the prosperity of nations. For one hundred years Dan has been the greatest commercial nation in the trans-arctic world. She has been feeding on the weaker nations, and yet she is full of paupers. The condition of the laboring class is far more deplorable than it was in the thirteenth century, before foreign trade was known. Her people have been driven by the pangs of hunger to seek refuge in frozen zones, and her colonists, though bled by the plutocrats of Hosea, are more prosperous than her home population. A few years ago a number of immigrants were on a ship bound for the shores of the New World. When they reached this country they were interviewed by a reporter for a daily paper, and each was requested to give his reason for leaving his native land and seeking refuge under the glitter of western stars. Many acknowledged that it was poverty that brought them to Toadia. But among them was an Ephraimite, who said, "It was not poverty that brought me to this country, for I had plenty of that at home."

"We have made much of the distressed condition of the Ephraimitic population; but statistics prove that the poverty of the Danish laborer is more deplorable than the peasants of the sister island. The people of Ephraim imagine that it is the foreign government which has impoverished them, and their open rebellion against the domination of the Lion has attracted the attention of all civilized nations, and all peoples have become familiar with their sad conditions. The Danish people are ruled by the court of Hosea, the capital of their native land; and, actuated by a spirit of love and patriotism, they attribute their poverty to natural causes, instead of social maladjustments. It is the bad government that oppressed Ephraim, and the same bad government has impoverished Dan, and has blighted every civilized nation in the world.

It is the government of plutocracy, waging an incessant and remorseless war against the rights of labor, against justice, love and humanity. Home rule, or independence, would be no advantage to the Ephraimites as long as the means of production are in the hands of a few titled drones.

"Asher has enjoyed foreign trade longer than any other nation, and yet her people are slowly starving and passing away. Nephthali and Zabulon have a large trade in the distant realms of the east and west, and among the islands of the stormy flood, and yet their people are poorer than they were six hundred years ago, when the light of civilization was lingering on their mountain peaks and the shadows of barbarism still brooded over their valleys, and wrapped their rills and streams and meads and leas in the sombre folds of pagan darkness.

"The Protectionists and Liberals remind me of the story enshrined in the works of the ancient fabulist. A man whose head was crowned with a wealth of black hair streaked with grey, married two wives. One was several years his senior, and the other was several years his junior. The elder lady was anxious to see her husband don the appearance of age, so that she would not suffer by contrast, and she manifested her solicitude by pulling out the black hairs from his head. The other spouse was equally desirous that he should retain his youthful appearance, and she employed her leisure hours in pulling out the grey hairs. The gallant hero of two fond hearts was delighted with the manifestations of affection on the part of his wives, till finally he was surprised to learn that he was entirely bald by the double operation. The laborer to-day is being picked by the two great parties of the nation under the pretense of affection, and in a few years from now he will realize the sad condition of his nakedness."

"That is a very able defense of Socialism," said Mr. Nehlmeyer, when he had finished the communication.

"I think," said Mr. Einstein, "that it contains the most cogent plea that I have ever read on the question."

For some time they discussed the labor problem, the pretensions of the plutocratic minority, that governed the

two leading parties, and the progress that the reform movement was making among the masses.

"I see," said Mr. Einstein, "there are now twenty-four Socialist papers in Toadia, and within the last few years more than fifty books and pamphlets have been written in defense of collectivism."

"That is very encouraging," replied Mr. Nehlmeyer. "It shows that the masses are thinking. Ten years ago it was dangerous to speak of Socialism among cultured people, and the laboring class considered it a chimera."

"Well, like everything in the history of civilization," commented Mr. Einstein, "it takes time to develop the idea. In fact, all new methods have been forced on the world by the law of necessity. Fifty years ago the inauguration of Socialism would have been a failure, for industry had not reached that stage of perfection. The trusts are systemizing industry, and it is now time for society to assume the duty of production and distribution."

"That is very true, and I hope the day is near at hand when we will have the co-operative commonwealth."

With these words Mr. Nehlmeyer rose to depart, expressing his thanks for the pleasure afforded him by his visit to the Einstein home, and promising to return at an early date.

CHAPTER XIX.

During the first week of September the trial of the editors for the murder of Teddy Einstein took place. It was proved by more than fifty witnesses that McGillicuddy was at Labor Hall before eight o'clock on the evening of the murder, and that he left there near ten, and returned directly to the hotel. No one saw him leave after that time. Although the note to Teddy was signed in McGillicuddy's handwriting, yet he persistently denied any knowledge of the note. Abraham was requested to write the same note in the courthouse; and although the experts claimed that there were some slight discrepancies in

the formation of some of the letters, yet they maintained that this could easily occur, that there was, no doubt, an attempt to disguise the chirography in the first note, and they sturdily maintained that the same man had written the two notes. The vest was brought into court, and Abraham admitted that it was his garment, but claimed that he did not wear it the evening that the murder was committed.

"How do you remember that so distinctly?" inquired the attorney for the State.

"Because I had an invitation to take tea at Mr. Lohman's at five o'clock; and at noon I put on my best clothes, a new suit, which I had worn but a few times; and I do not presume that you will call that a new vest."

It was clear to the court that McGillicuddy had not committed the crime, for his alibi was too well sustained; and, although the handwriting and the vest were suspicious circumstances, yet the jury rendered a verdict of acquittal without one dissenting voice.

Isaac was called the next morning, and the courthouse, including halls and rooms, were crowded by the friends and enemies of the prisoner, newspaper reporters, curiosity-seekers, and the idlers of the city who had no other place to go. The first witness was Mrs. Gehtheimer. She swore that Teddy Einstein came to her home in the afternoon, and showed her the letter which had been found in his pocket by the officers.

"He was pale and worried, but he said that he had not spoken disrespectfully of Gilhooley's mother, and he felt that the affair could easily be averted. He said that he had written to the editors, offering to meet them at the monument, and promising to be able to exculpate himself from the charges contained in the challenge. We tried to dissuade Teddy from going, for we knew that those young men were dangerous characters, and were silent enemies of the Einstein family, and were merely using their influence for political purposes."

"How do you know that McGillicuddy and Gilhooley were secret enemies of the Einstein family?" asked the attorney for the defense.

"Because I have heard it frequently; and they even

made disparaging and insulting remarks about Miss Biddy and Miss Mary Ann in the presence of Mr. Reisan and Mr. Gehtheimer."

"Why did not Teddy Einstein take your advice, and keep away from the Park that night?"

"He had so much confidence in the gentlemen that he did not think they would injure him. He said they were engaged to his sisters, and they thought that his people were the grandest in the city. He seemed to be hypnotized by those men, though he admitted that unfriendly relations had existed between them and him for some time, on account of the attention he had been paying to my daughter. But he said that it was only a family affair, and he did not consider it serious."

"What time did Teddy leave for the Park?"

"We took him down in the carriage about seven in the evening. Mr. Gehtheimer and Lord Jesse went with us. We left Teddy at the monument at about forty minutes past seven. We told him that we would take a drive, and call for him at about nine. Teddy said that it would not be necessary, as his business might detain him longer, and then, again, it might be over in a few minutes, and that he would return in the car. We drove by the monument about twenty minutes past nine, or a few minutes later, but as we saw no one, we went home."

"Did you not see Gilhooley in the Park?" inquired the attorney for the State.

"We saw him after we left the monument. We passed him as he was walking toward the entry."

"How did he look?"

"It was rather dark in the place where we passed him, and I did not notice. In fact, Lord Jesse did not see him either, that is, he did not recognize him till Mr. Gehtheimer made the remark that the gentleman we passed was Mr. Gilhooley."

"Did you see Teddy Einstein after you left him at the monument?"

"Not till I saw his corpse at his father's residence."

The next witness was Mr. Gehtheimer, who confirmed the testimony of his wife in every particular. Lord Jesse was then called on to give his evidence. He stated that he

was at the Gehtheimer mansion for dinner that evening, "but as I was a friend of the editors, the family did not speak to me about the matter. They said they were going for a drive in the Park, and they asked me to accompany them. They said that Teddy had an engagement to meet some friends at the monument, but did not mention the names of the persons he was to meet, nor the nature of the business they were to transact."

"Did you not think the Park was a peculiar place to transact business?"

"Well, indeed, that thought never entered my mind, as no intimation had been made, and my suspicions were not in the least excited."

"Did you see Teddy Einstein leave the carriage?"

"I did."

"Where did he leave the carriage?"

"At the monument."

"What time was that?"

"I presume that it was near eight o'clock."

"Did you return to the monument?"

"Yes, a little while after nine."

"Did you look at your watch?"

"No, but when we were more than a mile beyond the monument, I heard the clocks striking nine, and called Mrs. Gehtheimer's attention to the fact that it was getting late."

"Did you see Teddy again that night?"

"I did not."

"Did you see Gilhooley in the Park that night?"

"I saw a man walking along toward the entry, as we were leaving the Park, and Mr. Gehtheimer said, 'There is Gilhooley,' and I turned quickly and recognized him."

Ten other witnesses testified that they saw Gilhooley enter the Park, between half-past seven and eight o'clock. Three men passing the monument some time after eight o'clock had seen Gilhooley sitting on a bench near by, but only one was personally acquainted with Isaac. This gentleman was Samuel Lekenmeyer. He addressed the editor by name, and the latter responded, but did not seem inclined to encourage a conversation. Five witnesses

testified they saw Gilhooley walking toward the Park gate after nine o'clock.

The testimony was completed and Isaac was requested to take the stand and give his version of the story. Every eye was fixed on him as he sat by the desk of the venerable Judge. Many said that he was the picture of innocence. Others claimed that it requires an innocent face to make a consummate villain; while more pretended they saw murder stamped on every feature. Isaac was asked to say what he knew about the murder of Teddy Einstein, and he responded that he "knew nothing more than has been said. I am innocent of the charge preferred against me. This is a plot to destroy my life for political purposes, and I hope that God will assist me in the hour of my trial, and allow me to live long enough to clear my name from infamy."

The jury retired, and in less than an hour returned with the verdict of murder in the first degree, with the penalty of death for the crime. The enemies of Isaac sent a shout of triumph through the crowded courtroom. But he had friends, and their devotion was manifested in the sighs and sobs and shrieks and wails that rose above the coarse, brutal yells of the fiends who long had thirsted for the blood of the two young men, who had so valiantly defended the cause of justice. Abraham sat beside his college companion, and offered to sacrifice his life if it were necessary to rescue him from the felon's grave. Miss Biddy threw her arms around him and cried so piteously that the lawyers, Judge and jury wept.

"My dear boy," she moaned, "what have they done to you? They have killed my only brother, and now they will rob me of my dear friend. Yes, Isaac, you are innocent. We know that you are innocent. You are too noble to commit a cowardly crime. My darling boy, you must not die. O, it will break my heart! O, Judge, please save him! He is not guilty. You do not know him. What! my dear Isaac guilty of killing my brother! No, Isaac, no! You did not do it! I love you, and I will love you forever!"

Miss Mary Ann was weeping with one arm around her sister's neck and the other resting on Isaac's shoulder.

The court was disturbed by the hysterical screams of Mrs. Gehtheimer, who was weeping with her daughter for the loss of a son-in-law.

"My Teddy killed!" exclaimed Mrs. Gehtheimer; "murdered by that fiend! Murdered in cold blood by that vile brute! O, gentlemen, hang him immediately! His very breath is poison to the community. Take him out and burn him at the stake!"

Mrs. Reisan was consoling her friend, and assuring her that ample justice would be done those two men and their confederates. Their screams of hypocrisy created sympathy among the rabble, and an effort was made to deliver speedy justice upon the head of the culprit. A body of men took up the cry, and called for the Sheriff to "Give up the prisoner! We will hang him right here!" and they made a rush toward Gilhooley. But, like a flash of lightning, a hundred pistols were displayed, and the dastardly mob trembled and fled, and Gilhooley was taken to the jail to await his execution, which was fixed for the eighteenth of October.

Mr. Reisan and his wife invited Lord Jesse to enter their carriage, and on the way home the question of Gilhooley's condemnation was freely discussed.

"What do you think of your friend now?" asked Mrs. Reisan.

"I am astounded!" replied Lord Jesse. "There can be no doubt that Gilhooley killed Teddy Einstein, and that McGillicuddy was his accomplice, inasmuch as he countenanced the murder, and assisted in planning the meeting in the Park."

"How do you account for the blood on McGillicuddy's vest, if he were not an actual participant in the crime?"

"That could easily have happened without the presence of McGillicuddy. Perhaps Gilhooley by mistake, or purposely, wore Abraham's vest that evening. In any case they are both equally guilty, and should be executed on the same day. We make mistakes sometimes, and it is only by experience that we learn our errors. I would have sacrificed my life for those men, because I thought they were the very soul of honor and seemed to have but one ambition, the amelioration of the laboring class. As

I had suffered for the triumph of justice in my native land, and came to this country to realize my dreams of reformation, it was quite natural that I should affiliate with the editors of 'The Flaming Sword.' However, I see now that I was beguiled, and I have not the slightest hesitancy in concurring with the general opinion that all reforms of that character are conducted by men of the darkest hue, whose ultimate design is the subversion of legitimate government, and the inauguration of bloodshed and anarchy. I shall, this day, abandon the movement, and confine my associations to respectable society."

"I hope you do not think of leaving us, my lord?" asked Mrs. Reisan.

"By no means. My impressions of Debokeh are most pleasant; and I shall remain here for some time—perhaps may make it my future home. This determination would enable me to enjoy the company of the many friends I have made since my arrival in the city. There is no place on earth more congenial to me; and I shall never forget the kindness of your people in condoning the indiscretions of my associations. They constantly warned me; but I was too obstinate to accept their admonitions. They did not abandon me, but politely waited till time would reveal the character of my friends, and the perils to which I exposed my honor and reputation."

"I am delighted, my lord, that you have decided to grace Debokeh society with your accomplishments."

By this time the carriage had reached the Reisan mansion, and the guest was conducted to the drawing-room by his charming hostess.

At the hotel a number of people were discussing the justice of the sentence which the court had passed on young Isaac. Mr. Hellenmeyer said:

"I would not believe that Gilhooley is guilty if all the angels would come down from their starry thrones and declare that they had seen him commit the crime.

"By the way, Samuel," said Mr. Beterman to the speaker, "what do you think of Mrs. Gehtheimer's affirmation in reference to the insincerity of the editors toward the Einstein family?"

"That is an infernal lie, like everything else she said!

That woman would tell a lie when the truth would suit her purpose better. And old Reisan and Gehtheimer swearing that they heard Isaac and Abraham speak disrespectfully of the Einstein girls! Every one knows that it is a contemptible falsehood. Those young men would die for Miss Biddy and Miss Mary Ann."

"Did you ever hear anything about Gilhooley's mother?" questioned Beterman.

"Why, she was an Engeddi girl, who married against her father's wishes, and was disinherited. Her husband lost his life in a shipwreck, and his widow and son went to live with the child's grandmother at Meron. No, Gilhooley's antecedents are unquestionable, and the McGillicuddys are the first people in Baron. But the character of their traducer would disgrace any public woman in the city."

"Have you heard there is trouble in the Reisan home?"

"Yes, there has been some scandalous talk about that woman, and there is cause for all the ugly reports that have been circulating. It seems that Reisan has threatened to get a divorce from his wife or go away and abandon her to the wiles of the Danish nobleman."

CHAPTER XX.

"Good morning, Mr. Strauss!"

"Good morning. How are you, Mr. Nieman?"

"Mr. Strauss, did you read 'The Flaming Sword' this week?"

"No. I just arrived last night, and I have been so busy this morning I have not had time yet. I heard that McGillicuddy is going to continue the paper, and bid defiance to the host of hypocrites and knaves who have attempted to sully the character of the laboring class by bringing the leaders of the reform movement into disrepute."

"Don't you think that this is a plot to destroy the Socialist party?"

"Why, of course it is; but the enemies of the people have miscalculated. It has won thousands, nay, millions, of friends for the persecuted editors, and it would be hazardous for any man to criminate Isaac Gilhooley. McGillicuddy has received messages from all over the Republic, encouraging the work, and offers to give financial assistance are so numerous that it is impossible to recognize them even by a note of thanks."

"McGillicuddy has ably exposed the motives of the conspirators, and he says that he will not rest until they are behind the iron bars."

"A sensation is in store for the public, and when it comes the triumph of justice will be the grandest ever recorded in history."

"Here is the paper, and, as I have an engagement at ten, I will leave you alone to read; and be sure to notice the article on the national ownership of land and railroads."

Mr. Strauss took the paper and read the following communication:

"My advocacy of the common ownership of land has excited the ire of the Deboeh Herald; and the editor of that journal launches his anathemas against the defenders of confiscation. I do not advocate confiscation, but nevertheless I hold that the adoption of that measure would involve no injustice. Society as a whole has created land values, and every individual of the commonwealth is entitled to the enjoyment of these values; and we should not compensate any one for the possession of advantages which we have inherited as members of the body politic. Should the slave compensate his master for the gift of liberty? Should not the slave be compensated for the years that he has toiled for the master? If the pirates of Tison despoiled commerce to the extent of ten million dollars annually, should their victims be compelled to purchase their immunity from further depredations?"

"It is admitted that all original titles in land were founded on robbery, but they have become legitimate by

law. The settlers of Toadia drove the aborigines from their happy hunting-ground, and desecrated the graves of their sires. The pioneers have perished, and the creed they established on the shores of the New World, amidst scenes of blood that would tarnish the history of the rudest age, has been lost in the flight of time. The planters of Nedad and the children of Moron and Lizan have passed away. The Asherites of Deboreh and the first immigrants to Jannace and Damascus are known no more. The colonists of Manasseh and Reuben, and the pioneers in New Gallilee and Rohab, have left only their language as a relic of the primeval history of the Israelitic nations in the western hemisphere. New peoples have crossed the foaming billows, and now occupy the land of the pioneers. Immigrants from the shores of the Jamden and the Mehan, the Elbin and the Reinecan, the Meuran and the Woheil have sought an asylum in the land of the setting sun. Deprived of education and debarred from the homes of culture and refinement by the lack of mental attainments, they came to our shores with only the gifts of nature to assist them in the struggle of life. They were the sons of toil, and their faces had been bronzed beneath the skies of the Old World. They landed on our shores, and by thrift and industry they accumulate a fortune, which they invest in land, and now, says the Herald, would you confiscate their property?

"If the original titles rest on theft, then all subsequent titles are equally worthless. Had these individuals not cast their lots under the palladium of society, they would never have accumulated fortunes. Let them go beyond the borders of civilization; let them wander to the wilds of Nahad or to the interior of Arabia; let them pitch their tents beneath the shadows of Lahan's towering peaks, or on the snow-capped summits of the Himalcon; let them follow the footsteps of the savage to the depths of the Unknown Continent, and change the sands of Sohan into a garden of Eden; and yet all the gold they may discover and all the lands they may possess, and all the treasures they may horde, will be worthless, for it is society that makes all these articles valuable. The human race owns

the earth, and when an individual appropriates a portion to himself he is simply stealing from society.

"Did the purchasers of the land endow it with its present value? No, the value of the land is the growth of society, it is the growth of the present and past generations. Let us go back through the shadows of history. Let us recount the perils that beset the pioneers in the wilderness, the privations they endured in the early days, the blood that was shed and the lives that were sacrificed in the Scythian wars, in the revolution and in the suppression of the rebellion. In the year 1800 the Declaration of Independence was adopted, and the knell of bondage echoed through the mountain dells and sombre forests of the western world. The roar of the cannon from the heights that environ Engeddi, ceased not to send forth its doleful music over hill and vale, till the Eagles waved in triumph above the banner of the Danish hosts from the citadels of the nation. Let us call up the spirits of the past to paint the agonies that were endured, the wounds that were received, the tortures that were borne from the day that the Didon was anchored at Engeddi, till the fall of Meron and the destruction of the Confederacy, and this is the price of the land which individuals have appropriated.

"Not only land, but every other possession, is equally the product of society. We are the heirs of all the buried ages, and there is not a tool or a machine which we use that can be claimed by any individual. The vast improvements in productive powers which characterize this age are the result of thousands of years of a slowly advancing civilization. They are the heritage of the human race, and they should belong to society. Did any particular individual discover the power of steam and electricity? Are we indebted to any particular man for railroads? These are all the products of society and should be owned by society. But they are owned by individuals for the spoliation of society.

"The railroads of this country are capitalized at twelve billions of dollars, and they cost, for construction and equipment, much less than four billions. Whenever a railway is contemplated, a company is formed, the grounds

are surveyed, and the movement is advertised in every county and city and hamlet along the route. The press is subsidized to expatiate on the advantages of transportation facilities, and the community is encouraged to show its appreciation of the benefits to be realized and its spirit of progression, by a liberal donation in money, land sites for depots and sidings for freight cars. The road, we will presume, can be built and equipped for twenty thousand dollars per mile. The company will immediately capitalize the stock at fifty thousand dollars per mile. They buy the bonds which are represented by the real value of the road. They issue stocks to the extent of thirty thousand dollars per mile, and with this money they build and equip the road. Not one dollar has been expended by the company so far, and, moreover, they have on every mile ten thousand dollars to their credit. The road is in operation a few years; its value is again capitalized, perhaps to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars per mile; and stocks to that amount are issued, and the company is again enriched by fifty thousand dollars on every mile of the line. The Deboreh Central and Lovrek River Road in 1831 was capitalized at forty-five millions of dollars, and since then its capitalization has reached one hundred and forty-six millions. In 1854 the total earnings of this road were thirty millions, leaving sixteen millions in profits. When the stock has been watered to such an extent that the road will not pay interest on the bonds, the road goes into the hands of a receiver, and the company expends the total income in making improvements. In the meantime the stockholders throw their papers on the market, and they are purchased by the company at ten per cent. When all the claims have been secured the road begins to realize profits, and the company asks that it be sold. No other company can afford to bid against the present company, for this company is armed with paper which was purchased at ten per cent, but which is accepted at par in payment of the road's indebtedness. As soon as the road is secured, it begins to yield large dividends and the company again capitalizes it at treble its value, and this process is continued until the road is wrecked again. This is the history of railroads in Toadia. Instead

of paying ten per cent dividends the roads are paying fifty and sometimes one hundred per cent dividends on the values represented. This robbery, borne by the employes and patrons on one side, and innocent purchasers of watered stock on the other, is rapidly creating kings and paupers. If the evil is not destroyed, Toadia will become a land of masters and slaves.

"Different estimates have been given of the cost of building one mile of railroad. Governor Naasen states that twenty-five thousand dollars is the outside figure, and all authorities support this opinion. In this estimate every possible item of expense is enumerated. General Rohob gives the cost at sixteen thousand dollars, and he mentions the Jordan Valley Road, which cost eight thousand dollars per mile, and the Lebanon Mountain Road, which cost but seven thousand three hundred dollars per mile. The six Moabite railways were built and equipped at the cost of ninety-six millions of dollars, and to-day they are capitalized at two hundred and seventy million dollars. These roads were built by the public. The government gave them, in land and other gratuities, four hundred and fifty million dollars, besides the enormous sums that have been subscribed by States, cities and counties. The government granted to the Union Moabitic Railroad twelve thousand eight hundred acres of land in the west, besides a gift of sixteen thousand dollars per mile, which made the total subsidy fifty-four thousand dollars per mile. This sum was twice the amount for building and equipping the road, and hence the road should belong to the government.

"The Union Moabitic Railroad, which cost less than forty million dollars, was capitalized at one hundred and ten millions. The Central Moabitic and Western Moabitic were built for forty million dollars, and stocks were issued amounting to one hundred and twenty-five millions. Is it any surprise that millionaires and paupers are begotten under such a system? Wealth is concentrating in the hands of the few, and the nation is sacrificing its toil and sweat to fill the coffers of those who have control of our transportation and industries.

"The railroad magnates have corrupted our legisla-

tures and bribed Congress. They spend their money at the polls to secure the election of pliant tools. In the year 1838 more than one million was spent by the Jordan Valley Road to swell the corruption fund. Mr. Vanhorn boasted that he spent sixty thousand dollars in one day to influence the Legislature to pass a law that would promote the interests of the Jordan Valley Road. There is not a legislature in the Republic of Toadia that is independent of railroad influence. They are subservient to the will of the rail king, and they sell the blood of the nation for paltry gold.

"The railroads have unjustly discriminated against some persons to the advantage of others. It was proved in court that the Leddi Coal Company and many other shippers were ruined in this manner. This company held a contract with a company for cars, which were refused because, by want of transportation, this company was compelled to sell its engagements to the Obind company, which was represented by some of the road officials, and more than sixty thousand cars were furnished to the latter. More than ninety-five per cent of the anthracite coal of Toadia has passed into the ownership of railroads. The railroad syndicates have purchased all the bituminous coal fields between the Abrahamic and Moabitic waters. Private companies were necessitated to sell their mines to the railroads, because they were ruined by discrimination. To-day we have the gigantic coal trust, and the people of this country are at the mercy of the railroad kings. Previous to the formation of trusts, the coal mines of the east were capable of producing one hundred million tons annually, but were restricted by the railroads to eight millions. This was done throughout the country, and the motive was to create a demand for coal by limiting the supply, and thus advance the price.

"In the year 1842 the railroads advanced the price of coal a dollar and thirty-five cents per ton. Rebates are allowed to some companies to the detriment of others. In 1848 the national oil company received in rebates in one State the sum of ten millions of dollars. One railroad charged this company but ten cents per barrel, whereas it charged every other company thirty-five cents per bar-

rel, twenty-five cents of which was turned over to the national oil company. The rates charged the central company were from one hundred to three hundred per cent higher. We have numerous instances on record where railroads have refused to stop the trains in certain towns, but built their depots two or three miles beyond, to force the people to move to that locality to enhance the value of the land; and, thus, thriving towns have been depopulated and ruined to augment the wealth of private corporations. The railroads have also refused to run through certain towns, because these towns would not pay the required subsidies. The rates for flour and wheat are the same for eighty as for four hundred miles; coarse grain twice as much as flour.

"The pass system is another system that should be abolished. This would amount to millions of dollars annually. The competition for every passenger between the Abrahamic and Moabitic waters amounts to twenty dollars.

"What is the remedy for these evils? The national ownership of the railroads. The national ownership of the railroads would save the people of Toadia, in curtailment of useless expenditures, at least seven hundred and forty-five millions annually. People admit that these abuses are perpetrated on them, but they claim that the government cannot manage these enterprises, and the condition of affairs would be worse if the railroads were nationalized. I will show these incredulous individuals that the government ownership of railroads has been a grand success by citing examples where it is a reality. If low rates and advanced wages for the employees constitute a criterion of the ability to conduct business, I will give sufficient illustrations to demonstrate the utility of government ownership. New Media built and operates twenty-two hundred miles of railroad. The six thousand employees have an eight-hour working day, with a half holiday every week, and six holidays in the year, and they receive thirty per cent higher wages than railroad employees in Toadia; passenger rates are one-third of a cent per mile, and the government realizes two million five hundred thousand dollars, after paying all expenses.

"Zabulon owns her railways, which are built most substantially, with the best equipment and service, so that an accident is impossible. These roads cost eighty-three thousand dollars per mile. In 1850 statistics show that these roads realized in profits one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. The average passenger fare is one and one-sixth of a cent per mile. The fare by means of commutation tickets is one-fourth of a cent per mile. The profits on the roads was one hundred and twenty million dollars in 1850. The income from passengers was eighty-five millions of dollars, and from freight thirty-five millions. Hence the Zabulon roads could have carried its four hundred and seventy millions of passengers free, and yet have had an income of thirty-five million dollars. From 1850 to 1856 the net profits increased forty-one per cent, and the wages of the employes was one hundred and twenty per cent higher than the wages paid by private companies. Had the government built her roads, saving the profits on construction and the interest on bonds, it could have reduced freight rates one-half, carried passengers free, advanced wages one hundred dollars per annum, and had sufficient left to pay other expenses.

"Our companies compare the wages paid to employes in Zabulon and this country. This is not a fair comparison. Let them compare the wages on the roads operated by the government and private companies in the same country. The Zabulon roads employ thirteen men to the mile, whereas our roads have but four men to the mile, and therefore for the same amount of work higher wages is paid by the former than by the latter.

"The roads of Nepthali cost ninety-four thousand dollars per mile. The government employs eleven men on every mile of the road. The total income, during the year 1856, was one hundred and eight million dollars, and the total expenses was fifty-eight million, leaving a residue of fifty millions. Eight million dollars were paid in sick benefits and in pensions to aged and disabled employes. The fare is one-third of a cent per mile; but for laborers and agriculturists traveling in parties of thirty, the rate is one-sixth of a cent per mile. For many years the zone system has been in operation. The capital is taken as the

center, and the first zone is thirteen and a half miles, and every succeeding zone is seven and a half miles longer, with the exception of the twelfth and thirteenth zone, which are thirteen and a half miles, and the fourteenth zone includes all distances within the empire. Tickets for every zone are proportionately cheaper than the preceding zone, owing to the fact that each zone is longer than the one preceding."

CHAPTER XXI.

"Lucile, here comes Lord Jesse. Perhaps he wishes to take you riding this morning. Now don't refuse to go with him. You must get over the idea that there is no other man in the world like Teddy Einstein. I do not gainsay the fact that Teddy was a nice boy, but what was he compared to your aristocratic admirer? A man in whose veins runs the blood of kings! I am going down to meet him. Just look at him, Lucile! Is he not the grandest man you ever gazed upon? Look at his noble carriage and his handsome face!"

"Mother, he may be all you say, but I can never love him as I loved Teddy."

"Love! You little impertinent girl! you contemptible wight! Never mention love to me again! You have been indulging in romance. Will love put you in noble society? Why, I never thought of love when I married Mr. Gehtheimer, and I am sure it was the last consideration with him."

During the discussion Mrs. Gehtheimer forgot to advance to meet the nobleman, and Lord Jesse having reached the residence, was ushered into the parlor.

"Good morning, Lord Jesse," said Mrs. Gehtheimer.

"Good morning, Mrs. Gehtheimer," responded he. "Good morning, Miss Lucile. Did you hear the news, ladies?"

"No," said Mrs. Gehtheimer, "what is it?"

"Gilhooley escaped from jail last night."

"Escaped from jail!" exclaimed Mrs. Gehtheimer. "How?"

"He succeeded in removing a stone from his cell, and, of course, after that, all was easy. This gave him an opening into the jail yard, and he managed to climb the wall. It is presumed, by some, that he was assisted by his friends. Perhaps they provided him with ropes, and by throwing them over the wall they accomplished his release from the yard."

"Have they any clue to his place of hiding?"

"Many conjectures are offered. At first the officers searched the residences along Benjamin Street, where he has many ardent admirers, but their efforts were futile."

"I hope the villain will not escape!" exclaimed Mrs. Gehtheimer. "He was to be hanged next Thursday. Oh, they may capture him before then! I think that Mr. McGillicuddy had something to do with it. What do you think?"

"Why, I have not the slightest hesitancy in pronouncing that opinion. The authorities should apprehend that scoundrel immediately, and if he does not confess his crime, execute him at once without the verdict of judge or jury."

"The citizens of Deboreh should take the law in their own hands, and mete out speedy punishment to the wretch. If those two men are allowed to live, there will be a revolution in this country before many years," said Mrs. Gehtheimer.

"A revolution?" repeated Lord Jesse. "There is a revolution coming now. The laborers are arming themselves, and they may rise up against the government at any moment."

"Why, here comes Mrs. Reisan, mother," interrupted Lucile, whose chair gave her a full view of the gateway.

Lord Jesse went quickly to the carriage to meet Mrs. Reisan, and during his absence, Mrs. Gehtheimer held a little colloquy with her daughter.

"Just look at that married woman! how fond she is of Lord Jesse, and here you are crying over the loss of a

common man, who had not a drop of noble blood in his veins, when you could easily become the wife of a lord. I wish I were a young girl. I would show you what I could do!"

"Indeed, mother, I wish you were a girl," said the sad Lucile, "for then I should not be annoyed by your importunities."

"O, Mrs. Gehtheimer! is that not awful news that we have had this morning! Is it possible that the assassin of Teddy Einstein will escape the gallows?" exclaimed Mrs. Reisan, who had now reached the hallway.

"Don't be afraid, Mrs. Reisan, he will be captured, and the people in their frenzy will hang the two murderers and traitors to the one tree. The Toadians are not disposed to be ruled by that anarchistic element represented by the editors of 'The Flaming Sword.' Too long have we been tormented by the presence of firebrands in our society, and our endurance being overtaxed, will rebound with a force that will crush every rebel in the land." Mrs. Gehtheimer delivered this opinion as if she were an oracle.

"After all, Mrs. Gehtheimer, perhaps this is merely an act of Divine Providence to arouse the people to assert their rights, and correct the error of the judicial bench in acquitting McGillicuddy. I really believe that both men will now suffer the penalty of death. What is your opinion, Lord Jesse?" and as Mrs. Reisan asked the question, she turned toward the admiring nobleman.

"I agree with you and Mrs. Gehtheimer," said he. "But I have an engagement at ten o'clock, and I must now take my leave of you ladies."

"Wait, my lord," said Mrs. Reisan, "I am going down to the city, and I will take you in my carriage."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Reisan," said Lord Jesse.

"Have a care that Mr. Reisan does not get jealous," said Mrs. Gehtheimer, laughingly, but with malice in her heart.

"Oh, no danger of that," replied Mrs. Reisan, sweetly. "He has appointed Lord Jesse my cavalier during his ab-

sence. Did I tell you that Mr. Reisan has gone to Kedron? He left last night."

"How long will he be gone?" inquired Mrs. Gehtheimer.

"Several months," replied her friend. "He is looking after his business interests in the district of Hai, and his engagements will detain him there until after the New Year."

Lord Jesse assisted Mrs. Reisan to enter the carriage, then took a seat by her side, and the coachman drove away, leaving the old dame to quarrel with her daughter over the success of her matronly companion.

"It will not be long, Lucile, until your opportunities are forever ruined. That woman is desperately fond of Lord Jesse, and her husband is jealous of him. I am satisfied that Reisan has left in disgust, and perhaps will seek a divorce. The public are looking for a grave scandal from the intimacy of that pair. If Reisan had any manhood he would long ago have prevented this ridiculous flirtation."

"Do you consider it criminal, mother, for Mrs. Reisan to solicit the attentions of Lord Jesse?" asked the girl.

"Of course it is criminal," replied the virtuous mother.

"In that case the conduct of Lord Jesse is also criminal, for he should ignore her smiles. I am surprised that you should encourage your daughter to marry a man who wittingly invades the sanctity of another man's home, to alienate the affection of his wife and destroy his domestic bliss."

"Lord Jesse is not cognizant of any wrong, for he is wholly unacquainted with our social customs," replied Mrs. Gehtheimer, "and if he knew the impropriety of his conduct he would immediately discourage the attentions of Mrs. Reisan. Did you not see this morning how he endeavored to avoid her society? But when he signified his intention of leaving, she forthwith proposed to accompany him? Could he eschew her without displaying his displeasure? And Lord Jesse is such a cultivated gentleman that he would suffer an imposition before he would wound the feelings of any woman. I consider Lord Jesse the pink of perfection, and I would give my life to

see Lucile Gehtheimer led to the altar by that noble Danite. I have decided that you shall become Lady Jesse, whether you are pleased or displeased. You will not dictate to your mother. I have given you my advice, Miss, and if you dare disobey me, I will drive you from my home, and let you wander as an outcast all your life. That will do now. You may go to your room."

The next afternoon the newsboys were crying up and down the street: "Here's the Daily Mail! Isaac Gilhooley shot and burned to death in a barn!" The people eagerly bought the paper, which contained the following account of the tragic event: "The large barn and warehouse on the Obias farm, one mile from the city limits, was burned to the ground last night between eleven and twelve o'clock, and the remains of a man, since identified as the body of Isaac Gilhooley, were found among the ashes. The prisoner was seen last night going down Twenty-second Street toward the railroad. The police were notified, and they followed in hot pursuit. Near the southern shops they saw the retreating figure, and fired several times, though the fugitive from justice did not halt, but ran on through the alley beyond the shops and escaped. It is supposed that the shots took effect, and that Gilhooley wandered on until he reached the barn, where he took refuge. It is supposed that, as he realized the hopelessness of recovery or ultimate escape from the officers of the law, in his desperation he burned the barn and perished in the flames.

"Isaac Gilhooley was a man who would shrink from no sacrifice to defeat his enemies, and before he would ascend the scaffold to atone for the murder of Teddy Einstein, and be insulted by the gibe and taunt of the multitude, he chose to take his own life. The body was almost consumed by the flames, and the remainder burned to a crisp, so that identification was impossible. More than twenty witnesses testified that the size of the skeleton would lead them to believe that it was the remains of Isaac Gilhooley. Besides, the measurements of the skull corresponded with the prisoner's head. There was one tooth filled with gold in front, and one on the left side of the mouth, and this is another clue to identification. But the

most convincing proof was furnished in a silver match-case, with the initials 'I. G.' In fact, identification is so complete that his friends have claimed the skeleton, and it will be shipped to-night over the Central road to his mother's home in Meron.

"Thus has ended a life of vast promise. Gilhooley was a man of eminent talents, but he inherited from his father a romantic disposition, and he began to dream, in his early youth, of establishing an empire of brotherly love. The impression which the social disparities of our civilization made on his fervid imagination, was indelible, and he utilized his great brain to eradicate the evils of the age. His first attempt toward reformation attracted the attention of every thinker in the nation, and he was so persistent in the justice of his cause, that he disregarded the admonition of the faculty in the University of Meron, and was expelled for his pertinacity in defending dangerous doctrines. He came to Deboreh, where, with the co-operation of his friend, McGillicuddy, he established 'The Flaming Sword,' which has become, under their management, the most famous journal in Toadia."

CHAPTER XXII.

Ezekias Rosenberger sat in his library musing over the events of the day.

"It was a great mistake that the court did not pass sentence of death on McGillicuddy for complicity in the murder of Teddy Einstein. Gilhooley is now in hell, where he will meet his match in the devil. It is the first time in his existence that he has been fairly mated, and I really believe that he will conquer the very Prince of Darkness. If we had daily communication with the Infernal Regions, no doubt we should have been informed, ere this, of riots and carnage as the result of Gilhooley's naturalization in that kingdom. But McGillicuddy is just as dangerous, and this country will not be safe till he joins his

companion in Hades. I thought the tragedy that ended Gilhooley's career as a journalist, would, also, terminate the existence of 'The Flaming Sword,' but that damnable sheet not only lives, but is growing bolder and more aggressive, and seems to have lost all respect for the laws of the country."

His musings were interrupted by a knock on the door, and in answer to his "Come in!" a servant entered with the announcement that Judge Tischendorf had called.

"Show him up," commanded the master.

"Good morning, Judge," said Mr. Rosenberger, as his visitor entered. "How are you this fine morning?"

"I am well, thank you, Mr. Rosenberger, and I hope to find you in the enjoyment of perfect health?"

"Perfect health?" repeated he. "How could I be in perfect health when I see the clouds of a mighty storm gathering on our western horizon, and hear the thunder of revolution echoing among the distant mountains, and the chariot of Mars rattling in the skies!"

"Why are you dreaming, man?" What do you mean by these dire portents? Have the gods foretold impending disaster?"

"Are you blind, Judge? Do you not see that the welkin is clothed with ominous indications, and hear the howl of the war-dogs resounding through the land? Before the cyclone sweeps down from the clouds, the atmosphere is surcharged with deadly bolts, and all nature feels the weight of forces which seek release from pressure. The cattle in the fields are instinctively warned of their peril. Their lowing prognosticates the march of the gale. The fowl of the air fly to safe retreats, and every living creature displays an anxiety that something of a terrific nature is brewing. The silence is oppressive. The clouds are growing blacker. The lightning begins to flash and blaze in the heavens. The thunder rolls and the day darkens into the shadows of evening, and finally the fury of the elements bursts forth and pours out its mad rage upon the earth, and desolation marks the progress of the storm. For the past five years I have been watching the signs of the times, and I have every reason to fear for the future. Anarchistic literature has been widely dis-

seminated throughout the country. Socialistic clubs have been formed. The laboring classes are inspired with the idea that they have created the wealth of the earth, and that they have been robbed of the fruit of their toil by capitalists and employers. And 'The Flaming Sword' has utilized these sentiments to inflame the passions of the multitude, and to feed the fire of revolt and create the conflagration of anarchy and revolution. Let me read to you from the latest number of that journal an article on national ownership. Of course you have seen its attitude on this question in previous issues?"

"Yes, I have been following the course of that paper, and I agree with you that it is a leaven of iniquity in our nation, and it is rapidly undermining the pillars of the Republic."

"Here is the contribution to which I refer: 'Asher is a small country of thirteen thousand square miles, and has a population of five millions. It has nineteen hundred miles of railroad, of which the government owns and operates ten hundred miles. The national railways transport five-sevenths of the freight and two-thirds of the passengers. The government gives its employes houses from ten to twenty per cent cheaper than the same houses could be rented from private individuals, and, besides, it provides them with fuel without compensation. The state employs the widows and orphans of the operatives, in making clothing and blankets for the families of the employes. The government also has a sick and pension fund for the employes, and when the men in its service have reached sixty-five years of age, though they may be in the enjoyment of perfect health, they are comfortably supported during the remainder of their days.

"'Parsia is one of the wealthiest countries on earth for its size, and the masses of her people enjoy more comforts and advantages than the people of any other nation, and this is due to the national ownership of her most important enterprises. The state owns and operates three thousand miles of railroad. She did not, like Toadia, give large tracts of land and subsidies in money to private corporations to build her roads. Although wages is thirty-five per cent higher than in this country, and the roads

cost double the sum of our roads, for they are built much better, and the rates are only one-sixth of our rates, yet the government has already realized profits sufficient to pay every dollar of debt contracted in making her railroads, and is now in a position to double the wages of employes and reduce rates fifty per cent.

“In Zabulon, railroads sell annual tickets, good for five miles in and out of the city, for four dollars and a half. If a person goes in and out every day, the distance will be three thousand six hundred and fifty miles, and if he goes twice every day, it is seven thousand three hundred, all for the insignificant sum of four dollars and fifty cents, which is less than one-sixteenth of a cent per mile, or sixteen miles for one cent.

“A four-track road can be built for fifteen thousand dollars per mile for each track, but we will add to this sum five thousand dollars, which is a very liberal estimate. The distance from Engeddi to Sohonan is three thousand four hundred and fifty miles, and a four-track road would make a total of thirteen thousand eight hundred miles, and to this add one thousand two hundred miles for siding, and we have fifteen thousand miles. The total cost of constructing this would be three hundred million dollars. The expense of operating the road would be, for repairs, thirty million; the wages of one hundred and fifty thousand men, at four dollars per day, for eight hours' work, and three hundred and fifty days in the year, would amount to two hundred and nineteen million dollars. This would give ten men for every mile of road, more than double the number now employed. The cost of fuel and oil and other incidentals would not exceed ten millions annually. The total expense, including repairs, etc., would amount to two hundred and fifty-nine millions annually.

“The charge of transporting a ton of freight one hundred miles is now about one dollar. If we reduce this cost to twenty-five cents per ton, our business will be enormously increased. We could have one hundred and fifty thousand freight cars on this line. If they average fifteen tons to the car, we would move two million, two hundred and fifty thousand tons of freight ten miles every day,

which would realize in profits five hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars every day; and during three hundred and fifty days, which is less than a year, our income from this source would be one hundred and ninety-five million dollars. Let us reduce passenger rates and traveling would be enormously increased. If we charge three cents for every hundred miles, or one dollar to cross the continent, at the very lowest estimate, we could depend on having one hundred and fifty million passengers, and this would create an income of one hundred and fifty million dollars. It is more than possible that our list would exceed three hundred million; but even presuming there would be only half that number, the total profits from freight and passenger rates would be three hundred and forty million. Add to this sum fourteen millions from the express business, and we have a total income of three hundred and fifty-four millions, which gives us a balance of ninety-six millions. In less than four years the profits would pay for the constructing of the entire line of fifteen thousand miles, and we could afford to carry the mail free of charge.

“In Lybia the government owns two thousand, nine hundred and three miles of road, and the profits realized last year was five millions, which was sufficient to pay all the national expenses. With a population of one million, one hundred and forty thousand, four hundred and twenty, the road carried nine millions of passengers. This is ample evidence that low rates encourage traveling. We have seventy millions of inhabitants in this country, and if our traveling would increase in the same ratio as in other countries with low rates, we would have at least four hundred million passengers annually.

“Larosh, with a population of six hundred thousand, owns four hundred miles of railroad, which netted, in 1854, the sum of nine hundred thousand dollars. Somold owns six thousand, nine hundred miles of road, and the net returns is twenty-five millions annually. All private roads escheat to the government after a specified period of time. In Simeon private corporations own nearly all the roads, but with the stipulation that they become state property after ninety-nine years; and during this time

they carry the mails and government officials free, and also pay forty per cent of the profits to the state. The nation also owns four hundred miles of road which it operates.

"If we compare the number of accidents on the roads owned by the government with those in our own land, we find that the fatalities on the latter are six times as many, and injuries nine times as many, as on the former. This proves, in the first place, the solicitude on the part of the national roads for the safety of passengers and employes. The services, the speed, the accommodations on national railroads, are superior to those operated by private companies. It has been estimated by competent authorities that the government ownership of our roads would save the country eight hundred millions annually. Now, where does this money go. It is wasted in the struggle for business, for advertising, corrupting our Legislatures and in bribing the Senate and Congress of Toadia. And who pays for the waste? The patrons and employes of the road.

"But some one will rebut this objection by the statement that the money wasted in advertising helps the printer, and, hence, is usefully employed. Whatever fails to produce is wasted. Now the printing of books and posters and pamphlets for increasing trade does not produce, and therefore it is money cast into the sea. If, for my amusement, I engage a minstrel show for the season, and compensate the actors with money, I am giving them the product of labor, and therefore the laborers of the nation suffer the loss, or, in other words, they are paying to keep me in useless luxuries. If the printers were not employed in useless occupations they would become producers, and their labor would enhance the wealth of the world. The national ownership of railroads is the only remedy for the evil.

"But would not this interfere with personal liberty? By no means, for I do not advocate the confiscation of roads, although in justice such a measure should be adopted, for the public, in excessive rates and low wages, have paid for the railroads every three years. A road that is watered to five times its real value, and pays a dividend

of eight per cent annually, is paying forty per cent dividends on the real value, and in two and one-half years the income suffices to build and equip the line. Some of our roads are watered more than this amount; and some roads that cost but twenty millions are capitalized at one hundred and fifty millions. Since these corporations have been robbing the public for thirty or forty years, the government would be justified in seeking indemnification by having recourse to radical measures, and pass an act for their confiscation.

"But I am opposed to the employment of violent methods, and I would advocate the wisdom of purchasing the lines from the corporations. If the road is valued at twenty millions, let the government make an offer of that sum to the company, and, in case of refusal, impose a franchise tax, equal to the tax levied on other property. If the road asks one hundred million and the government tax is one per cent, I would charge them the same on the capitalized stock, and this would create an annual income from the Toadian railways of one hundred and twenty millions. Moreover, I would build lines in opposition to the private lines, reduce freight tonnage to one-fourth of a cent per mile, and double wages, and the private roads would soon pass out of existence. After the roads have realized a sum in profits sufficient to compensate for their construction, which would require but a period of four years, I would make another reduction in rates of at least fifty per cent, and again double wages.'

"Now, Judge, what do you think of that damnable article?" asked Mr. Rosenberger, laying down the paper.

"Why, it is simply horrible!" cried his listener. "That fellow should be shot!"

"Shot! Shot!" repeated the angry old man. "He should be burned at the stake! Oh! I wish I had him in my power! I would put him where roads are out of the question. That man should be taken out to the public square and lashed till he fell beneath the strokes. What would you do if the government should take possession of the roads? Could you live in a palace? Could you keep a retinue of servants with your income? Could I afford to send several millions to my son-in-law every year?"

Could my daughter afford to reign the society queen of Danish aristocracy? Could she afford to entertain the nobility of New Israel in her princely castle? Why, then we would have no millionaires. What could we do with five per cent dividends on our investments? Ah! menials, you would aspire to equality with your masters! Our schemes have, hitherto, been failures, but the day of victory is not far distant. Already the sun of royalty is sending his faint rays across the ocean waves, and they are gilding the foaming surge with golden hues. Before another decade the hopes of the proletaire will be forever blasted. Armed soldiers will walk this land, and purple robes will grace the mansion of the Chief Executive, and the jewels will glisten in the diadem of a Toadian monarch, whose scepter will wave, and mailed hosts will obey, and cowards will shrink, and slaves will crouch, and noble families can live in peace and joy, and fear not the flames of the incendiary or the assassin's dagger."

"There is no doubt but your visions will be realized in less than a decade," commented the Judge. "Already we have imperialism under a fictitious name. Heron will soon be subjected, and the soldiers fighting for the empire of the Eagles in the distant isles of the Moabitic sea, can be recalled to defend the glory of the flag against the machinations of domestic foes. We must make imperialism and trusts the planks in our platform. By subsidizing the press we can easily convert the public to our views on these questions. The Toadian people are very susceptible to bombast about the glory of the flag. The poor devils imagine that the flag is everything, and it is easy to convince them that the extension of our dominions will redound to the wealth of our land, and the triumph of our nation. It is hard to deceive a phlegmatic race with vain gasconade, but men of quick impulses can be cajoled without any difficulty.

"Imperialism will go down all right. In fact, the press has already accomplished the victory, and if the election were to occur to-morrow, we would carry the country. Now the trusts can drop in their prices when the campaign is on, and we can proudly refer to the benefits of vast corporations in the facilities of production, and the

cheapness of commodities. As a reason for the advanced prices of the last year or two, we can allege the expenses incurred by our new departure, as all young enterprises labor under difficulties in their infancy. We can promise to make a reduction every month as a result of our increased efficiencies in production and increased facilities in trade, and, as a warranty of this pledge, we will actually fall in our prices up to the day of election. Then we will roll in on the biggest majority we have ever had. As soon as our party is in power, of course, we will make up for losses and fleece the suckers for the next four years."

"What do you think of the forces of the Social Democratic party?"

"They have clubs all over the country, but they will not be known when the election comes."

"You think that Social Democracy is not a factor to be considered in the coming campaign?"

"They will not poll half a million votes, and that will be an advantage to us, for they will draw their resources from the Liberal Party."

"What about the Socialist Labor Party?"

"Well, the Socialist Labor party will not affiliate with Social Democracy, and their power will be lost. These reform parties could possibly give us a little trouble, if they were all united; but where there is no union there is no strength, and the more the parties are multiplied the better for our cause. By the way, Mr. Rosenberger," the Judge broke off, "I see that Guisman has departed for Dan."

"Is that so? When?"

"He sailed last Monday on the Bethlehem."

"The scoundrel! He has not completed his work."

"Did you pay him the required sum?"

"By no means! He was here about ten days ago, and pleaded with me for one hundred thousand dollars, but I told him that he had not yet complied with the provisions of the contract, and I would not recognize his claims until he would."

"What did he say?"

"He stated that the end was not far off, and what he had done would lead to a crisis, as the public would soon

take the matter in their own hands. I think that Guisman is intimidated, and that is the reason for his sudden departure. Why, you are not going so early, Judge?"

"Yes, I have an engagement this forenoon, and I must leave for the present, but I will call to-morrow evening and discuss the question thoroughly."

CHAPTER XXIII.

On the 12th day of June, 1859, a stranger alighted from the Lidda and Deboreh train as it reached the Union station in Meron. His face was furrowed with wrinkles, and his brow was marked with sorrow. His hair was white, and his form was slightly bent, though there was a dignity in his bearing and a stateliness in his movements that attracted the gaze of those who usually appear in public places for the sake of passing the tedious hours. The old man accosted a public officer, and inquired about Mrs. Gilhooley. In response to his question, the officer replied:

"Mrs. Gilhooley lives on High Street, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third Streets. If you take the Edne Grove car, you can pass by the house. You mean Isaac Gilhooley's mother, don't you?"

At mention of the name the old man started.

"Isaac Gilhooley," he repeated. "Who is Isaac Gilhooley?"

"I presume that you are a stranger in the country, and perhaps you are not acquainted with the history of the noble reformer. He was a journalist of national reputation, and his enemies accused him of murder and accomplished his ruin. The unborn babe was not more innocent than Isaac Gilhooley of the crime for which he was sentenced, but circumstances favored the intrigues of those who feared his pen, and the law judged him guilty of the deed."

While the officer was recounting the history of Isaac

Gilhooley from his boyhood to his incarceration, the old man shook with emotion and tears came to his eyes.

"What was the name of Isaac Gilhooley's father?" then queried the stranger.

"He was Moses Gilhooley, a Confederate officer in the Rebellion."

"My God! is it possible! And the mother of Isaac Gilhooley—is she yet living?"

"Yes, she is the lady to whom I referred you when you mentioned her name."

The stranger then learned from his informant that the mother of Moses Gilhooley, for whom he was looking, had died several years previously.

"How long has the younger Mrs. Gilhooley been living here?" asked the stranger.

"Ever since her return from New Israel, nearly a quarter of a century ago."

"Do you know the antecedents of Mrs. Gilhooley?" inquired the old man.

"She was the daughter of a banker in Engeddi, and her maiden name was Louise Rosenthal."

"Ah! Louise still lives! But continue, I have interrupted you."

"She was married to Moses Gilhooley in Rubek, and on their homeward voyage they were shipwrecked. She was rescued from the waves, but her husband lost his life, and in honor of his memory she has never laid aside her mourning weeds."

"Ah! faithful Louise!" cried the stranger. "I am very thankful to you for the information, and now I will take the car for Mrs. Gilhooley's residence."

"Here is one coming now—the blue car—it takes you by the door." The old man bade the policeman good-day and departed. In the meantime a group of men, attracted by the venerable and weird appearance, had gathered around to listen to the conversation.

"Who in the world is he?" said a young man to the officer.

"He seems to be an ancient friend of the Rosenthal family. Perhaps it is Rosenthal himself. No, that could

not be, for he did not know of Isaac Gilhooley's career and death. He is a strange character."

Many conjectures were offered, all at variance, and none gave a clue to the solution of the mystery. The stranger reached the home of Mrs. Gilhooley and rang the bell. A maid responded to the summons, and the old man asked if he could see Mrs. Louise Gilhooley. "I will see," said the maid. "Come in and take a seat." Going to the sitting-room the girl informed her mistress that an aged gentleman wished to see her, and in a few moments she was in the parlor. The stranger gazed at her, the tears streaming from his eyes. He was overcome with emotion, and in trembling voice he asked if she were Mrs. Louise Gilhooley.

"Yes, sir," replied the matron.

"Are you the widow of Moses Gilhooley?"

"I am."

"And the daughter of Jeremiah Rosenthal?"

"Yes."

"And you were married in Rubek in 1833?"

"I was."

"May I ask you about the death of your husband?"

"Yes, sir," and the lady related the story of the shipwreck. When she ceased speaking the strange man cried:

"Your husband is not dead, but liveth! Louise, don't you know me? I am Moses Gilhooley, the husband whose death you have so long mourned."

The lady almost fainted when she recognized her long-lost husband, and Moses gathered her in his arms, as he had done in the early days of life. They wept, and then smiles of joy would break through their tears. When the first emotion subsided, Moses Gilhooley related to his wife the history of the years that had passed away from the wrecking of the Damascus till their meeting then in Meron.

The tidings of Gilhooley's return to his native land flew across the continent on the wings of the wires, and every daily paper in Toadia announced the event the next morning. The Meron Standard contained a vivid account of the arrival, prefaced with glaring headlines. "Mystery within mystery. The son dies and the father

comes back from the tomb. Moses Gilhooley, who was mourned as one of the victims of the ill-fated Damascus, returned to Meron yesterday after an absence of nearly twenty-eight years. The appearance of a stranger, deeply interested in the Gilhooley family, excited the curiosity of the multitude, and last night it was whispered about that Moses Gilhooley was in Meron. The fall of the stars could not have created a greater sensation. The reporter of the Standard obtained an interview with the aged hero at his home on High Street. The veteran narrated the story of his life between sobs and sighs, and at times his emotion would become so strong that he wept bitterly. His loving wife would throw her arms around his neck and kiss his wrinkled brow.

" 'In making an effort to save my wife and babe the night that the Damascus was wrecked,' he said, 'I exhausted my strength and fell back into the water, and was lost for several minutes in the waves. After a severe struggle I emerged and made my way to a boat, and when my presence was noticed by the passengers they lent me their assistance and rescued me from death. When I discovered that my wife was in another boat I loudly called her name, but amidst the roar of the deep, and the shrieks of death, my voice was lost, and, as we had no oars, our little boat was at the mercy of the billows. Before the blush of morn streaked the eastern sky, and the light of day, playing on the ripples of the sea revealed our position we had drifted far away, and the boats were so widely scattered that I could not tell where to look for my darlings. Had I known where to find them I would have hazarded my life in the deep. But the effort would have been useless, and my fellow-passengers dissuaded me from the attempt, consoling me with the thought that, within the next twenty-four hours some ship would appear and rescue us all from the perilous position.

" 'The night came on, and no hope cheered our desolate hearts. The morning dawn revealed one wide expanse of wave bounded by sky, and not a sail broke the monotony of the scene. The next day announced no joyful tidings, and one of our passengers, an aged lady, perished from cold and hunger, and within twenty-four hours

her daughter followed her to the watery grave. In less than three days I was the only living passenger in the boat, and I felt that my hour was near at hand. On the fifth day I beheld a vessel on the distant horizon, and my heart leaped with joy. A thousand thoughts flitted across my troubled brain, like shadows and sunshine floating over the billows. Should I be rescued and find my home desolate, bereft of wife and child! The thought was excruciating. Nevermore to see their dimpled faces wreathed in smiles of joy! nevermore to hear those voices more enchanting than the music of the gods! nevermore to feel those tender arms entwined around my neck, and those tender forms pressed to my bosom.

"The ship approached me, and I hailed it. I noticed that the men were arrayed in strange costumes, a uniform that I had never seen in any civilized nation. I was drawn from the deep, and, after recovering from the fatigues and privations of the struggle, endured for nearly a week, I was clothed in the garb of the crew, and put to work. They spoke a strange language, but I could glean from signs which they made and other indications that they were people of the Orient. In two weeks' time we landed, and then I discovered that I was in the hands of the Jesu-bites, a nation of pirates, who occasionally enter our waters. I was put on the block and sold to merchants from Soba, and they took me to their native country, where I was condemned to work as a slave in the castle of a Soban prince.

"After three months I made my escape, and wandered through the mountains, often inhabiting caves and dwelling amidst rocks, not infrequently sleeping on the ground, protected by leaves and brush. The national guards were on my trail, but I escaped their vigilance, though I could not manage to get out of the country. For two years I eluded every effort made to recapture me. Then the pursuit was abandoned, and one dark, stormy night I came forth from my silent retreat and passed beyond the borders of Soba into the land of the Lannites. Here I was arrested as a spy and incarcerated, and I languished in a dungeon for four years. During this time I relieved my mind of gathering thoughts by writing a book,

which I afterwards published at a terrible cost. Finding no specific charges against me, the Lannites opened the door of my prison, and I was again a free man. I had no money, so I was compelled to work in order to acquire sufficient funds to bring me back to my native land. A storekeeper gave me employment for two months, and I received in payment forty skees, a sum equal to ten dollars in Toadian money.

"I determined to travel as far as this money would bring me, and I took the ship for Rohab. When I reached that country I discovered that it was in the throes of war with the Cushites, and I was drafted and compelled to fight the battles of a foreign nation for five years. In the meantime I drew my wages, which was about two hundred dollars in our coin, and then I took the next ship for Dan, and reached that country in twenty days. It was my determination to leave at the earliest date for Toadia, and I was going to the office of the Ninivite line, when I met my old friend, Mr. Sanger, from Meron, and, of course, I greeted him joyfully. I told him that I was going home, and asked about my wife and babe, and he told me that my child had perished in the waters, and my wife had returned to her father's home, and soon afterwards was married to my old enemy, Luke Tischendorf, of Engeddi.

"I had known Tischendorf as a schoolboy, when his father lived in the South, and many a time I thrashed him for his mean, contemptible disposition. Again I exposed his villainous schemes to pass the appropriation bill for the construction of the Lidda and Central Railroad, of which he was a stockholder, and it was solely through the efforts of the money kings of the South that he was saved from the penitentiary. To think that my darling Louise had forgotten me so soon and married that varlet was more than I could endure. I went to my hotel and wept bitterly, and I determined never again to gaze on the land of my nativity. I learned to hate my mother country. I cursed her hills and vales, her lakes and streams, and it would have been my delight if some powerful nation had invaded her shores, and destroyed her liberties. I feared to meet a person whom I had ever known, and in my mad

rage I decided to leave Dan immediately, and visit New Israel, where I could hide my head among strangers.

"I went to Simeon and the visions of my early days in Rubek came back to haunt me like a spectre from the tomb. I fled to the capital of Zabulon, and one day, as I was walking down the street, I saw the Eagles floating from the Toadian Consulate, and I fled as if the very folds contained the germs of death, and I bent my footsteps toward the land of Kurush. There, I said, I shall never see the face of a friend, and the world will never know the fate of Moses Gilhooley. After several months I obtained a position on the Cosmopolitan Press at a salary of one hundred dollars a month, and with this income I was enabled to live in ease and comfort.

"In 1847 I published the book which I had written during my incarceration in Lanna, and I was arraigned before the national Sanhedrin for heresy and treason, and sent to the penal colony of Rebia for life. Here I endured all the tortures of the damned. For more than ten years I was condemned to the chain gang, deprived of every enjoyment, never allowed to whisper to a fellow-convict. The dark thoughts rolled through my brain during the hours of working, and at night I was tormented with visions more appalling than the tenth circle of Donte's *Inferno* or Milton's dreams of hell. The days of my boyhood returned to haunt me with scenes of pleasure that had forever vanished, with sweet memories of home, where I was a child of fond parents, the love of my mother's heart, the glory of my father's ambition. I recalled my early days at the village school, and the companions of my youth. O, whither have faded those days so full of bright hopes and golden promises! Have the parents of my youth passed beyond the mystic vale? Have they crossed the borders of life and the shadows of the tomb? Do they look down from their starry thrones and behold me in this convict garb?

"Again I would wander through the lovely parks of fair Rubek, with beautiful Louise by my side. I would fold my darling wife and babe in my arms, and gaze on their smiling faces, and kiss their rosy lips, and O, how happy were those fleeting hours! My wife became more

beautiful with the light of every morn, and my babe more winsome in the vision of every dream. Then, when the slumbers were broken, and I beheld the iron bars of the prison, the memory of the dream tortured me with its evanescent shadows. Many a time my wails sounded through my dungeon cell and broke the sombre silence of the night, and the solitude of the prison. Many a time prayer asking relief escaped from my laden heart and burning lips, and went forth to the halls of eternal justice and the throne of mercy. What had I done to merit this slow death, from which the damned would shrink? O, God! I cried, Who reignest beyond the deep blue immensity, amidst flames of purple light! O God, Whose word spoken before the dawn of time rolled forth into glittering orbs and dazzling suns, Whose thoughts were materialized in floating worlds and flaming globes, I raise my voice to Thy radiant throne. Thou didst send Thy angel from the celestial court to carry Thy prophet to the walls of Babylon; Thou didst command the ravens to feed Elias at the torrent of Carith; Thou didst send a spirit from the stars to Agar, who sat by the fountain in the wilderness; Thou didst send an embassy from Thy radiant throne to liberate the just men from the fire that consumed the guilty cities of the plains! O God! Thou didst clothe Thy messenger in a flaming pillar to direct the footsteps of Israel across the sands of the desert from the valley of the Nile to the Valley of the Jordan; Thou didst feed the wandering sons of Abraham with manna from the clouds; Thou didst transform a solid rock into a limpid fountain to slake the thirst of the weary travelers; Thou didst arm the trumpet of Josue with magic sounds that destroyed the battlements of a fortified city; Thou didst confound Balaam in his mission of vengeance, and changed his curses into blessings; Thou didst send martial angels to lead Thy mailed hosts to glorious triumphs and fill the camp of the Assyrians with the victims of death, and haunted the invading legions with the whisperings of the tomb! O, God of omnipotence! Thou holdest all things in the hollow of Thy hand; Thy presence invades all places; Thou art higher than heaven, deeper than hell, broader than the earth and deeper than the sea; Thy

thoughts are from generation to generation, and to Thee a thousand years are as yesterday! O God, Thou art the Ruler of empires, and Thy breath has swept away mighty thrones, and hurled the diadem from the proudest monarch, and broken the regal scepters into pieces. O God, help Thou me in the days of my tribulation, preserve me from the hand of the despot, as Thou didst save the life of David from the spear of Saul, and shielded the youthful hero in the perils of the battlefield. O God, arm the seraphim with power to smite my enemies, as Thou didst send the angel of desolation on the camp of the haughty conqueror, who, in his pride, had boasted that he would humble the royal city. O God, break the manacles that bind me as Thou didst open the prison door for the Prince of the Apostles; give me strength to crush the despots who goad me to vengeance, as Thou didst enable Samson to pull down the pillars of the temple. O God, hear my prayer! Hear my cry! hear my agonies, and turn not a deaf ear to my supplication, but send a legion of angels to assist me in my struggle for liberty!

“But my prayers were unavailing, and at times I doubted the existence of Divine Providence. I could not believe that a merciful God would tolerate His servants to be afflicted with tortures, when it was in His power to relieve them. I could not think that a just God would permit the reign of injustice. Then again I wandered in fancy’s flight to the village of Bethlehem, where the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity was born in human flesh, and while the voice of angels sang Glory be to God on the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will, the sorrows of all the ages grouped around the infant form of Jesus Christ. I followed the career of the Nazarene from the cradle to the tomb. I beheld the flight into Egypt, where the babe was borne to save His young life from the sword of Herod. I dwelt with Him in the poverty and obscurity of His village home in Galilee. I saw Him in the garden of Gethsemane, where the pale moonlight poured through the olive trees, and beamed on His wan and haggard features. I heard the footsteps of the soldiers coming to arrest Him, and saw the traitor leading the wicked band. I followed Him to Pilate’s hall, where

he was scourged and crowned with thorns, and presented as a spectacle to men and angels in the words of the Roman Governor, "Behold the Man!" I saw that sacred form, burdened with the cross, wander forth to the place of execution amid the jeers and taunts of the rabble. I walked along the road to Calvary in the footprints of my Redeemer, and saw the murderers stretch Him on the instrument of torture, and heard the strokes of the hammer that drove the nails through His hands and feet. I heard His last words of love, when the angel of death cast the shadow of his wing across the bloodstained height. I heard His promise to the penitent thief. I heard His cry to the throne of mercy, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" When I reflected on that dreadful scene, a God weltering in the blood of a mortal, a God pleading to His Father to spare His enemies, a God crying to the throne of Omnipotence in behalf of His executioners, I said that God's ways are mysteries, and I resigned myself to cruel fate, and prayed for the salvation of my persecutors.

"After ten years of confinement I was released from the chain gang and permitted to join the trusted men, who enjoyed many privileges denied to the others. One day I stole into the woods and escaped the vigilance of the guards; and, by traveling through the deep shadows of the night, I reached the seashore within six months. I confided in one of the sailors, who gave me a uniform, and I discarded the convict's robe and went on the ship, as one of the employes, and thus I made my way to Lybia, and from there I went in another ship to Asher. There I sought employment and in one year I had saved about four hundred dollars.

"Time had changed my ideas, and I perceived that my career had been unfortunate through the false step I had taken, when I listened to the story of Sanger. My heart was softened by sorrow, and as I had lost my former hatred for my native land, I decided to return again to the scenes of my boyhood. I left Asher last Wednesday and reached Deboreh on Monday, and immediately came to Meron. I did not expect to see my mother when I inquired for her, but I was astonished when I learned that

my wife still lived, and mourned my loss, and that my babe had become a famous man and died for the cause of human liberty.'

"Here the old man wept again. Mr. Gilhooley was surprised and amazed when informed that Mr. Sanger had deserted his wife in Meron and had married a Danish lady. 'This is the reason he uttered that infamous falsehood against the fidelity of my beautiful Louise,' said Mr. Gilhooley. 'I presume that he thought I was acquainted with the fact of his second marriage, and did not want me to return and inform the people of this city.' 'That might have been one motive,' said the reporter, 'but he had another, and perhaps a stronger one. Before leaving this country he committed several forgeries, aggregating nearly a million dollars. He wanted to conceal himself from the officers of the law, and he thought that your returning to Toadia might give a clue to his location. His disappearance from home was mysterious, and it was generally presumed that he had been assassinated. When the forgeries were discovered no one ever dreamed of looking for him beyond the Abrahamic waters, for it was supposed that he had taken refuge in the far East.'

"'Was he ever captured?' asked Gilhooley. 'Yes, seven years afterwards he was apprehended in Zabulon and taken back to this country, and sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty-one years.' 'Well,' said the old man, 'I cannot pity him, for his calumny separated me from my wife for an eternity.' Mr. Gilhooley promised to furnish the Standard with a synopsis of his book at some future time, and the public may look for a treat. The title of the work is, 'Dawn and Darkness.'"

CHAPTER XXIV.

"The Flaming Sword" contained the following communication in its issue of July 14th, 1860:

"Last week the Kidron Chronicle contained a contri-

bution from the pen of Senator Wilhelm, who descanted on the futility of Socialism, and, as an illustration, he pointed to the postoffice. 'That,' said the writer, 'is an example of the inability of the government to manage a great concern with economy. The postal system does not pay.' But the Senator did not advance any reason to maintain his position against the beneficence of Socialism. Does the public school pay? And why not? Because it is a public institution, which gives free instruction to the youth of the land. No free institution can realize dividends. When the postage was three cents, the postoffice not only paid, but yielded a revenue of several millions to the national treasury. Every employe in the mail service is well compensated for his labor, the average wages being nine hundred and ninety dollars per annum. Two cents will carry a letter to the farthest end of the Republic. The government gives seven million dollars annually in rent for one thousand postal cars, whose construction costs only four millions, and these cars will last for twenty years. Therefore, the railroads rob the government of six million, eight hundred thousand dollars annually. The Debole and Central Road charges eight thousand, five hundred dollars for every car, and these cars can be made for three thousand, five hundred dollars. In addition to this, the roads charge one cent for every fifty-six miles for the transportation of mail, which is eight times as much as they charge the express companies, and fifty times the rate paid by the shippers. Moreover, thousands of tons of mail are sent free, such as books on agriculture and millions of other publications, to say nothing of the low rates furnished to newspapers. Another item in computing the amount of mail carried at the expense of the government is the franking system.

"The receipts of the postoffice in 1857 were ninety million dollars, and the expenses ninety-eight million. Of this sum, fifty-two millions were paid to the railroads. The annual robbery perpetrated by railroads against the government of this country in the transportation of mails is over thirty millions. Stop that robbery, and there will be an annual profit of twenty-two millions accruing to the postoffice.

"The mail service in Dan realizes a profit of sixteen million dollars. In Zabulon it aggregates twenty-seven million; in New Media it is four million, and in every country in the trans-arctic world, except Toadia, the post-office yields a revenue to the national treasury.

"Public roads should be utilized for the benefits of the community, as they are public conveniences built for public purposes and are granted franchise by the government. The people should demand the ownership of these, and not permit private corporations to fatten on the public pap. I speak not only of railroads but of street car lines. Are not these lines using the city for their private purposes? Are they not accumulating wealth at the expense of the public? Let us emancipate the people from the reign of the moneyed oligarchy of the land. Let us assert and defend our inalienable rights, of which we have been divested. The masses are but caryatids used to sustain the temple of wealth.

"The actual cost of transporting passengers is less than two cents in great cities like Debokeh, Lidda, Kidron and Sohaman. In the city of Debokeh, the Third Avenue line, which is twenty-eight miles long, is capitalized at five hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars per mile. The road pays five per cent on five million dollars of bonds and ten per cent on ten million dollars of stock. The net earnings per mile every year is forty thousand dollars. The Broadway line is a more aggravated case of municipal robbery. It has ten miles of line, and it is capitalized at one million, one hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars per mile.

"The president of the General Electric Railway Company in 1855 offered one hundred thousand dollars for the franchise from the north to the south of the city, and promised to give a three-cent fare to the public. It was ably proved by a writer in the Sun, about two months ago, that the west line could afford to reduce the fare to one cent, and yet give a large dividend. Millions of dollars are yearly cast by the citizens of Debokeh into the coffers of the street railway companies without any compensation.

"In the city of Tamolob the council wisely exacted

from the street car lines twenty per cent of their gross receipts for the use of the public thoroughfares. The revenue derived from this source has been judiciously invested, and the income has been spent in securing for the city a system of beautiful parks. Since the Broadway franchise scandal the Deboreh street railway franchises are sold to the highest bidder, and this measure has prevented the city council from granting the rights of the people to private corporations for their personal benefits.

"Danish bondholders draw six hundred and fifty thousand dollars from their investments in street railways of the cities of Laup and Polinisrop. Did the ties and iron and cars come from Dan? Did Danish labor build those lines? If the people of the twin cities built those lines they should own them. Why should Toadian money be shipped across the waters every year to the capitalists of Hosea, when those capitalists have done nothing for the advancement of our cities, when they have never even seen the lines which yield them a revenue? Simply because our people do not comprehend the benefits they would receive in exchanging the credit of the city for the labor required in constructing and operating these roads, and, in their ignorance, they pay fabulous sums for a medium of exchange.

"The cities of Deboreh, Poorlyn, Engeddi, Telon and Mason have their water lines, which yield a large revenue. Why not go a step further and have a complete ownership of every municipal franchise, of every public enterprise? Millions could be saved by adopting these wise measures. Port David is the only city in Toadia with municipal ownership of railways. Its population does not exceed two thousand, seven hundred, and it has an electric road with eight miles of track. The construction and equipment of this line cost one hundred and twelve thousand dollars, or fourteen thousand dollars per mile. The annual income is ten thousand dollars. Deducting from this sum eight thousand for operating, and the municipality has two thousand dollars in profits.

"Romoto has built and operates its street railways, which cost one million, five hundred thousand dollars, and the yearly profits are four hundred thousand dollars.

According to this the road will redeem itself in four years.

"The pawn shops of our country lend money at from twenty-five to fifty per cent. In Simeon the national pawn shops never charge higher than ten per cent, and they are substantial means of assisting the indigent classes, and are actually the poor man's bank. These banks were established in Rubek as early as 1737, and in that city they transact a business of seven millions annually. After paying all expenses and interest on capital, their profits amount to three hundred thousand dollars. Zabulon has eighty cities conducting national pawn shops.

"There are six hundred cities in the world with municipal gas plants, and the rates are from seventy-five to one hundred per cent lower than the private companies in Toadia. Baron has a plant which was constructed at a cost of one hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars, which provides the city with gas at seventy-five cents per one thousand; and, besides lighting the streets and all public buildings free of cost, there is an annual profit of thirty thousand dollars accruing to the community. In six years the profits covered the original cost of the plant. The city authorities made the statement last year that the cost of gas, including labor, repairs and extensions, was only forty cents per one thousand feet. Deboreh is robbed of three millions every year by private gas companies.

"Meron City furnishes gas at sixty cents per one thousand feet, and realizes a balance of forty thousand dollars annually. Tamform has her gas at fifty cents per one thousand feet. Hosea is depending for its gas on the great Danish Trust, which has a capitalized stock aggregating eighty million dollars. The real value of the plant is twenty millions, and the annual dividends amount to nine and one-half millions, or a profit of forty-five per cent on the investment. The people are compelled to pay ninety-five cents per one thousand feet. Chesman, with a municipal plant, provides gas at sixty cents per one thousand feet; and, besides lighting public buildings and streets and parks free, has a net profit of four hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars per annum, which is spent in making city improvements and reducing taxation.

"In 1842 Mungar bought her plant at ten million dol-

lars, and she supplies gas at fifty cents per nineteen hundred feet, and has an annual balance of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. She has, moreover, reduced the hours of labor for those employed in the gas works to an eight-hour day, and advanced the wages. Wogsol gives gas for sixty cents per one thousand feet, and makes an annual profit of three hundred thousand dollars. Whenever municipalities have purchased plants from private corporations, although at enormous prices, they have invariably and immediately reduced the cost to consumers from one dollar and twenty-five cents and one dollar and seventy-five cents to seventy-five and fifty cents. Desmon has gas at twenty-eight cents per one thousand feet, and the municipality has promised a reduction in the near future.

"The public health demands municipal ownership of the water-works, for nothing disseminates the germs of disease more rapidly and efficaciously than impure water. Is it wise to entrust the health of a community to a private company who will economize at the expense of its patrons? In many cities of Toadia the water-works are under the municipality, and, as compared with the private ownership of water supplies, statistics prove that millions of dollars, as well as scores of lives, have been saved by the adoption of this movement.

"The telephone, operated by municipalities, as in most of the cities of New Israel, shows that the vast cost of this convenience can be reduced at least one hundred per cent. The city of Smyral saves forty per cent by the ownership of the electric light; Gilead forty-nine per cent; Kerops sixty-two per cent, and Loman sixty-four per cent. These are four illustrations of four hundred that I could easily mention. National telegraph and telephone lines can furnish service five hundred per cent cheaper than the lines operated by private companies. And yet people will not open their eyes to see the truth! Why permit private corporations to rob you of millions annually? It is not a mystery that our country is filled with kings and beggars, and the chasm between the classes is growing wider and deeper with the succession of the seasons. Let the people of this country buy out the corporations, or

build other industries in the same line of business, in case the companies refuse to relinquish their claims to the empire of the nation's wealth and power.

"The only method of destroying the influence of the trusts is to establish government trusts, which can afford to undersell the private trusts, and the latter will vanish in a week. The trusts are beneficial to the nation when they give the benefit of their power to the consumer, for a mighty industry that fills every corner of the empire can diminish the cost of production and exchange. Millions can be saved by avoiding the necessity of competition, which involves useless expenditure of exertion in soliciting patronage. The dairyman is compelled to waste half of his time in seeking patrons for his produce. While he has only one customer in the extreme east part of the city, there is another in the extreme west, and the intervening space is occupied by a dozen competitors. If we had the government control of the milk supply, each wagon would have its territory, and there would be no necessity for competition, since each would furnish the same quantity of fluid at the same price. People would have no hesitancy about the purity of the article, since the government would have no motive for adulterating the milk. In every line of industry, the same advantages are apparent. The storekeeper would spend no money in advertising his groceries, as he is an agent of the government, and it is a matter of indifference to him whether you patronize his house or go down to the next corner. In fact, there would be no necessity for the multiplication of stores. One vast establishment would be sufficient to supply the demands of the entire city. The saving from a co-operative system of production and distribution, under the management of the government, would mount up to the billions, and this great sum, now uselessly expended, would go to the consumers and producers."

Some readers may doubt the authenticity of these figures, but they are verified by a comparison of private with government industries and enterprises here in America. In the report of 1890, Postmaster General Wanamaker said that an investment of one thousand dollars in 1858 in Western Union Stock should have received, up to that

time, stock dividends of more than fifty thousand dollars, and cash dividends of more than one hundred thousand dollars, or three hundred per cent each year. In England, when private companies had charge of the telegraph lines, a message cost sixty cents, and to-day, under national control, twelve words can be sent for twelve cents. In France and Belgium the government telegraph lines will send a message of ten words for ten cents. The street railways of Glasgow carry thirty per cent of the passengers for two cents, and yet it cleared four hundred thousand dollars in 1896. We cannot give these advantages to the public under the management of private companies, since we are compelled to pay in advanced rates large dividends on fictitious capital.

The street railway plant in Philadelphia cost thirty-six million dollars, and it is capitalized at one hundred and twenty millions. In Chicago the street railways cost thirty millions and they pay dividends on ninety million. In St. Louis the cost of the plant is ten millions, and it is capitalized at ninety millions. It is not surprising that the employes of that line went on a strike against the company.

General Meyer, city attorney of Cleveland, Ohio, in 1892, showed that one thousand dollars invested in the gas company of that city in 1850 would be worth twenty-four thousand dollars at that time, with six per cent dividends each year, or one hundred and forty-four per cent on the original investment. The Metropolitan Telephone Company in New York realized, in six years, the enormous sum of two million, eight hundred thousand dollars on an investment of six hundred thousand dollars. In 1885 it cleared one hundred and sixteen per cent; in 1886, one hundred and forty-seven per cent; in 1887, one hundred and forty-five per cent. Elgin, Illinois, paid a private company two hundred and forty-two dollars per annum for an arc light till midnight; and since 1890 the city owns and operates an electric plant, and now furnishes an arc light all night for eighty-five dollars. With a municipal ownership of electric plant, Detroit has reduced the cost per arc light from one hundred and thirty dollars to seventy-five dollars; Bangor, Maine, from one hundred and fifty dol-

lars to fifty-three dollars; Lewiston, Maine, from one hundred and eighty-two dollars to fifty-five dollars; Peabody, Massachusetts, from one hundred and eighty-five dollars to sixty-two dollars; Bay City, Michigan, from one hundred and ten dollars to fifty-eight dollars; Huntington, Indiana, from one hundred and forty-six dollars to fifty dollars; Bloomington, Illinois, from one hundred and eleven dollars to fifty-one dollars; Jacksonville, Florida, now pays, under municipal ownership, just three-fourths what was paid under private ownership.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Presidential election occurred in the autumn of 1860. The Protectionists embodied in their platform high tariff and imperialism; and the Liberals adopted the anti-trust and anti-imperialistic planks. The Social Democratic Party advocated the government ownership of all the means of production and distribution. The last party attempted to form an alliance with the Socialist Labor party, but the attempt was futile. The Union Reform party advocated the coalescence of all political organizations seeking to ameliorate the condition of the country, justly supporting its claim to the adherence of those animated with the pure spirit of reformation by appealing to the fact that the Initiative and Referendum would give every voter the opportunity of expressing his views on each issue.

In the late election the Protectionists polled six million; the Liberals, five million; the Social Democrats, one million; the Single Tax party, two hundred thousand; the Union Reform party, three hundred thousand; the Prohibitionists, one hundred thousand, and the Socialist Labor party, seven hundred thousand, and the Nationalists, one million, six hundred thousand. The last party had been in existence for several years. They advocated the

municipal ownership of public utilities, such as light, water, and street railways, and the national ownership of transportation, besides the adoption of direct legislation.

Many of the Socialists favored an alliance with the Nationalists, claiming that the advocates of the latter party were moderate in all their demands, and would enlist the support of a large class of voters who were opposed to the radical measures adopted in the platform of the Socialist party. "The farmers," wrote an exponent of the fusionists, "will oppose Socialism, for they will not abandon the rights of private ownership in land, and the farmers constitute a large percentage of the voters. Again, the small merchants, and other men engaged in private industries with a small amount of capital, imagine that Socialism means the annihilation of their means of subsistence. In a few years, the trusts will wipe out the small business man, and then he will become a Socialist. The Nationalist platform would immediately enlist in our cause a majority of voters, and place the party in power. Socialism will begin its reign by the municipal ownership of public utilities, and then it will proceed to nationalize the railroads. The trusts will come next, and, last of all, the land. Why not, then, limit our demands to those questions which will meet with the approval of the country at large? When the public see the advantages of Socialism in these lines, every step forward will meet with their approval. Socialism must come gradually, and it is deferring its triumph to adopt measures in our platform which cannot be realized for many years after its inauguration."

But all efforts to consolidate were useless. Politicians divided the forces of the reform parties, preferring their personal interests to the common weal. The time for fusion, they said, had not arrived, and each party, unwilling to make any advances, adopted an independent platform.

The next evening after the election, Lord Aran and Lord Uriah, who had come over to watch events, and Judge Tischendorf, were entertained at the stately residence of Ezichias Rosebergen.

"My Lord Aran," said the host, "we have conquered

again! Imperialism is now a settled question. It will never come up again."

"Yes," replied the nobleman, "your prophecies have been fulfilled. You have realized the dream of your ambition, so far; but the transition from imperialism to monarchy is rather perilous."

"O tut! tut! nonsense, my Lord! nothing could be more easy. The press will do it all. It has been faithful to its obligations, and won the first victory in the foundation of an empire; the second victory will be a recreation instead of a struggle. Now, the next step in this matter is to increase our army to two hundred thousand. Necessity requires this to conquer the Heronites. We will manage to bring home a hundred thousand about three years from the next inauguration, and then we will proclaim the eight-year term, and if there be any manifestation of rebellion, we will crush the movement in its incipency."

"That's it, crush it at once! Don't let the hounds have a word to say! Slaughter them like sheep! Tie them to the lamp-posts and lash them with scorpion whips! You people in Toadia are entirely too subservient to the opinions of the canaille. Ah! you would live a long time in the empire of Dan before you would see a Danish lord consulting the wishes of his minions."

"My Lord, we have been entirely too kind to our servants," said Rosenberger. "I have always advocated the subjection of the poor laboring people to bondage, and it will come to that yet in this country. What right have these illiterate boors to the use of the franchise?"

"Franchise?" exclaimed Aran. "I would franchise their backs with rawhides! The idea of a herd of swine dictating to intelligent people by using the ballot! Why, it will not be long, if this privilege is tolerated, before you will have a blacksmith for President."

"No danger of that, my Lord! We will conquer their ambition before the next election, and to-day eight years, you and my son-in-law, Lord Uriah, will be invited to the coronation of the first king of Toadia."

"That is capital!" remarked Lord Uriah. "How would it do to make me the first king?"

"That will come in a very short time after the coup-d'-etat, and either you, or Lord Aran, will be the King of Toadia yet. And I will be Duke of Engeddi, and we will find an earldom for Judge Tischendorf. Eh, Judge, how does that strike you?"

"Nothing could please me better, and I have no doubt of the accomplishment of your purposes," replied the Judge. "Although the Social Democrats registered one million votes at the election yesterday, and the Socialist Labor party seven hundred thousand, I can safely assert that their day is ended, and the members of those anarchistic organizations have cast their last ballot. The days of campaigns are over in Toadia, and we will live to see those turbulent bands of wretches chained to our doorposts and wearing the livery of slaves. We have succeeded so well in our intrigues that the hopes of retrogression are forever blasted. There is only one power in the Republic, and that is the money power, and before another lustrum, its potency will be unquestionable; it will be the only factor in the government of the land. Already we buy the legislatures and the national Congress and Senate. You see the yokels and clouts cannot distinguish between virtue and vice, and they always cast their votes for the men of the worst stripe, who are unable to resist the fascination of gold."

While this conference was taking place in Engeddi, there was a subject of a different nature being discussed at the Gehtheimer mansion in Deboreh. Lord Jesse had disappeared from the city, and it was ascertained that he had sailed on the steamship Bethlehem from Lidda with Mrs. Reisan. Benjamin Marx had called that evening on Miss Lucile, whom he had been wooing for some time. He was a bright, handsome young man from Sohonom, and had succeeded in winning the heart of the fair maid. He represented himself as the son of a wealthy gold miner, and although he was in every way worthy of the first family of Deboreh, yet Mrs. Gehtheimer strictly opposed his attentions to her daughter, as long as the Danish lord gave her hopes of a higher order. But now the nobleman had proved recreant to his promises, and seemed to be fascinated with the charms of Mrs. Reisan.

That lady's husband had never returned, and it was widely rumored that he had abandoned his wife because of her intimacy with the Danish aristocrat. It was generally supposed that he had clandestinely secured a divorce, and liberated his spouse from her nuptial vows. Before his departure he had left papers bequeathing her his property in Deboreh, including a factory, houses, real estate, bank and street railway stocks, amounting to more than five millions of dollars. Although the extent of his property was not known, it was generally presumed that since he had made such large bequests to his wife, that he had millions in other investments.

"Do you think Lord Jesse intends to marry Mrs. Reisan?" asked Benjamin Marx to Mrs. Gehtheimer.

"It is not necessary to marry her, as it is known to the people of this city that they have been married for several years, and as her husband was not an ardent advocate of polygamy, he simply resigned his rights to Lord Jesse."

"Where do you think they have gone?"

"Oh, I presume they are located in Dan, or perhaps on the continent of New Israel."

"I always esteemed Lord Jesse very high. In my mind, he was the pink of perfection."

"Well, Mr. Marx, I thought so once, but I have discovered since that he is a character of the vilest type."

"Why, you astonish me! I cannot comprehend your words. What has wrought this marvelous change in your estimation of the Danish nobleman?"

"There are stains on his life that would make the angels weep on their jasper thrones!" cried she. "The blood of the Savior, adored by the Christians, if He be the Son of the Most High, could not purify the crimsoned soul of Lord Jesse."

"You do not intend to say that this accomplished gentleman has tarnished his character with the effusion of human blood?" exclaimed the young man.

"Do you not know, Mr. Marx, that a web of mystery was woven around that man's career? He came among us a stranger, and the more I studied his character the more I felt convinced that some revelation of a startling nature would be made."

"Have you any information bearing on the subject?"

"I know enough to put Lord Jesse behind the prison bars. He made confidants of our family, and I do not wish to betray him; but when I learned these things, I discarded his friendship, and in his fears he left the country with that scarlet wretch."

"This is certainly news to me! I never dreamed that Lord Jesse was suspected of the slightest misdemeanor. What was the nature of the crime he committed, and where did he commit it?"

"I will answer those questions some time, perhaps, but not to-night."

Here the conversation ended, as Miss Lucille entered the drawing-room.

Moses Gilhooley and Abraham McGillicuddy and his father had gone down to Einstein's to spend a few hours. The two elderly gentlemen had taken great interest in the election; and they had come to Deboreh to congratulate Abraham on the growth of Socialism, as manifested in the large number of votes polled, and to encourage him in the work of reformation.

"Mr. Einstein, have you heard from your daughter since she left for Jonas?" inquired Moses Gilhooley.

"I received a letter from her last week. She had just arrived and was very well. She gave quite an interesting account of her voyage and her first impression of Jonas and the Jonites. They are certainly a noble race of people, and they are gallantly fighting against the mightiest power on the globe."

"How large is Jonas?"

"The entire population does not exceed four hundred thousand, and the army is about forty thousand."

"And yet they are engaged in war with a nation of two hundred and fifty millions, including her colonies; and as she has taxed the resources of all her dominions, we can truthfully state that Jonas is fighting the Danish Empire. How long will Miss Biddy remain in Jonas?"

"Till the war is over, if that be a period of twenty years. We are in sympathy with the young Republic, and we did not oppose her intention of going with the hospital corps, as it would divert her mind, which has been under

an awful strain since the tragic death of poor Isaac. Besides, Biddy had, from her earliest years, a penchant for charitable work, and this is an opportunity to exercise her native proclivities."

"She is a noble girl. When I first saw her, I remarked to Louise that Isaac had shown that he was a man of excellent merit when he had won the heart of such a maiden. May God bless her young life, and may she become the Judith of New Israel, and may she meet with some man who is worthy of her love."

"That will be impossible, Mr. Gilhooley. There are, in the world, many men worthy of Biddy, but the door of her heart is closed to the wiles of Cupid. Her affections are buried in Meron Cemetery, and moulder with the bones of Isaac Gilhooley."

The old man wept when reference was made to the grave of his son, and the tears trickled down the face of Mr. Einstein when he saw the venerable figure bow his head in sorrow.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Mr. Marx, have you read the latest issue of 'The Flaming Sword'?"

"No, I have not, Mr. Simon. Anything in it of a startling nature?"

"I cannot say that it contains any extraordinary statements; but you know that it always has something new and spicy, and each number seems to be more fascinating than the one preceding. Here is a copy of the paper and you may look over its columns. I wish to call your attention to the contribution on Socialism supported by scriptural and Christian doctrine."

"I shall read that letter, Mr. Simon, for I am anxious to see what argument McGillicuddy presents from the Bible to sustain the morality of Socialism," and un-

folding the paper, Marx read the article under the following headlines:

The doctrine of God compared with the doctrine of men. The Socialism of Israel and the wealth of the Gentiles. Let us choose between Jesus and Caesar.

There are many ministers of the Church, both ancient and modern, who have lent the weight of their authority to cause of humanity; but there are hosts of divines who worship at the altar of Mammon, and daily prostitute their genius and are willing to sacrifice their lives to maintain the pretensions of the strong and the mighty against the cry of the poor and the oppressed.

Rev. Aaron Nicholson, in his sermon last Sunday, stated that Socialism was immoral and iniquitous, and as civilized and religious people we should exterminate this unholy doctrine, and purify the land of the presence of those who have filled it with the fires of revolution and the germs of corruption. I wish to call the attention of the public to the attitude assumed by Aaron Nicholson in reference to the Single Tax many years ago, when he uttered the same opinion through the columns of the Meron Ledger, as he expressed in his recent sermon. Isaac Gilhooley was then a student at the University of Meron, and the public know how the young athlete exposed the pretentious preacher in the field of intellectual gymnastics. Mr. Nicholson proved to the whole world that he was a mental pygmy, and the veriest tyro in the school of political economy. He made several vain attempts to shield himself from the shafts of logic clothed in caustic irony, but Gilhooley followed the philosopher of the Island City through all his protean transformations.

I recall those sallies of humor poured forth on the head of the clerical bumpkin. "The wiseacre from the Ammonitic waves has donned the hues of the chameleon. The end has come, the end that never had a beginning. My opponent has fled in disgrace from the bloody arena, and now he pleads like a whimpering babe for the palm of victory. I should have had profound respect for his character had he acknowledged, with the humility of our ancient sire, 'Lord, I was afraid, because I was naked, and hid myself.'" A man endowed with ideas of common

decency would not hazard his reputation for learning by expressing his views on a question of which he has not the slightest knowledge. If ignorance be the object of Rabbi Nicholson's ambition, he could never graduate more honorably than at the present time.

We love the grand old church of the patriarchs, an institution that has seen the rise and fall of every empire in the world, an institution that traces its origin back to the days when the Pharaohs ruled on the shores of the Nile, when Assyria was queen of the Orient, when Nineveh and Babylon adorned the streams of Paradise. I love that grand old empire, for it was the creed of my maternal ancestors. Its teachings have been transmitted through all the centuries, and penetrated every region of the earth. As we learned from the histories brought to this country by the passengers of the Rochelle, the sons of Judah have controlled the finance and commerce of all Christian nations, and we, on this side of the Black Ocean, have established a score of mighty empires which have surpassed every power in either the old or new world, in ancient or modern times.

I also love the Church of the Messiah, for my paternal ancestors were rocked in the cradle of Christianity, and lived in the shadow of the altar. I have read the history of that church, and I have been enchanted with the glory of her triumphs. Hail, glorious Church! Thy conquests are written in every city and town, every village and hamlet, from the Gulf of Bothnia to the shores of the Bosphorus. Thy achievements are displayed in the ruins of pagan shrines and the transformation of heathen temples. Thy history is inscribed on the rocks of the Pyrenees, on the crags of the Apennines, on the summit of the Balkans, on the peaks of the Alps, on the stones of Venice and the hills of Rome, on the walls of Genoa and the gates of Florence. Hail, glorious Church! Thy victories are manifested in the Museums of London and Edinburgh, Paris and Munich, Brussels and Vienna; in the universities of Freiburg and Innsbruck, Siena and Perugia, Oxford and Cambridge; in the galleries, schools and libraries of Italy and Spain, France and Germany, Holland and Belgium. Hail, glorious Church! The triumphs of

thy march are seen on the shores of the Rhine and the Seine, the Reuss and the Rhone, the Elbe and the Danube; and the story of thy splendor is sung by the rippling waves of the Vistula and the Volga, the Oder and the Meuse, the Tagus and the Elro. Hail, glorious Church! The shadow of thy glory rests on all the lakes and on all the bays, on all the mountains and on all the vales, on all the forests and on all the moors of Christian Europe.

The hills of Israel were consecrated by the voice of God, and hallowed by the footsteps of angels. I love to wander in fancy's glorious flight along the valley of the Jordan, amidst the vineyards of Engeddi, and over the plains of Jericho. I love to visit the city that fell into a heap of ruins at the magic sound of the trumpet. I love to linger amid the olive groves of Palestine, and pluck the wild thyme from the banks that guarded her limpid streams. I love to listen to the doleful music of the Dead Sea, where Jehovah burned the iniquities of a degenerate people, and rescued Lot and his family from the flames of His wrath. I love to kiss the tombs of the patriarchs, and venerate the ashes of the prophets. I love to behold Sharon rejoicing in her wealth of golden grain and watch the herds grazing on her verdant slopes.

In my ardent admiration for Israelism, the religion of prophecies and promises, and Christianity, the realization of all the dreams of the ancient seers, whose glories respond to the sighs of the good and great men of every age, since the bridal pair were banished from the shady groves and babbling brooks of Eden; in my admiration for the faith of Jew and Gentile, I will not permit the revelations of the Most High, treasured up in Church and Synagogue, to be distorted and perverted by an ignorant clergyman.

Nicholson is a blind man leading the blind. He aspersed the snowy brow of justice, and his blasphemous utterances have defiled the temple of sanctity. Although the Ancient Testament does not denounce wealth as an essential evil, it everywhere speaks against its possession as an obstacle to the growth of holiness. The wisest king that ever ruled in the Promised Land says, "How long will fools covet those things which are hurtful to themselves.

He that trusteth in his riches shall fail." Prov. i., 11. "A covetous man shall not be satisfied with money." Eccls. v. "The eye of the covetous man is insatiable in his portions of iniquity." Eccli. xiv. "He that seeketh to be enriched, turneth away his eye." Ibid. xxvii. "For the iniquity of his coveteousness I was angry." Isa. lxix. "I spoke to thee in thy prosperity, and thou saidst I will not hear." Jerem. xxii. These are a few illustrations taken from the writings of Israel's great prophets who stood on the lofty summit of vision and beheld the throne of love and justice where the angels of God dwell together as the brothers of the same household.

Why did the teachers of the chosen people warn them against the perils of wealth? Because the amassment of wealth corrupts the seat of affection, begets avarice, banishes charity from the human heart and dethrones God from the empire of the human soul. Place a person in the school of pugilism and he will develop his muscular power that he may excel in fistic encounters: Place him with the roving Scythians, and he will become an archer. Make eloquence the standard of great souls, and every man will study the art of swaying the thoughts and opinions of the multitudes by the charms of rhetoric and the grace of speech. So if you make money or wealth the key to power, we will strive to possess treasures of gold.

This ambition produces another direful effect. As wealth becomes the magic wand of power in the world, poverty becomes a mark of reproach. Men shrink from poverty for two reasons. First it is the cause of sorrow and agonies that tax the endurance of the strongest character. Hence they fear it and endeavor to avoid its presence by the employment of every means. If they are not endowed with deep religious sentiments, they will trample on the moral law in their attempt to flee from the shadow of want and hunger. This is why our land is filled with dishonesty. This is why our jails have been built, and our scaffolds have been erected. This has introduced the haunts of vice into our cities, where the maiden blush of purity is sacrificed on the altar of lust. Would these fair young damsels sell their virtue to the rouses of this shameless and licentious age, were they not driven by the pangs

of hunger to seek refuge in the temple of Venus? The matrons of our land complain of the marital infidelity of their husbands. If they would use their influence in the economic reformation of the country, no brothels would tarnish the purity of our great cities, and the homes of our people would be crowned with domestic bliss, and the firesides of the family would be consecrated by the love of husband and wife, and the devotion of sons and daughters. You never can reform the morals of an age, until you descend to the root of the evil, and eradicate the cause that has wrecked millions of lives, and disintegrated thousands of families.

When men have succeeded in accumulating a competency, they feel their independence, and realize the influence they wield in society. They at once entertain the dream of dominating the classes by the charm of their possessions, and onward they march in pursuit of the goddess of fortune, through all the avenues of life, trampling every noble impulse of human nature under their feet when it cries out against their injustice, silencing the voice of conscience, closing their ears to the wails of widows and orphans created by their relentless march of iniquity from the altar of God to the throne of Mammon.

The Crucified King relentlessly scores the accumulation of wealth as a source of evil. 'For where thy treasure is, there is thy heart, also. No man can serve two masters, for he will either hate the one and love the other, or he will hold to the one and despise the other.' Math. vi., 21. But the disciples of the Nazarene reply to this passage by stating that it is only the inordinate desire for wealth that is condemned by the Founder of Christianity. I answer the assertion by saying that there is always an inordinate desire of wealth, when its possessor revels in luxury while millions of willing workers are starving for bread. If you loved God, you could not devote your life to the acquisition of wealth. You would expend the energies of mind and body in the elevation of humanity. You would be found in the cabin and the shanty, administering to those who are victimized by our social maladjustments.

Again Jesus said to his disciples: "Amen, I say to you that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom

of heaven.' And again, 'I say to you: It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Math. xix., 23. These quotations are sufficient to prove that Christ condemned riches as the source of all evil. Yet His disciples to-day claim that it is the foundation of all blessings. You may steal, rob and murder; you may malign your neighbor and asperse the virgin brow of innocence; but if you have money, your iniquities are covered with the laurel wreath. The primitive Church of Christianity, inspired by the example of the Man of Sorrows, trampled on the allurements of wealth, and everywhere proclaimed the gospel of love and equality. The Roman senator and the Roman soldier, the Roman matron and the Roman noble, when once purified in the flood of regeneration, and dressed in the white robe of baptismal innocence, distributed their goods to feed the poor and to cover the naked.

"'Take heed and beware of all covetousness,' says Christ, 'for a man's life doth not consist in the abundance of things which he possesseth.' Luke xii., 15. 'For they who would become rich fall into temptation, and into the snare of the devil and into many unprofitable and hurtful desires, which draw men into destruction and perdition.' Tim. vi., 10. And yet men will expose themselves to these terrible temptations, these awful crimes, and the Church sanctions their actions. The lover of wealth rides through the blood of the millions to the temple of Mammon. The young man in the Gospel had kept the commandments from his youth, and yet Jesus says that there is another condition for salvation. He must distribute his goods to the poor.

The early Fathers of Christianity taught Socialism as the doctrine of their Founder, and the primitive Church was a communism. The saints of old had no private property. 'All is common with us, except women,' says Tertullain. 'We carry on us all we possess, and share everything with the poor,' writes Justin. 'The soil was given to the rich and the poor,' says Ambrose. 'Wherefore, O ye rich! do you unjustly claim it for yourselves alone? Nature gave all things in common for the use of all. Usurpation created private right.' 'Behold,'

says St. John Chrysostom, 'the idea we have of the rich and covetous: they are truly as robbers who, standing in the public highway, despoil the passerby; they convert their chambers into caverns in which they bury the goods of others.' 'It is no great thing,' writes St. Gregory the Great, 'not to rob others of their belongings, and in vain do they think themselves innocent who appropriate to their own use those things which God gave in common. By not giving to others that which they themselves received, they become homicides and murderers, inasmuch as keeping for themselves those things which would have alleviated the sufferings of the poor, we may say that they every day cause the death of as many persons as they might have fed and did not. When, therefore, we offer the means of living to the indigent, we do not give them anything of ours, but that which of right belongs to them. It is less a work of mercy we perform than the payment of a debt.'

" 'Unhappy ones that you are,' says St. Basil, addressing the rich. 'What answer will you make to the great Judge? You cover with tapestry the bareness of your walls, and do not clothe the nakedness of men. You adorn your steeds with rich and costly trappings, and despise your brother who is in rags. You allow the corn in your granaries to rot; or be eaten up by vermin, and you deign not to cast a glance on those who have no bread. You hoard your wealth, and deign not to look on those who are worn and oppressed by necessity. You will say to me: 'What wrong do I commit if I hoard that which is mine?' And I ask you, 'Which are the things which you think belong to you? From whom did you receive them? You act like a man, who, being in a theater and having seized upon the place that others might have taken, seeks to prevent every one else from entering, applying to his own use that which should be for the use of all. And thus it is with the rich, who, having been the first to obtain possession of those things which should be common to all, appropriate them to themselves, and retain them in their possession; for if each one took only that which is necessary for his subsistence, and gave the rest to the indigent, there would be neither rich nor poor.'

St. John Chrysostom said to the wealthy and luxurious people of Antioch and Constantinople: 'You received your fortunes by inheritance; so be it. Therefore you have not sinned personally, but how know you that you may not be enjoying the fruits of theft and crimes committed before you.' This renowned saint and scholar could not conceive the idea that vast fortunes could be amassed without fraud or robbery, and his views were perfectly correct. Wealth is the result of toil. An article belongs to me in virtue of the fact that it is a creation of my labor. There is no other basis of property. Now, if a man emerges in one generation from a state of mendicancy to the exalted rank of a money king, owning millions of dollars, he has certainly appropriated the earnings of other people.

It was this conception of justice, this idea of economics, that all wealth is the result of labor expending its energies on natural resources and developing the hidden treasures of the earth, that inspired the utterances of the prophets of the Ancient Testament, and the warnings of Christ in the New Law. It was this knowledge that actuated the early Fathers in their denunciations of wealth. The Fathers did not condemn wealth in itself, but they knew, as St. John Chrysostom has said, that vast wealth could only be accumulated by fraud and monopoly and usury, and hence they condemned that which came not honestly into existence.

Jacob Nehias began the struggle of life without a dollar, and he possessed two hundred millions when he died. Had he earned four dollars per day, it would have taken him fifty million days, or one hundred and sixty thousand years to accumulate that fortune. If Adam, the father of the human race, beginning life six thousand years ago, had continued on earth through all ages, and had saved thirty thousand dollars every year, he would have to live six hundred years more before his wealth would equal the sum left by Jacob Nehias. Rossheim's annual income is thirty million dollars, equal to the sum paid to all the crowned heads of New Israel. Did these men honestly accumulate these fortunes? No, they stole them.

"They say to me," said Chrysostom, 'will thou never

cease from speaking ill of the rich? Still more anathemas against the rich! And I answer, Still your hardness against the poor.' The wealthy men of those days, like the millionaires of our own age, replied to these strictures of the golden-tongued orator from the shores of the Bosphorus, 'The poor deserve their lot. They are idlers who do not even wish to work; noxious parasites, whom it would be better to do away with. Some of them are simply beggars who speculate on people's kindness of heart. No, God does not love the poor, for if He loved them He would remedy their misery.' To these animadversions, the excellent prelate replied: 'You say that the poor do not work, but do you work yourselves? Do you not enjoy in idleness the goods you have unjustly inherited? Do you not exhaust others with labor, while you enjoy, in indolence, the fruit of their misery?'

St. Jerome says that 'opulence is always the result of theft, if not committed by the actual possessor, then by his predecessors.

"Thus taught nearly all of the Fathers of the early centuries, and the great Church of Jesus Christ, in the purest ages of its existence, was a socialistic government. Aaron Nicholson has exposed his stupidity by speaking on a question of which he is totally ignorant, but on which he should be informed, for it is a question of ecclesiastical history."

Some people say that wealth is the incentive to exertion; but history contradicts this opinion. It was not wealth that inspired Leonidas and his three hundred Spartan heroes to sacrifice their lives in the Pass of Thermopylae. It was not wealth that nerved the heart of Miltiades to hurl back the Persian hosts from the plains of Marathon. It was not wealth that animated the Gallic legions at Tours to mow down the swarthy sons of the desert, and encircle the sword of Martel with a halo of glory. The sword of the Castilian deep-dyed the fertile plains of Andalusia with the blood of the Moor, tore down the Crescent from the heights of Granada, and erected the Cross on the towers of the Alhambra. But it was not gold that inspired the conquering heroes. Rhodes shall live in the memory of all generations for the magnanimity of the

valiant Knights who repulsed the Ottoman hosts, and the name of Hunniades is eternally interwoven with the triumph of Belgrade. But the heroism of the Christian soldiers was not inspired by the promise of wealth.

It was not wealth that encouraged the patriotic peasants to meet and crush the Austrian legions in the mountain passes of Switzerland, and raise the flag of freedom above the snow-capped summits of the Alps. It was not wealth that consecrated Busceneth with the blood of Wallace and hallowed Bannockburn with the victory of Bruce, who drove the invader back beyond the Cheviot Hills. It was not wealth that inspired the Saxon earls to meet the tyrant at Runnymede and extort from him the Magna Charta, the foundation of English liberty. It was not wealth that created the Maid of Orleans, who went forth on her white charger, waving the banner of France, to defeat the leopards on the Loire, and place the diadem on the royal brow. It was not wealth that inspired Demosthenes, who electrified the statesmen of Greece with his oratory. It was not wealth that created Petrarch and Tasso, Milton and Shakspeare. It was not wealth that inspired the brush of Raphael and the chisel of Angelo.

Let us appeal to the noblest passion of the heart to stimulate the human race to great and glorious feats. Let us appeal to love and philanthropy. Love was infused into the human soul with the breath of God, and it has created every oasis in the wilderness of life. It created the martyrs of the Coliseum and glorified the catacombs with incense and song and sacrifice. It filled the desert with the sighs and tears and prayers and praise of the anchorites. It brought hosts of youthful souls to the somber shades of the monastery, and buried hope and beauty in the solitude of the convent. It created an asylum amidst the horrors of the Alpine snows. It blessed the world with the angel of charity, who moved among the dead and dying on the battlefield, stanching the wounds of the fallen hero, and consoled his last moments with words of hope in the reality of a kingdom beyond the empire of the glittering stars. It sent missionaries over oceans and continents to bring the glad tidings of salvation to the

wildest haunts of men, and enfold benighted nations in the arms of God.

The ambitions of men are as diverse as their characters. Solomon prayed for wisdom, and considered it the greatest blessings that man could enjoy. Caesar would have sacrificed all the wealth in the world to be the first man in Rome. Demosthenes devoted his life to the study of oratory that he might win laurels in the councils of Grecian statesmen. Alexander wept when he heard of Philip's victory, saying, "My father will conquer the world and leave nothing for me to accomplish." Peter of Russia toiled as an artisan in the factories of Holland to acquire knowledge that might advance the interests of his people. Alfred the Great lived in poverty and obscurity many years, that he might finally come forth from his retreat and liberate his country from foreign bondage.

The greatest men in the world have braved poverty, that they might leave the legacy of genius to rising generations. Xylander Tasso, Ariosto, Bentivoglio, Du Ryer Vaugelas, Racine, Boileau, Dryden, Purchas, Marquis of Worcester, Rushworth, Rymer, Simon Ockley, Edmund Spenser, Cervantes, Camoens, Castel, Milton and Goldsmith, were men who felt the pangs of poverty. Money did not create Marco Polo, Galileo, Newton, Gutenberg, Homer, Virgil, Dante and Petrarch. But the capitalist says that these were merely a handful, and I reply that this handful have made the brightest page in the history of the world.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I see that 'The Flaming Sword' contains an account of Moses Gilhooley's book," remarked Mr. Einstein to Abraham McGillicuddy.

"Yes," replied the editor. "He promised the report to 'The Standard,' but when he became aware of the fact that his son had been connected with 'The Flaming Sword'

he requested 'The Standard' to release him from his obligation, which was courteously conceded."

"Have you a copy of the journal with you?" asked Mr. Einstein.

"Yes, but have you not read the account?"

"No, I merely saw it mentioned this morning in the 'Herald' that this week's issue of 'The Sword' contained the long expected information of the trial of Moses Gilhooley for heresy and treason before the Kurush Sanhedrim."

"Well, here is a copy of the paper. Take your time and read every line of the trial. It is a fit exemplification of oriental despotism and barbarism."

Mr. Einstein bowed courteously and began to read the article, which was given a prominent place on the first page, and prefaced with glaring headlines.

"Gilhooley in the Lion's Den. Men must not think under the penalty of scorpion's whips in this world, and eternal reprobation in the next. The Confederate chief finds a race of people who furnish the missing link between man and the ape. The Kurushan is half wolf, half bear, half man and half alligator, and the four halves make a respectable cross between a chimpanzee and a gibbon, a first cousin of the gorilla and a step-uncle of the baboon.

"It was the feast of the transmigration," wrote Gilhooley, "commemorating their departure from Babylonian captivity, that the seventy elders assembled in the hall of judgment, to hear the evidence in the case of the rebellious foreigner who had dared to publish his thoughts without the permission of the official censor of the empire. I was brought from the dark dungeon, where I had languished for several weeks, and taken before the venerable body distinguished for their long beards, flowing robes and empty heads.

"The first charge was read by the secretary. 'One Moses Gilhooley from the land of Toadia hath invaded our country, and hath presumed to ignore our sacred traditions and doctrines, by promulgating independent ideas which are not found in any of our learned books; and the said Gilhooley rashly undertook to publish these ideas without the consent of the elders or the King or the cen-

sor.' The chief of the Elders said: 'Venerable brethren, this is an offense which deserves one year in solitary confinement.' 'We agree with you, Most Holy Chief.' The second charge was read: 'The said Gilhooley predicted the end of the world, and has vainly attempted to substantiate his opinion by quotations from Christian writers.' 'How dare you express such thoughts when you should have known that the Sanhedrim has long ago decided that the empire of Kurush shall be eternal? For this offense you shall be led by a halter through the market square on the Sabbath day, when the multitude shall be assembled to behold your humiliation. What is the next charge?' 'We find in his book the statement that Christianity reigned amidst the altars of Judaism, as if Judaism had any altars. We regard this as the recognition of the divinity of the Jewish religion.' 'Do you not know,' said the Chief, 'that all divine blessings were withdrawn from Judah, and given to Israel at the time of the separation of the two kingdoms? God accepts the sacrifice of no other people but the Hebrew nation.'

" 'But in that expression I simply employed a figure of rhetoric,' I said in my justification. 'Yes, and for your impertinence we shall imprint a few figures on your naked back with the sting of the whip. Figures of rhetoric, indeed! Who authorized you to employ figures? The next charge?' 'He claims that the kingdom of God is not yet perfect in its organization.' Here I interposed to explain my meaning, but was immediately silenced by the Chief, who added another year to my punishment, and his brethren all exclaimed, 'Amen.' 'The next charge?' said the Chief. 'He said that the most erudite Scriptural scholars of the first ages of Christianity believed in the ultimate restoration of God's supremacy in the human heart.' 'One year in solitary confinement.'

" 'He claims that there are many forms of religion, and, therefore, indirectly denies the exclusive right of the Hebrew faith to the allegiance of all mankind.' 'I do not intend to admit the divine origin of sectarian denominations,' I said, 'but merely spoke of them as heretical scions of the true Church.'

" 'We cannot accept your apology, Mr. Gilhooley,'

said the Chief. 'You shall get two years imprisonment for your temerity.' And the Elders confirmed the sentence by saying, 'Amen!'

"'He has taught that there should be no union between Church and State.' 'One year's imprisonment.' 'Amen,' said the Elders. 'Next charge?'

"'In times past there were vices among the Rabbis and the faithful, and many abuses were permitted by the Synagogue, resulting in a large measure from the union of ecclesiastical and secular power.' 'Two years' imprisonment.' 'Amen,' said the Elders. 'Next charge?' said the Chief.

"'He has quoted the works of Luke Halheim, the Simeonitic atheist, who says that the rebellion of the Israelitic sects against the Hebrew faith called the attention of the Elders to the depraved condition of morality, and thus the ancient creed was purified and renovated.' 'It is impossible to purify the work of God which is essentially perfect. One year on bread and water.' 'Amen!' exclaimed the court. 'Next charge?' said the Chief.

"'In distant centuries, when education was limited and ignorance and superstition were prevalent, many Hebrew writers were intolerant.' 'Five years in the chain-gang!' 'Amen!' 'Read on!' said the Chief.

"'People educated in the national creed and unacquainted with other denominations, think that there is no salvation beyond the pale of the Synagogue.'

"'I presume, then, Mr. Gilhooley,' said the Chief, 'that if these people were familiar with the sects, they would see that salvation is not confined to the adherents of that venerable institution hallowed by the visions of the prophets?'

"'No, Rabbi, that is not my meaning. I merely intended to assert that God will pardon the crime of those in a state of invincible ignorance, and when the children of the divine creed comprehend the possibility of honest error, they are willing to admit the sincerity of dissentients, and do not persecute them for wilful malice or perversity.'

"'The heretic cannot plead invincible ignorance in palliation of his crimes, for God gives His light to all. But the children of wrath close their eyes to the divine efful-

gence, and they must be whipped into submission; and by means of the lash we shall convince you of the ways of truth and justice. One hundred stripes with the knout.' 'Amen!' 'Read on,' said the Chief.

" 'Intolerance has been practiced in every part of the world; but we must not condemn religion for the crimes of its adherents. God never taught persecution. Bigotry is the child of ignorance, and when the nations are more enlightened, all people will dwell together in love and harmony.' 'Holy Moses!' cried the Elders, 'do you hear that blasphemy? Can God and Satan inhabit the same land? It was no wonder our army was defeated at Killuk by the Karmites, for God wished to punish us for harboring a son of Belial in our realm. What sayst thou, O most holy and renowned Chief?'

" 'Five years more in the chain-gang, with a monthly administration of the knout, not exceeding forty lashes each time.'

" 'Hail glorious Chief! Thou art the defender of our ancient creed, consecrated by the breath of ages, hallowed by the reverence of one hundred generations.'

" 'Read the next charge,' said the High Priest.

" 'The synagogue consists of a human and divine element.'

" 'Hearest thou the blasphemy, thou spawn of hell! thou Christian dog! thou viper who has poisoned the atmosphere of Kurush with thy iniquities? What sayest thou to this charge?'

" 'I replied that I accepted the divine institution of religion, 'but God had chosen men as His ministers, and in that respect the synagogue has a human character.'

" 'Thou infamous wretch! God lives in the synagogue, and the Holy of Holies is sanctified by the shadow of the Most High, and guarded by the wings of angels. For this offense you shall be sent for five years to the frozen streams of Rebia, where your naked back shall be kept warm by the scourge of the warden. Next charge.'

" 'The Israelitic denominations have begotten some of the brightest minds in history.'

" 'Five years of penal servitude. Next charge.'

" 'Israelism and Hebrewism have vied with each other in every department of lore.'

" 'Israelism is the school of demoniacal erudition. Five years more in the chain-gang. Next charge.'

" 'The Bible should not be taught in the national schools.'

" 'Five years more in the chain-gang. Next charge.'

" 'The king should not interfere with ecclesiastical appointments, and the laity should be allowed to elect their Rabbis.'

" 'Five years more in the chain-gang.'

" 'Hebrewism is the oldest form of religion.'

" 'It is the only form of religion,' said the Chief. 'One year more for that offense,' and to that sentence the Elders said, 'Amen!'

" 'Next charge?' asked the Chief.

" 'The Rabbis should be less avaricious, less luxurious, and more zealous for the salvation of souls.'

" 'O ye holy prophets!' exclaimed the Chief. 'Ye angels of God, who look down from your starry thrones upon the children of men, why do ye not show your displeasure with this reprobate by cutting off the hand that penned that blasphemy! Why do ye not pour out the wrath of heaven on this guilty soul, as the fire of vengeance once consumed the iniquities of Sodom and Gomorrah! How long, O Lord, how long shall our patience be abused! Thou hast called us to the sanctuary, and Holy of Holies, Thou hast chosen us, the sons of Levi, among all the tribes of Israel, and all the nations of the earth. Thou didst come down from heaven to give us orders how to make sacerdotal robes, and the sacred vessels. Thou ever watchest over us during the light of day and the silent somber depths of the night; Thy angels ever cast the shadow of their wings upon us, and the glory of Thy countenance ever beams upon our way, and leads us into the path of truth and justice. Our words are formed by Thy holy inspiration, and our acts are ordained by the fiats of heaven. Hear, O God, the blasphemer who comes from a foreign land to inveigh against our sanctity and our authority. Wilt Thou not wave the sword of vengeance against his guilty head? Wilt Thou, O Lord,

not show Thy power by opening the earth and swallowing this wretch down to hell as Thou didst punish Core, Dathan and Abiron? If Thou wilt not, then it is a sign that Thou leavest Thy judgment to the venerable Elders of the Sanhedrim. Gilhooley shall be tied to the portals of the synagogue from sunrise to sunset on the following Sabbath, and the crime shall be published from every housetop, and every faithful child of Abraham shall be requested to use the lash on the culprit, according to the measure of his deserts? Next charge?

"He has criticized the morality of all nations, and made no exception of the people of Kurush."

"One year more in the chain-gang. Next charge?"

"He has advocated Socialism."

"Ten years more in the chain-gang. Next charge?"

"He has expressed his belief in the doctrine of evolution."

"Evolution? My God! kill the wretch!" exclaimed the Elders. "No," said the Chief, "give him a slow death in the penal colony. Ten years more in the chain-gang. Next charge?"

"That is all, most holy Chief!"

"Is that all? Well, that is enough to damn a regiment of soldiers. Read the sentence to the council." The secretary said: "Most exalted Ruler of the Hebrew faith, and sublime and holy Chief of the Synagogue, I find that the verdict passed by your Highness, with the consent of the Sanhedrim, and the authority of the Royal Monarch, is sixty-five years of penal servitude, besides various scourgings at various times and places."

"Then the Chief arose and addressed the council. 'Venerable brethren, as this obscure wretch will not live sixty-five years, we will make his sentence a life term in the chain-gang, and give the warden strict orders to scourge him well and frequently.' The Elders cried, 'Amen!'"

The trial being completed, I was taken back to the dreary dungeon, and the next day was chained to a fellow convict, and started on my pilgrimage to the penal colony."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On the 20th of April, 1862, "The Flaming Sword" contained a lengthy discussion on the principles of freedom in the government of nations.

Man is endowed with will, memory and understanding. This triple power renders him akin to the divine spark, and adorns him with the blessed gift of immortality. Animate nature is governed by immutable laws, in virtue of which the globes roll on in their orbits age after age, and there is not one discordant movement in "the eternal dances of the skies." Irrational creation is ruled by instinct, which enables the thoughtless beast to provide for his necessities and prolong his existence. But man is master of his actions, and can choose between good and evil. God promulgated his revelations and gave man the power of accepting or rejecting his laws, with the promise of eternal bliss or everlasting woe.

In the savage state man obeyed the laws of nature, and his actions were not trammled by positive enactments. Everybody was his own defender. In organized society, the individual relinquishes some of his rights for the acquisition of others. The government affords him protection, and in compensation for this benefit, the individual gives his allegiance and support to the government.

That is the best form of government which gives its members the greatest liberty and the greatest security. Since society is an aggregation of individuals, it follows that government cannot have any power not possessed collectively by its members. Therefore the authority of law comes from the will of the people. A despotism is a form of government, in which the ruler acquires his power from conquest, inheritance or some other way than through the will of the people governed. A republican form of government is one in which the people make laws through their representatives. A Socialistic form of gov-

ernment is one in which the people make their laws directly.

It is only when the people suffer from the loss of their rights that they rebel against the usurper and demand legislative amelioration. In the history of the world we have many examples of tyranny, and the people, goaded to desperation by oppressive measures, have wielded the power which nature gave them, and driven the despot from his throne. But it was not long before the new sovereign, feeling the independence of his position, followed the example of the dethroned monarch, and became a despot of the deepest dye. Then, after centuries of misrule, the people endeavored to correct the evils by changing the system, and thus was instituted the representative government. Our fathers threw off the Danish yoke, and erected the temple of republican freedom, and enthroned the goddess of liberty. They thought they had achieved the grandest victory in the history of the world. But time has revealed the vanity of their dreams.

We have not emancipated ourselves from the power of despotism, but have simply asserted the right to choose our masters. If our ruler is unjust, we can dethrone him at the expiration of his term, and elect another in his stead, who is independent the moment we clothe him with legislative authority. We have the right to elect the members of Congress, but the State Legislature reserves the power of electing the members of the national Senate. The people are supposed to be too ignorant to cast their votes in the election of those who fill the Upper House, but at the same time their intelligence is supposed to be sufficient to reveal their deficiency.

Again, the voters do not elect the President, but merely the electoral college. But the majority of electors does not represent the majority of voters, and we have several cases in the history of Toadia where those polling a much larger popular vote were defeated in the electoral vote. The fathers of the Republic never dreamed of giving complete control of the nation to the people. The foundation of our government was a compromise between the growing sentiment of freedom, which created the revolution, and the monarchical idea of New Israel, whose

authority and institutions we had disowned. Political parties in the empire of Toadia was the development on the part of the people to have direct control of national as well as state legislation. Each party framed a platform, and by voting for that party the people thought that they were emphasizing their voice on the measures adopted in that platform. The history of this country has clearly proved that we cannot rely on the fidelity of the promises made by the party in its campaign for national supremacy in governmental affairs.

I will offer a few illustrations of political infidelity and prostitution. The Congress of 1848 was elected on the issue of restoring the coinage of silver according to the basis existing previously to the year 1834; and instead of keeping its vow, it enacted the Blondmeyer Bill, providing for a more extensive circulation of the white metal. The Congress of 1852 was elected on the promise of remonetization of silver, and it refused to discharge its obligations to the public, and passed the Simon Compromise Bill. The Congress of 1854 was elected on the issue of the unlimited coinage of silver, and when once it was in power it was bribed by the money kings and repealed the only clause that favored the wishes of the people. This same Congress was elected on the platform declaring tariff a robbery, and pledging its service to demolish the wall of protection which had been created to despoil the many for the aggrandizement of the few, and as soon as the session opened the members sent for the representatives of the largest manufacturing establishments in Toadia, and asked them how much protection they wanted.

What is the cause of the failure to secure legislation in harmony with the platform upon which the members of Congress are elected, when it is in the power of that Congress to grant the relief promised in the convention and the campaign? The cause is easily sought. When a member of Congress is elected, his constituency has no further power over his actions in public affairs. The agents of the railroads, the manufacturers, and other vast corporations, are deputed to take their place in the lobby of the national capitol, and secure the passage of laws that will advance their interests. What is a million of dollars

to a gigantic enterprise that realizes an annual profit of a hundred million? Yet this million is a potent agency in the halls of Congress. The emissary approaches the public functionary and offers him ten thousand dollars for his vote. The official will look at the money and the possibility of re-election, and he will thus soliloquize: "I may be elected, even if I take this bribe, and I may not be elected if I refuse; but in any case one bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" and thus he sacrifices the interests of his constituency on the altar of Mammon.

The best way to make a man honest is to remove temptation from his path. If there were no one to offer the bribe, there would be no one to accept it, and when the nation has direct control of legislation, it will be impossible to bribe the voters, for their number is so great that no corporation could afford to buy them; and, besides, each one is looking for his individual interest, and will not sell his vote unless he can get as much for it as the advantages that would accrue to him from the passage of the law which he advocates. Again, with our secret ballot, the voter can take the bribe, and yet be at freedom when the question is submitted to the public. Some one may say, in answer to this statement, that no honorable man would refuse to vote according to the will of the person who had purchased his vote. I reply to this observation that no honorable man would sell his vote, and, when we are dealing with dishonorable men, we must judge of their actions in certain cases, not according to the standard of moral rectitude, but we must presume that they will disregard the dictates of conscience, and frame their conduct in harmony with their personal interests.

In an infant nation, or in a country of limited dimensions and a small population, the interests of the people do not involve great and diverse problems; and the voters usually find their opinions embodied in the platform of one of the political parties. When there is only one question, each party will either espouse the affirmative or negative side of this question; and the people can express their opinion by voting for the party which defends their views, and if the representatives are faithful in the dis-

charge of their obligations, there will be no difficulty. We will presume, for the sake of illustration, that the Liberals declare in favor of free trade, and the Protectionists for high tariff. At the polls the voters, in favor of free trade, would vote for the party which advocates free trade; and those in favor of tariff would vote for the party advocating tariff. The party elected would signify the passage of the law advocated in the platform.

In a highly developed state, and in a nation of vast magnitude in the number of its people, and the extent of its dominions, the diversity of interests will call for the decision of many questions, and a complication of interests will arise. Let us presume that there are four measures presented to the public—A, B, C and D. Party number one advocates all these measures and Party number two opposes all of these. Voter number one advocates all these measures and he can express his opinion by voting for Party number one. Voter number two antagonizes all these measures, and he can voice his views by voting for Party number two. Voter number three favors the first proposition, and opposes the other three. He cannot express his opinion at the polls, for he must vote for three measures which he does not espouse, to secure the one he advocates. Voter number four favors the first two propositions and opposes the last two. Thus it is easily seen that the voters can not always express their opinion on all the questions embodied in the platform of the party.

Moreover, a little reflection will readily convince the intelligent reader that a measure may often become a law against the will of the majority. We will suppose that Party number one stands for free trade, free silver and prohibition, and Party number two for the gold standard, protective tariff and high license. A, B and C favors free silver; B, C and D favor free trade; D, C and A favor prohibition; D alone favors gold standard and A alone favors protective tariff; B alone favors license. A votes for Party number two, because he regards protection a necessity for the development of most of our industries, and he is willing to sacrifice free silver and prohibition to accomplish this. B votes for Party number two, because he regards high license the remedy for drunkenness, and

he is willing to sacrifice free trade and free silver for this purpose; D will vote for Party number two, because he believes the gold standard is the only safe financial basis, and he will relinquish all other questions for this. Party number one will be defeated by a vote of three to one, though each question embodied in its platform was favored by three-fourths of all the voters.

The representative system does not provide for a government by the people, and the delegation of power to a few legislators is the source of political corruption; and thus the interests of the people are sacrificed for personal advantages offered to their lawmakers. These evils are avoided in a Socialistic government where people legislate for themselves. Self-interest will inspire every man with a sense of duty, and thus corruption will be entirely removed from the arena of politics. The people would have an opportunity to vote directly on every question without being hampered by party platforms and political affiliations.

But how can direct legislation by the people be accomplished? There need be no radical change in our legislative system. The officials will be nominated and elected as they are at present, with the single exception that every candidate may enter the field without the sanction of party conventions. But when officials are elected they are not endowed with unlimited authority, but are subject to the voice of the people by the employment of the Initiative and Referendum. In some states of Toadia, and, also, in other parts of the world, when the legislature fails to enact the laws desired by a number of the people, the latter can submit a petition signed by a certain percentage of the voters, and the legislature is compelled, in virtue of this demand, to pass the law desired. This is called the Initiative, because the people take the initiative step in legislation. But this enactment cannot have the force of a law until it is submitted to the people at the general election, and only becomes a law when adopted by the majority of the qualified voters.

Under direct legislation, the legislature proceeds to pass laws in conformity with the will of the people so far as that can be ascertained. It may often happen that a

measure is supposed to have the approval of the majority, when it is desired by only a small minority. The law is not immediately promulgated, but a period of about sixty days is given to the people to protest against the enactment. During this period the enactment is published several times in all the daily and weekly papers, and the provisions are fully explained. In the meantime, a petition signed by a certain percentage of the people, demanding a popular vote on the question, is presented to the legislative body; the law is at once suspended in its operations until it is referred to the will of the voters at the next general election. If there is no petition presented within the specified time, the law goes into effect. This is called the Referendum, because the enactment is referred to the judgment of the people at the polls.

Within the time elapsing between the election, several questions may have been submitted to the legislature, and these are written on a separate ballot, and the people vote directly on these measures. The questions agitated by the various political parties could be determined by popular vote at the election of the candidates, and this would facilitate legislative affairs. We will presume that the Liberals adopt free silver, free trade and anti-imperialism; the Protectionists, the gold standard, high tariff and imperialism; the Single Tax party adopts the land tax, and the Socialists advocate government ownership of trusts. According to our present system, the gold standard advocate might favor government ownership of the trusts, but he must sacrifice the one to get the other, as each question is supported by a different party, and what is advocated by the Protectionists is repudiated by the Socialists. I could give many other illustrations, but this is sufficient for our purpose. Under direct legislation, the names of the parties and their candidates would be written on one ballot, and the measures contemplated by the various parties would be contained on a distinct ballot, and the voter could write yes or no after each measure, or he could make a cross after the measure which he advocates, and the absence of this sign would indicate his repudiation of the other measures. The ballot would be made in this fashion:

Do you vote for :

Free Silver? X

Gold Standard?

Government ownership of trusts?

Single Tax? X

Imperialism?

Anti-imperialism? X

High Tariff?

Free Trade?

Here are eight questions, and the cross indicates that the voter advocates Free Silver, Single Tax and Anti-imperialism, and consequently opposes all the other questions on the ballot. The election being over, the candidates having the largest popular vote will hold the offices to which they aspired, and the questions favored by the majority of people at the polls will become laws immediately on the opening of the next session of the legislature. The office of the legislators will merely consist in framing these laws, and passing others which may seem of general interest to the commonwealth, but their power shall be limited at all times by the Initiative and Referendum."

The question of direct legislation, as advanced by "The Flaming Sword," seems to be the key for the solution of political questions. This system has long existed in Switzerland, and the results have been very successful. It has also been introduced into some parts of France in spite of the laws and constitution. The municipal law of 1884, which gave a third of the citizens a right to demand an inquest, was easily extended by the municipalities when doubtful matters arose. The citizens of Paris have been so consulted on two occasions: In 1892 on the meeting with the gas company; in 1895 on the construction of the Metropolitan.

In Belgium, Mr. Beernaert has asked for the constitutional Referendum. In England, Sir William Harcourt has demanded local option. In Italy a whole party has adopted and works for the municipal Referendum; to some extent workingmen's organizations vote on strikes and retaliation. This has been seen at Arras and Lens in October, 1894; in Bordeaux in 1892, on the eight-hour

question; at Amiens, in the Borinage, in September, 1893, and in the county of Durham, in England, during the same period.

The Initiative and the Referendum have been adopted in the State of South Dakota since February 27, 1899. According to the provisions of that law a petition signed by five per cent of the electors shall be accepted by the legislature, and that body shall be authorized to pass the enactment contained in the petition, which shall be submitted to the vote of the electors of the State at the next general election. "If the majority of all the votes cast both for and against the measure so enacted and submitted be for the measure, it shall become a law of the State of South Dakota, and shall go into effect and be in force immediately after the results shall have been determined by the officers authorized by the law to determine the same. Any law which the legislature may have enacted, except laws which may be necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health and safety, support to the state government and its existing institutions, shall, upon the filing of a petition, as hereinafter provided, be submitted to a vote of the electors of the State at the next general election. Said petition shall be signed by not less than five per cent of the qualified electors of the State."

Direct legislation has been adopted by the State of Oregon. Not more than eight per cent of the legal voters is sufficient to force the passage of any measure by the legislature, which is then submitted to the people at the next general election. "Initiative petitions shall be filed with the Secretary of the State not less than four months before the election at which they are to be voted on." A petition signed by five per cent of the voters may demand the Referendum, which shall be filed with the Secretary of State not more than ninety days after the adjournment of the legislature which passed the said bill.

Direct legislation has been employed in the towns of New England, and efforts have been made to introduce the system into the States of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Colorado, Missouri, Iowa, North Dakota, Michigan, Ok-

Idaho, California, Utah and some other States, and several cities.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Good morning, Mr. Lohman. Come in and take a seat."

"Thank you, Mac. I see you are smoking a fine cigar?"

"Yes, this is an Ammonite. Try one. It is not often now that we get the pure stuff, since the Toadian government has plundered the island."

"That is true, Mac. The war against Reuben was a humbug, waged for game, as you once wrote in 'The Flaming Sword.'"

"Gil and I always regarded the affair a political movement to advance the interests of a certain class, and I think that time has proved the truth of our statement. What advantages have the Ammonites derived from our rule? They are daily robbed of their rights, and their liberties are ignored. They were in a far better condition under the Reubenic flag."

"I see that Mrs. Reisan has returned to Debokeh."

"Is that so? When did she return?"

"Last Thursday," said Lohman.

"And where is Reisan?"

"I don't know. He has never been seen since he left Debokeh. People say that he got a divorce to let his wife marry Jesse."

"Lohman, do you believe that Jesse married that woman?" asked Abraham.

"Well, it was generally supposed that they would be married when they left together; but since her return people have their peculiar views about the matter. It is my honest conviction that Jesse is a scoundrel, and that he deluded Mrs. Reisan with the promise of marriage in order to rob her of her wealth."

"Why, he seemed to be very wealthy," said McGillicuddy. "I know that he spent money profusely."

"It is very true that he had money, and as you say, spent it lavishly; but I think that he obtained it on the strength of his title and his face," observed the shrewd Lohman. "I think that he is a member of a ruined family, and he turned his head toward Toadia, where the smile of a lord is worth millions. Before Mrs. Reisan left she employed Mr. Rosenbaum as an agent to take charge of her property, and since then she has sold several valuable properties, which realized over eight hundred thousand dollars, and perhaps she has drawn on her bank stock for several hundred thousand more. Now you know that she did not invest that money in Dan, where profits are not more than one-third of what they are in this country."

"Besides, since her return, she has nothing but words of abuse for Lord Jesse. There is something very strange about her entire conduct. A few days ago she told Mrs. Gehtheimer that Lord Jesse borrowed a large sum from her, and then left for South Arabia to watch the movements of the war, and invest her money in the diamond and gold fields of Jonas. He represented to her that in a short time the stock would be one hundred per cent above par. She complained that after Lord Jesse arrived in Jonas she never heard from him again."

"That seems suspicious," said McGillicuddy.

"I learned from a friend that Mrs. Gehtheimer and Mrs. Reisan were consoling each other in heaping abuse on the head of the Danish nobleman. I would judge from what I know of the case that Jesse deceived both women. He promised to marry Lucile Gehtheimer, and, also, Mrs. Reisan, and his motive in both cases was to obtain pecuniary assistance."

"In referring to Jonas," said Abraham, "you remind me of the recent exploit of an adventurous spirit who has invented an air-ship which he is using with dreadful results on the Danish hosts."

"I saw some mention of the invention, but have no definite idea of the nature of the machine, or how it is applied to warfare."

"The daily papers are anxious to conceal the facts in

the case, because it thwarts their ambition, to see the supremacy of Danish power destroyed in Arabia. The triumph of the Jonites signifies the burial of the Danish empire; and our journals are controlled by the imperialists in this country, and that is the reason that the tidings of recent developments have been so completely ignored. I have the latest dispatches from the seat of war, and the entire story will be published in this week's issue of 'The Flaming Sword.'"

"How is the air-ship constructed, Mac?"

"The air-ship, or machine, I should say, as it is a small piece of mechanism, suitable to convey perhaps ten or twelve men, is propelled by electricity; and its motion is controlled by wings attached to the machine. A dynamo of powerful force, which draws its supply of electricity from the air, on the same principle as the lightning rod absorbs the electrical current, is placed in the interior of the ship, and as rapidly as the electrical current is drawn to the dynamo, there is an apparatus called the receiver, by which this force is stored away in a receptacle, and can afterward be used at the option of the conductor, by means of a crank. When the crank is turned on, the electrical force gives motion to the ship. There is a lever which directs the wings of the ship, and the conductor can take any direction, either up or down, or toward any point of the compass, according to the angle which he gives to the wings of the machine. The ship travels about two hundred miles an hour and is perfectly safe."

"Who is the inventor of this machine?"

"His name is Paddy Eisenheimer."

"Is he a native of South Arabia?"

"The dispatches do not make mention of his nationality, but some people think he is a Toadian. More than one year ago an air-ship was seen passing through our western States, and it was later observed in the north. You remember, of course, the accounts given by the press at the time?"

"Yes, I read the report, but it was regarded by most readers as a canard. In fact, the papers ridiculed the idea, calling it preposterous."

"But it seems that it must have been true, for a few

weeks afterward it made its appearance in Asher, then in Zabulon and several other places. I also remember that a dispatch from South Arabia stated that this air-ship had sailed over the Danish dominion and reconnoitered, as it was presumed, the position of the Danish forces. This was advanced to explain the fact that the Jonites anticipated the movements of the invading army, and preserved their hosts from annihilation by seeking refuge in the fortified towns and in the mountain passes. The Danish generals have made more than a dozen strategical efforts to entrap the enemy, but in every case they have been astonished to ascertain that their movements have been reported to the Jonites, and their purposes were completely foiled. And in each case, previously to the execution of their plans, the Danites noticed the air-ship hovering over their forts and camps."

"What new developments have been discovered in the movements of the air-ship?"

"Eisenheimer has lately invented a bomb of dreadfully explosive power, which he carries with him in his machine, and when over the enemy, he drops it on them, and on striking the ground the concussion causes detonation."

"What is the nature of the bomb?"

"That is yet unknown, but it is far more disastrous in its consequences than the Grecian Fire. The other day, Eisenheimer sailed over Delcan, where five thousand soldiers were encamped, and he dropped one bomb, which killed every person and destroyed every building within a radius of five hundred feet. There is also a poisonous ingredient which pollutes the atmosphere perhaps within a circumference of several miles, for those that were beyond the immediate reach of the explosive power of the bomb died in less than two hours from poison, and they can only explain the mystery by attributing it to the deadly composition of the explosive."

"That will destroy the empire of Dan in South Arabia."

"It is more than probable that it will change the policy of the nations of the earth, for with a ship armed with such explosives, one power will have no advantage over an-

other, and the governments of the world will advocate disarmament, and adopt an international court of arbitration as the means of adjusting disputes instead of appealing to the sword."

"I hope so, Mac. If this proves an ultimate success, then the bloody chariot of Mars will never more disturb the peace of nations and fill the world with the cry of battle, and stain the valleys with the purple dye of human gore. As soon as 'The Flaming Sword' appears, I will read the news which you promise. Good-morning, Mac."

"Good-morning, Lohman. Call again."

"Thank you I will."

CHAPTER XXX.

A few weeks later news reached Toadia that the flying ship, loaded with demons of death and destruction, had annihilated the Danish armies in South Arabia, demolished their navy and swept the wreck from the bosom of the deep. The great statesman who had directed the policy of the empire for a quarter of a century stood aghast at the awful havoc that had been made within a few weeks. That magnificent navy which had been the queen of the ocean and the mistress of the deep for over a century; that navy which had swept every sea and borne the national emblem to every shore, and which every power feared as the undisputed ruler of the waves; that navy, crowned with a hundred glorious battles, was no more. It had perished within a month, and the glory of the Danish name and dominion had vanished from the sea, and the foaming surge now swept over the wreck of their steel-clad ships and chanted the requiem of the buried fleets.

The army, too, which had won immortal honors on many a field of carnage, and filled the capital of the nation with trophies from every land, had been destroyed, and the bones of heroes lay bleaching beneath the torrid sun of South Arabia, and on the sultry plains of Media, and amidst the mountains of Schylon and far away on the borders of Ebonia and by the rills and streams of Cushia.

No more shall the roar of the Lion echo among the vine-clad hills of Jonas! No more shall he paw the dust

of the desert, or climb the rocks of the mountains, and send a chill through the savage tribes of the Orient. His day of supremacy is gone. His triumph is ended. His reign has come to a close. Every colony ruled by the Danish queen has shaken off the yoke, and the mighty potentate of the earth weeps over the fall of her throne and of her empire. Lord Aran had awakened from his dream. The Eagles will not be chased from their eyry amidst the mountain crags of Toadia, and Lord Uriah, the son-in-law of Rosenberger, will not wear the diadem of the newborn empire beneath the stars of the west. Every colony of that vast empire, that encircled the globe two months ago, has declared its independence; and Ephraim, which had suffered for three centuries from the most heartless persecutions in the history of the world, has established a republic, and her ambassador will soon present his credentials to the Secretary of State in the capital of Toadia. The old world has been swept away, and new powers have been erected on the ruins that mark the path of the war god. Man proposes, but God disposes. The capitalists of Toadia never dreamed of this change in the history of the nations. Already they were weaving the crown for the royal head, and depending on the mailed hosts of the Danish empire to assist them in crushing the people in their march to royalty.

Abraham McGillicuddy was elated over the success of the Jonites, and went to Mr. Einstein's to see his affianced, and to have a talk with her father on the current events. The family was also jubilant over recent developments in South Arabia, and more than all, they had received a letter from Biddy. Mr. Einstein read the letter to Abraham. The young heroine related the story of their delivery, and the liberation of the struggling Republic through the efforts of Mr. Eisenheimer. The Danish sued for peace, and not only vacated the city of Zapling, but promised to abandon forever their purposes in South Arabia.

"The jail in the capital was thrown open," wrote Miss Einstein, "and the prisoners once more breathed the atmosphere of freedom. Mr. Eisenheimer is the most remarkable man that has ever lived in the world's history. He appeared here about a year ago, and made known his

purpose to the people of this Republic, and his services were accepted. The air-ship was of incalculable advantage to us in keeping the warriors informed as to the position of the enemy. But the inventive genius of Eisenheimer did not stop with the construction of the ship. He conceived the idea of hurling explosives from his winged vehicle on the heads of the invaders, and the world is now familiar with the success of his enterprise. The war is over. The hosts of the Danish empire have been annihilated, and their colors have been trailed in the dust. Ah! may it be a lesson to our native land. May the Eagles never float over the citadels of other nations except in the cause of freedom. May the Toadian legions be withdrawn from Heron and Ammon. May war be banished from every land, and all nations live in the bonds of brotherly love. I will be home again in a few months. Good-by.

"Your loving Biddy."

"It will be a lesson to this nation," said Abraham, "and a timely lesson. Had it not been for the reverses of the Danish forces in this unjust aggression in the republic of Jonas, I think we would have had some trouble in our coming election."

While this conversation was taking place in the Einstein mansion, Mr. Nehlmeyer stepped in and announced the fact that Lord Jesse and Elija Murphy had been arrested for the murder of Teddy.

"The murder of Teddy!" exclaimed Mr. Einstein. "Is it possible? Where was Jesse arrested?"

"In Rubek," replied Mr. Nehlmeyer, "by an agent of the Solomon Detective Agency. He has been shadowing him since he left here with Mrs. Reisan, and after his departure, Mrs. Gehtheimer gave some hints that were followed up by the detectives."

"Murder cannot be concealed," said Mr. Einstein, "and I knew that the day would come when the shadow of suspicion would be lifted from the character of Isaac Gilhooley, and the crime fastened on the guilty party."

"I made that prediction at the time," said Abraham.

In their anxiety to learn more of the details, the gentlemen left the house, and went down to the hotel, where more than a thousand people had assembled to hear the

news that had created the greatest sensation that Deboresh had experienced in many years.

CHAPTER XXXI.

One evening in the early part of May, 1863, an audience that represented the thinking element of Deboresh assembled in the Music Hall, for it was known that Abraham McGillicuddy would deliver a lecture on the attitude of the Church on the question of Socialism. The young reformer was introduced, with a few appropriate remarks, by the Mayor of the city, who had won the victory on the Socialistic ticket at the last election. McGillicuddy at once launched forth into his subject, and for nearly two hours his matchless eloquence held the immense throng in a trance. The following is a synopsis of his speech:

The Church is preaching a crusade against Socialism. She claims that Socialism is identical with atheism, and I am here to-night to disprove this accusation. Individualism is responsible for all the crimes falsely attributed to Socialism. The Savior teaches that if you have two coats, give one to your neighbor, and individualism hoards up millions while the nation is clothed in rags and is dying of hunger. Dives was an individualist and Lazarus was a Socialist, and when the former died he went to a country where he was never afflicted with frozen feet, and where all the gold in the world would not purchase a drop of water. Lazarus died and was borne by bands of winged seraphim to the bright elysian fields, where the glory of Socialism fills every soul with light and every heart with joy.

The Bible says love your neighbor as yourself, and individualism says, kill your neighbor to glorify yourself. Individualism engenders hatred. The Gospel teaches that you should do unto others as you wish that others should do unto you; and individualism says, do others before they do you. The Church is very anxious about the sal-

vation of the poor man, and she claims that the only way to save the poor man is to work him hard and feed him little.

The Redeemer said that the great commandment of the law is to "love God with thy whole heart, and the second is like unto the first, love thy neighbor as thyself. Upon these two commandments depend the whole law and the prophets." This was the object of the creation. It was for this purpose that the Almighty studded the universe with dazzling suns and flaming orbs, and glittering stars, that intelligent beings placed in the universe of creation, might arise in their contemplations from this panorama of glory to the throne of Omnipotence, where, inflamed with the ethereal fires of love, they might pour out their heart's affection on every form of rational life. It was for this purpose that the footsteps of God echoed through the groves of the terrestrial paradise, and the whispers of the Infinite filled the soul of primeval man with the truth of the first revelation. It was for this purpose that prophets were illuminated with the knowledge begotten in the mind of Uncreated Wisdom, and beaming with the light of the eternal court, and speaking with the voice of inspiration, poured out their songs on the mountain peaks of Israel. It was for this purpose that the vision of the Messiah haunted the dreams of the ancient seers, and a Virgin conceived and brought forth a Son to glorify the world with deeds and words of love. It was for this purpose that the angels sang peace and good will to men on earth, when the infant cry of Bethlehem's Babe announced the fulfillment of the ancient promises.

The life of Christ from the cradle to the tomb was a sermon on the law of love. If we follow Him in His lonely walks along the shores of Genesareth, or among the hills of Galilee, or in the throng that heard Him preach His famous sermon on the mount, we see that every word and every sigh, every look and every act, is prompted by the sweet impulse of love. "He that hateth his brother is a murderer," and when the shadows of death were gathering around Him on the summit of Calvary, when the rabble reveled in His blood, when Barabbas was liberated that the multitude might crucify the Nazarene, He raised

His voice and cried from the depths of His heart, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He established His Church, and sent it forth to conquer the world by the law of love.

But individualism has been the enemy of religion. It destroys love, creates castes, subverts liberty, establishes despotism, and violates every commandment of God. The Almighty proclaimed the unity of the divine essence on the flame-lit mountain peak of Arabia, and told the chosen race to abandon the idols of Egypt and the altar of Moloch, and the groves of Astarthe. We are taught by the inspired voice of the Galilean to repose our confidence in Divine Providence. We are warned not to think of what we shall eat or drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed, for after these things do the heathens seek. "Be not solicitous for to-morrow, for to-morrow will be solicitous for itself. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." "Consider the ravens, for they sow not, neither have they storehouse nor barns, and God feedeth them. How much are you more valuable than they? Consider the lilies how they grow. They labor not, neither do they spin. But I say to you not even Solomon in all his glory was clothed like one of these. Now if God clothe in this manner the grass, how much more you, O ye of little faith?" God has filled nature with potent energies, that respond to man's labor and cover every hill with verdant robes, and every field with golden grain, and yet millions are starving, and walk the street in rags. Individualism is responsible for all these ills, and yet it pretends to worship at the altar of God.

Individualism has destroyed the purposes of the Creator, when He filled the world with abundance. If every one would take what he needs and no more, there would be plenty for all; but individualism claims that a few should monopolize the wealth of the nation, and the masses should live in poverty. Time is short and eternity is long. The Creator suffers man to abuse His gifts, but at the hour of death, He will hurl His anathemas against those who have robbed the poor of their labor and disinherited the millions.

Ladies and gentlemen, there is a hell, and it was not

made for cats and dogs. The individualists tells the beggar that God wishes him to suffer. "He wishes some to be poor and some to be rich, some to be masters and some to be slaves. When God condemned riches, He merely meant the bad use of riches. I make good use of my wealth, for I support so many who would starve if I did not employ them. As for Christ, He never possessed any wealth, and He did not know the value of wealth." The poor are losing their faith in God, for the Church, which pretends to be the exponent of heaven's fiats, sanctions all the wrongs that are inflicted on them. When ministers look on and see the laborers robbed, and sanctify the robbery with scriptural quotations, are you surprised that the laborer hates the minister and the religion that he preaches? The beggar goes to Church on Sunday, and he hears the preacher expatiating on the necessity of eternal punishment, and he concludes that God could occupy His time more profitably in settling the labor problem than in making a hell. Hunger is hell enough for him.

The second commandment reads, "Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain." You must ever praise the name of Jehovah, who led the hosts of Israel from the flaming sands of the Nile, across the wilderness to the Land of Promise. The poor woman sits on your doorstep in the cold, chilly blast of winter. She looks in through the window and sees the blazing fire and happy children with dimpled faces basking in a mother's smile. She thinks of her lonely, dark, cold and cheerless cabin. She thinks of the little garret where her babes are starving and freezing, and she begs the crumbs that fall from your table. She asks you to feed and clothe her little ones, and you tell her that God wishes her to suffer. All cannot be rich. Go home to your miserable hut and thank the Almighty that you are living.

Go with me into the slums of this great city, enter into those desolate abodes, and you hear the sobs of grief and the sighs of anguish, the overflowing of sorrow-stricken hearts, the wailing of forlorn souls. It is more pitiful than the lamentations of Jeremiah over the dispersion of Israel and the desecration of her temple. There you find a whole family living in one room. Enter that miserable habita-

tion, and what do you see? By the dim light of the flickering flame that seems to weep over the sorrow of that home, and mingle its tears with the tears of its lonely inmates; by the glimmering of the waning fire you behold a pallid-faced woman and several little children. Upon the brow of the mother is the furrow of care, and her silvery tresses would indicate that she is far advanced down the valley of years. But you learn that she is a woman of less than two score summers; yet the hand of sorrow has hastened the sun of her existence, and the shadow of age reaches out to the borders of the mystic land. This is the fruit of individualism, the fruit of robbery and injustice; and when the desolate mother hears the Church sanction this crime, and tell her that her poverty is decreed by heaven, that others may live in parlors and revel in luxuries, she will curse the ordinances of the Most High, and blaspheme the Holy One of Israel.

"When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find, think ye, faith upon the earth?" Not unless we change the industrial system which contradicts every word of God, which blights every flower of love, paralyses every noble impulse of the human heart, fills every soul with selfishness, pride and vanity, and is blotting out God's name from the fair brow of creation, and turning the earth into a school of atheism. The Church preaches that there will be no castes in heaven; all will be alike there; yet there must be castes here. She is opposed to equality on earth, though admitting that it will be one of the joys of heaven. It seems to me that it would be prudent to practice equality here, so as to get used to it. It will be an awkward thing to fall into the brotherhood of heaven without any previous experience.

I wish to read a few extracts from a sermon delivered in Kidron the other day by Mr. Isaac Mahony, and which was published in the Chronicle of that city. The Reverend divine spoke on the disparities between the classes, and attributes it all to the will of God. (1) "We see a great many wicked men enjoying prosperity," says the minister, "and a large number of the just are poor, and we are surprised at the differences. But all this is done for the best. God gives wealth to the wicked to awaken their gratitude."

Why not give it to the poor to awaken their gratitude? It would follow from this statement that God is kind to His enemies and unkind to His servants; and we should join the rebellious legions, if we wish to bask in the smile of divine love. If God wishes to excite the gratitude of the wicked by large donations, He has made a mistake in the character of the people with whom He is dealing, for experiences prove that ninety per cent of the wealthy class abandon the Church and forget the Creator.

(2) "By giving riches to the wicked, God keeps them from cursing and blaspheming, and thus He masters them as we would subject wild animals, by feeding them." The just should therefore go on a strike, and refuse to obey the Almighty till He fills their coffers with gold.

(3) "The wicked will go to hell, and therefore God wishes to give them some enjoyment in this life." So if you decide to migrate to a warm climate after death, the smiles of fortune will cast a flood of light upon your earthly career.

(4) "God thus punishes the avarice of the wicked, for wealth will be their ruin." Then every one who supports individualism must be seeking destruction, for individualism is the deification of wealth.

(5) "God allows one wicked man to grow rich at the expense of another, who has accumulated his wealth by dishonest methods; and thus by divine providence the latter is punished." Yes, but what about the former? What about the person from whom the latter steals? Does God wish to punish the poor and just by allowing thieves to plunder them?

(6) "God bestows wealth on the wicked to teach the just that wealth is evil, otherwise it would not be given to rascals." If wealth is an evil and given to the wicked for their destruction, why does the Church array herself on the side of capitalism? Why does she defend the rights of the millionaire robber to enjoy the fruits of other men's labor?

(7) "Some good men become rich, for God wishes to give them a foretaste of heaven. He does not bestow wealth on all good people, as vast fortunes would be injurious" to the vulgar herd. They might possibly change

their minds about the glory of heaven and prefer the tortures of hell.

(8) "God wishes the wealthy people to give charity. The wealthy are therefore the agents of God in doing good." But it would be better to give to the poor directly for then they would be likely to get it.

But we are not yet through with this remarkable sermon. Here is the finishing touch. Just listen to this, ladies and gentlemen! (9) "God gives wealth to some just men, to show that He can reconcile two things which seem next to incompatible, namely riches and Christian virtue." Therefore, we are to look upon God as a trickster who performs marvelous feats to show his dexterity. We might represent Him as speaking to the race of men. "You have all tried to do this and you have made a lamentable failure; now just watch me do it!"

The third commandment requires that we should keep holy the Sabbath day. But a man who works ten or twelve hours every day in the week, and perhaps till late on Friday night, does not feel disposed to assist at services on the Sabbath day, but he will stay at home and rest. A large number of our people are compelled to work on the Sabbath day. A large number have not sufficient clothing to appear in public; and on account of their poverty are neglected by the minister and often treated with disrespect by the congregation; and in the sermon, they are told to obey their masters, and not strive for higher things.

The fourth commandment, as interpreted by the Church, says that we must not only honor, love and obey our parents, but also our pastors and teachers, magistrates and masters. Shall the poor love the ministers who are living on them, and yet never do anything to alleviate their sad condition, who are even on the side of the strong against the weak, on the side of capital against labor? Honor corrupt officials who are fattening at the public crib! Obey Moses McKinley, Martin Hannon and their band of butchers!

The fifth commandment forbids killing, quarreling and anger. In ancient times, and among barbarous nations of recent centuries, old people, who were superan-

nuated, deformed infants and the decrepit, were sacrificed to the blade of the executioner. And I say that those cruel methods were more humane than the slow and torturous death that we inflict on the poor. Individualism is killing millions every year. Go down into the coal mines of Dan, and you behold little children working sixteen hours a day under the stroke of the lash. Go into the factories and sweat-shops of Toadia, and you behold the arena where the angel of death has pitched his tent, and the brow of every toiler is marked with the brand of the sable tyrant. The victims of our industrial system are far more numerous than the victims of Mars. I go back in fancy's flight to the remotest ages of authentic history, and I weigh all the pangs of grief that have been inflicted by the sword of the conqueror or the despotism of the monarch. I accumulate all the agonies that have bowed down human souls. I take the bleeding heart of Israel when she wandered over the bleak wastes of Egypt to the shores of the Red Sea, pursued by the standing army of the kingdom. I see the children of Abraham on the sandy desert of Arabia, weeping because they had not been massacred in the land of bondage. I hear them crying for bread to feed their hunger and asking for water to slake their thirst while marching in the wilderness. I see them without a home, resting under the purple sheen of heaven, pitching their tents beneath the smiling stars. I look at God's chosen people when they were slaughtered by the giants of the north, and torn to pieces by the war-dogs of the south. I hear the cry of the innocents that fell beneath the shining blade of Herod, and I gaze on the heaving bosoms of mothers, pouring out their sighs over the cruel massacre of their cooing babes. I behold the city of Zion surrounded by the Roman legions, and the prophecy of Christ accomplished in the destruction of the temple, the pride and hope and glory of the nation, and the chosen people dispersed and driven from the homes of their sires. I hear the wail of Judah echoing through the centuries, calling upon Jehovah to deliver her from the weeds of mourning and restore her altar, sacrifice and priesthood. I hear the voice of Ephraim's sons pleading for the rights of their country. I hear the mothers of Bagdad begging for the

lives of their children. I see the march of Benheim through the land which was a smiling meadow before him and a desolate waste behind his mailed hosts. I hear the last groan of the nation in the trenches of Sharod and among the mountains of Pyrek. I summon up all the victories of Ozias. I behold the conqueror of nations at Diol and Goren, at Neaz and Zilhauster. I gaze upon him in his march over the sands of Sohan, and the glory of his triumph in the battle of the swamps. I see his disaster at Simvoal, and his magnificent army perishing amidst the snows of Kurush, and the end of his unparalleled career in the defeat of Loterwaren. I see him in his solitary exile, upon a rock amidst the dashing billows of the Abrahamic Sea. I summon up all the sorrows and miseries, all the grief and agony endured by the human race; and I count all the victims of death resulting from these preventable causes, and I say that our industrial system has killed more people, has crushed more hopes, has bled more hearts, and blighted more lives, than any other cause in the history of the world; and in the past fifty years it has been more potent for evil than all other causes combined within the same period of time.

Individualism is responsible for all the wars that were ever waged. In this I mean that every war has been the result of aggression on the part of powerful nations to steal the wealth of weaker nations, and the territory thus acquired, and the wealth accumulated by such methods, have not been enjoyed by the masses of the victorious nations, but by a few individuals who planned and executed the bloody work. Wars of defense are justifiable, and the people who fight for the liberty of their country are not instigated by a spirit of avarice, or by any other sordid motive, but they are inflamed by the loftiest inspirations that ever animated a human soul. Wars of defense would be impossible were there no wars of aggression, and the latter being the child of individualism, we are justified in stating that individualism is responsible for every drop of blood that has ever crimsoned a battlefield, for all the lives that have been extinguished by the shining sword, the smoking gun and the deadly cannon.

To-day our flag waves over the citadels of Heron, and a million sons of the soil have been sent to the sombre grave by the legions of Toadia, who came as agents of civilization and in the name of God, religion and humanity. Before the occupancy of Heron by our soldiers there was not a brothel or a saloon in the island; and to-day every town can count its hosts of scarlet women, and the distillers and brewers of this country can scarcely supply the demands of the thousands of sample rooms, where the noxious drug is sold to poison the hearts of the people. And all this in the name of God, religion and humanity! To-day the powers of the transarctic world are lined up in battle array against the hosts of Nichan, in order to permeate the natives of that benighted land with the germs of sanctity. Must religion be supported by armies and navies? Then it is not religion. Individualism has plunged the nations of the west in a bloody war with the bronzed race of the Orient.

Dismantle your battle ships and disband your armies; turn your swords into plough shares, and your spears into pruning hooks; preach the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; and prove the sincerity of your doctrine by practicing the law of love and justice, and the mighty hosts who bow before the symbols of idolatry, and worship the heroes of history, will throng the temple of truth, and adore the Monarch of the universe.

The sixth commandment forbids impurity, and individualism enthrones the goddess of lust. Many men are too poor to support a wife, and the wealthy are so vitiated by luxury that they seek pleasure in the practice of polygamy. The ancients, with dozens of wives, were angels of purity compared with the roués of our large cities; and the debaucheries of civilized nations are more monstrous than the immoralities of pagan countries. Bethel, the capital of a country where polygamy is recognized by the law, is more reputable than Lidda, the capital of this highly cultured commonwealth. Woman is dependent and seeks assistance in matrimony. She has become an article of merchandise, and she is sold to the highest bidder. Isias says that in those days, seven women shall take hold of one man, each begging him to become her husband;

and we now live in an age when seventy women pursue every man in the marriage market. The young ladies of this country enter into undesirable alliances for the sake of lucre, financial assistance and social position. These weddings are not hallowed by the breath of love, and the nuptial wreath has scarcely withered on the brow of the bride when clouds of sorrow banish the light of joy from the home of the young couple, and divorce is the next chapter in the drama of their lives. They divide the house, one takes the inside, the other the outside.

But this is not all. There are thousands of girls working in our factories and stores, with a salary of not more than three or four dollars per week, and in many cases they are compelled to support a widowed mother, or help her to sustain a number of young children. And as it is impossible to accomplish this with the small compensation they get for their labor, they are necessitated to seek the assistance of gentlemen friends, and their purity is sacrificed to secure their daily food. This is not an overdrawn picture. It is a common occurrence in all our great cities.

Virtue can only flourish in an atmosphere of purity. Millions of our poor are compelled to live in one room. Sometimes whole families are huddled together, without discrimination of sex. Can the angel of purity dwell in such habitations? The little ones are inoculated with the virus of corruption before they have reached the years of puberty, and they enter life with all the proclivities of hardened criminals. Such environments are detrimental to corporal and spiritual life. In our tenement districts, a strong rat would die of consumption in less than six months, and a decent dog would lose his dignity in a few weeks. And do you think that it is the will of God for men to live in places that lead to moral corruption? Then why not give these people an opportunity to change their environments, and inspire them with moral sentiments?

The seventh commandment forbids stealing, and the law of competition has made theft a necessity in all trades. No investment is safe, and a reliable man is an anomaly. The greatest theft is perpetrated on labor. The poor support the rich and pay nearly all the taxes besides. Their

property is assessed at full value, whereas the property of the wealthy is estimated at one-fifth its cost. There is a plant in this city taxed for sixty-seven thousand dollars, and it cost three million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There was a factory burned in Engeddi last year, and it was insured for three hundred thousand dollars and taxed for fifty thousand dollars.

Stealing is one of the arts of the age, and its devotees are found among all classes. One time a man lost his overcoat, and he prayed that it would not fall into the hands of a thief, a lawyer or a theologian. The thief, he said, would keep it because he wants it; the lawyer would prove that he had a legal right to it, and the theologian would prove that he had a divine right to it.

The eighth commandment forbids lying, and individualism has made this a profession. The merchant lies about the value of his commodities, and tells the customer that he is selling the article below cost, when he is making a large profit. The politician lies about the remedies which he proposes for the evils of the age. The physician lies about his skill, the lawyer lies about the nature of the case that he pleads. The man and boy, the woman and the girl, all lie to get along in life.

The tenth commandment forbids us to covet the wealth of others. If all had abundance, and no one could become wealthy, there would be no covetousness. Pride, the root of all evil, is fostered by wealth, and envy, anger, revenge, gluttony, luxury, vanity, and all the blackest passions of human nature, are born of individualism. It engenders the midnight assassin, crowds the scaffold with murderers, fills the jails with miscreants, drives men to insanity, creates our asylums, turns man against man, changes earth into an hacedama, and makes life a living hell.

Intemperance comes from overwork and mental anxiety. Saloons are established for profit, and competition in the business leads to adulterations which destroys mind and body, and sends the victim into the grave or the insane asylum. We have our free schools, and yet illiteracy is dense, because the millions of poor children have not the clothes to wear or the necessary books; and even when

supplied with those, they must enter the factory or the sweat-shop, at the early age of twelve years, and their long hours of labor render future study and reading an impossibility. Individualism has engendered religious prejudices, for religion has been used for obtaining temporal advantages. All bloody wars, waged in the name of religion, have been created by selfish motives. Bigotry has been utilized to inflame nations against nations, in the struggle for empire and wealth. After three hundred years of carnage, the masses of the people are beginning to awaken to the reality of the situation. Members of the various denominations have used the influence of the Church to secure positions of emolument; and sectarian hatred and religious antipathies have been fostered in the hearts of defeated contestants.

Destroy the struggle for existence, and religious prejudices will wane. Man cannot hate his fellow man for his opinions, unless those opinions are detrimental to his interests. Men have never fought about the color of the clouds, and nations have never been involved in war over the ponderosity of the sun; for the clouds rain on the poor and rich, and the sun shines on the just and the wicked, and all have enjoyed the common gifts.

Socialism, like Protectionism and Liberalism, has no religion. It is purely a question of economics. The charge that many Socialists are opposed to the Church is easily understood, when we reflect that the Church is opposed to them. The Church, heretofore, has been supported by the poor, while she has sacrificed their rights to the avarice of capital, and the masses, realizing this fact, are rapidly drifting away from the faith, and in a few years more the temple of God will be abandoned.

Socialism, being the opposite of individualism, is an antidote for all the evils we have enumerated. It teaches love and justice. It would create an abundance for all. Under a system of just distribution there would be no poverty. Men would believe in God, for they would be the recipient of His bounty. Under Socialism, men will see the beneficence of the Creator in every leaf of vernal wood, and every sheaf of golden grain, and every field of waving corn, and every grove of yellow fruit. They will love and

admire the Almighty instead of blaspheming His holy name; and prayer and praise, and incense and song and sacrifice, will arise to the throne of Omnipotence. There will be no law-breaking, for laws will be just and legislation will be pure. The Sabbath day shall be sanctified, for men will have time and leisure, and with joyful hearts they will throng the temple to thank God for all the blessings which make their homes comfortable and their lives happy.

Legal murder, arising from our industrial system, will cease and Mars will vacate his throne. Impurity will be almost wiped from the earth, for men can marry without any fear of the future. Love will bind the hearts of the bridal pair, and reign at the fireside; and happy babes will smile in their mother's arms, and return the devotion of fond parents. Dishonesty will cease, for it will not pay; falsehood will be dethroned, for it will become a useless trade; and truth, so long persecuted, will arise to bless the world with its light.

Luxury and waste will be no more, idleness will be unknown. Labor will become a law for all. Politics will be purified, for sinecures will cease, and men will not seek public office, when they can earn the same salary in other employments. Crime being vastly diminished, prisons will be almost empty; the police force will be wonderfully reduced; educational facilities will be increased; intelligence will expand and religion will grow. War will be abolished and taxation will be a mere bagatelle. There will be no strikes, no lockouts, no industrial crises, no adulterations, no needless banking and insurance, and the nation will enter into the golden period of its existence.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A number of circumstances had led to the arrest of Lord Jesse and Elija Murphy for the murder of Teddy Einstein. Hosts of friends believed that Isaac Gilhooley

was innocent, and they advanced sufficient funds to hunt down the guilty parties. Two years after the murder it was learned that Murphy was in the carriage with the Gehtheimers the evening the murder occurred. Later on, Levi Sullivan, a hardware merchant on Main Street, said that he had made two keys for Murphy a few days before the crime was committed. It was now supposed that these keys had been used to enter the rooms of the editors, and secure the garments, which were afterwards restored in a blood-stained condition, thus throwing suspicion on Gilhooley and his companion.

Reuben Abden, a member of the Solomon Detective force, was in the park one evening and fell into conversation with Simon Heckler, and they began to discuss the murder of Einstein. Heckler said that he was at the north gate of the park that evening, about ten minutes past eight o'clock, when the Gehtheimers drove up, and Elija Murphy alighted, with a small valise in his hand, and took the car to the city. This strengthened the suspicion that Murphy carried the blood-stained garments to the hotel, and placed them in the rooms of the editors before their return. It was further learned that Murphy was not in the carriage when it entered the park. By following up this clue, it was ascertained that Murphy had entered the park alone, coming in a street car to the gate.

In the meantime, Benjamin Marx had ingratiated himself with the Gehtheimer family, and learned from the mother that Lord Jesse had been guilty of some terrible crime, but she refused to make any definite statements. Marx had heard that Jesse had bought a villa in Rubek, and was living in princely style. He related this to Mrs. Gehtheimer, adding that he was a great favorite in society, and was engaged to a wealthy baroness. Mrs. Gehtheimer flew into a rage, and said that she would have him hanged if he married. "I have him in my power, and I will execute my vengeance!" she cried. Mrs. Reisan constantly abused Lord Jesse, but never intimated that he was guilty of any crime.

Murphy had been interviewed from time to time by Isaac O'Shanahan, another detective, and whenever the murder of Einstein was mentioned, Murphy betrayed

anxiety. He finally left the city and went to Kedron, where he was followed by a detective, and all his movements were scrutinized.

Solomon Levi went over on the ship with Jesse and Mrs. Reisan, and he looked up the record of the Danite. It was discovered that Jesse's real name was Isaac Guisman. He was the only son and heir of a wealthy banker in Dan, and had received an excellent education in the University of Hosea. His mother died when Jesse was twelve years of age, and eight years later he lost his father. He inherited the entire wealth of the family, and immediately affiliated with the Queen's Club, whose members were famous gamblers. In less than five years Jesse had squandered his fortune. He then became a forger, and drew immense sums on the names of the best business men in Dan. He was an expert with the pen, and he succeeded so well in imitating the chirography of his victims that they were compelled by law to recognize the checks. He presented a check on Lord Aran for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, and the nobleman was compelled to pay it. A second check on Aran led to his arrest and he was condemned to imprisonment for life. He was afterwards released from prison by Lord Aran, and several other prominent men in Hosea. A few days afterwards he sailed for Toadia, on the same ship with Aran and Uriah, and was entertained with those gentlemen at the residence of Ezechias Rosenberger.

Ben Neubaum, who was the coachman for the Gehtheimer family, had left after the murder of Teddy Einstein, and it was not known where he had gone, till years afterwards he was discovered by Solomon Levi in Dan, where he filled the position of porter at Lord Uriah's castle. Levi interviewed Ben about the drive in the park, and the latter became frightened, and said that he had nothing to do with the murder of Teddy Einstein. Levi told him that if he confessed he would not be punished, but if he persisted in his denial the fact would be proved on him, and he would be hanged for complicity in the crime. With the assurance of protection, Neubaum made a full confession. Armed with these facts, the agency proceeded to have the culprits arrested. Jesse and Mur-

phy were brought back to Toadia and put on trial. The facts leading up to the arrest were substantiated by evidence. Neubaum took the stand and testified that he drove the carriage on the evening that Einstein was murdered.

"Lord Jesse and Teddy left the carriage at the lagoon, about a quarter to eight o'clock. I heard a faint cry, but never suspected that there was any trouble. In ten or fifteen minutes Lord Jesse returned with Elija Murphy, and Murphy had a small valise. Mrs. Gehtheimer said, 'Did you do the work?' and Lord Jesse said, 'It is all over now. We must get away quick. Drive to the north gate.' When we reached the north gate Murphy got out and took a street car going toward the custom house."

Mrs. Gehtheimer was called to give her testimony, and when cross-questioned by the attorney for the State, she became confused, contradicted herself repeatedly, and also denied statements which she had made in the trial of Isaac Gilhooley, and finally broke down and confessed that she was accessory to the deed, that Lord Jesse had promised to marry Lucile, if Teddy were not in the way. Lucile was fondly devoted to Teddy, and would not consent to marry Jesse. "If Teddy were removed, I thought that Lucile would marry Jesse, and when he proposed to kill Teddy, that he might have no rival for the heart of my daughter, I acquiesced and co-operated with him. He wrote the note to the editors, feigning Teddy's chirography, and signing Teddy's name, and planned the meeting at the monument. He also wrote the note that was found in Teddy's pocket, and signed the editors' names to it. Teddy was not aware of either note. After Jesse and Murphy had killed Teddy they put the note, which was supposed to have been written by the editors, into Teddy's pocket. Murphy met us at the lagoon, and after the murder was committed, he took Teddy's place in the carriage, and we drove to the north gate, and Murphy took a car, and hurried back to the hotel to put the blood-stained garments in the rooms of the editors, before they would return. He used the keys that had been made by Mr. Sullivan to enter the rooms. We thought that McGillicuddy and Gilhooley would both be at the monument at the ap-

pointed time, and would be convicted for the murder of Teddy Einstein."

Here Mrs. Gehtheimer wept bitterly, and denounced Jesse as the incarnation of wickedness. Judge Tischendorf of Engeddi defended the prisoners and his defense was the triumph of his life. He exerted every effort to save his clients and visited them frequently in their cells. The trial being concluded, the jury passed sentence of death on Isaac Guisman (alias Lord Jesse) and Elija Murphy for the murder of Teddy Einstein.

Gehtheimer and his wife were then arrested and tried, and were condemned to imprisonment for life, as accomplices. Thus ended the mystery which had clouded the names of two innocent men for many years. This was a crowning victory for "The Flaming Sword," and the cause of Socialism. The hearts of the people, the honest, law-abiding citizens, were jubilant over the result of the trial, and the legal exculpation of Isaac Gilhooley.

Though the masses never, for a moment, suspected that he was the murderer of Teddy Einstein, yet the proofs were against him, and they were compelled to submit to the verdict of the law, and it was beyond their power to purify his name from the stigma. None were more exultant over the results of the judicial proceedings, which justified the innocent and condemned the guilty, than Isaac's father and mother, and their joy was equally shared by McGillicuddy and the Einsteins. There was a universal jubilation throughout Toadia. Isaac Gilhooley was an innocent man, and the God of justice lifted the veil from the souls of the hypocrites, and exposed the iniquity of his calumniators.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

McGillicuddy was discussing the turn of recent events at the Einstein home, some months after the trial. Judge Tischendorf had succeeded in obtaining a respite of ninety

days for his clients, and the execution would not take place until the first of September.

"It seems very strange," said Abraham, "that Lord Aran and Lord Uriah should use their influence to release Guisman from imprisonment."

"Yes, it does seem strange," replied Einstein. "But I presume that Guisman's father was an old friend of Aran's, and how do you know but they may be related?"

"This is the only way I can account for the interest they have taken in the case. When he was sentenced to prison, I presume that Aran relented, and pleaded for him, with the hope that his narrow escape would be a lesson to him during the rest of his life."

"It is remarkable, too," said Einstein, "what interest Tischendorf has taken in his trial. I presume that Aran is paying for all this."

"Oh! you may be sure that Tischendorf is not working for glory. He is not a man of that character. By the way, pardon me for the interruption, but Eisenheimer will pay a visit to Toadia during the month of June."

"So I see from the papers, and I am delighted to hear it. I received a letter to-day from Biddy, and she says she will come over on the same ship with him."

"And dear Biddy is coming home? Poor child! her life has been full of sorrow."

"It has, indeed. But she is completely changed since the arrival of the information relative to the trial. Her letter is so cheerful. She writes that while she never entertained a doubt that Isaac was not guilty, yet she could not face the world and bear the unmerited scorn which it heaped on his memory; and hence, she sought refuge among strangers, in the distant regions of Arabia."

"It is a blessing for the happiness of all of us that the agents of that dastardly deed have been discovered."

"Biddy says that Eisenheimer will take his air-ship with him on his visit to Toadia."

"That will be a curiosity for the people of this country. But it is strange that he does not come over in his air-ship."

"It would not be large enough for his retinue. It will

hold only ten or twelve persons, whereas there will be twenty in his party."

"I suppose, Mr. Einstein, that you have noticed in the papers that the governments of New Israel are trying to buy the pattern of the air-ship, and the secret compositions of the bombs?"

"I observed a few days ago that the empire of Zabulon and Kurush had each offered Eisenheimer a hundred thousand dollars."

"Ah! but there is later news in the Kidron dispatches. Dan offered ten millions, Reuben six millions, Zabulon fifty millions, and Kurush has gone up to one hundred million."

"My heavens! if that man would sell, he would be richer than Croesus."

"Yes, but he will never do that. He intends to use his power for the disarmament of the nations. The latest dispatches state that he contemplates this movement, and as soon as affairs are fully settled in Jonas, he will execute his intentions, and issue orders to the governments of the earth to disarm under penalty of destruction from the demon of the clouds."

The family having discussed matters of general interest with the young reformer, and tea being over, the enamored youth and his lovely sweetheart withdrew to the parlor to speak of a question of special importance.

"My dear Mary Ann," said Abraham, "we have long known each other, and our love dates from the day of our acquaintance. Had we yielded to our inclinations, we would have been wedded long ago; but circumstances caused us to delay our union. Let love triumph and let our hearts be one. I am now in a position to live in comfort, and Socialism is so well rooted in the country, that I can have more leisure, and also enjoy more of the pleasures of life. If you have no objections, my darling, we will approach the altar of Hymen on the fourth of June."

The blushing maiden threw her arms around her lover's neck, and whispered:

"O, my darling! How can I ever love you as you deserve! You are the idol of my heart. Your thoughts are my thoughts, your will my will, your desire my desire."

"Then, my sweet, loving girl, we shall be married three weeks after the arrival of your sister."

So arrangements were made for the wedding, with the approval of the bride's parents. The few intervening weeks rolled away and the family were busy preparing for the reception of one daughter, after a long absence from home, and the nuptials of the other. The news flashed across the wires that the ship from South Arabia had been sighted. Carriages were rolling down the streets to the wharf, and the great city of Deboreh was clad in gala robes for the visit of the renowned Eisenheimer, the champion of liberty and the savior of civilization. A tender had been sent out to meet the ocean liner, and convey the party to the city. A band of music poured forth patriotic airs as the little vessel steamed down the harbor; flags were waving; the people were shouting; bells were ringing; pennons were floating, and the entire city seemed to crowd the dock and line the river bank. The boat was moored to the wharf, and a tall, handsome gentleman, with a full black beard, escorting a beautiful young lady, stepped on the gang plank. Ten thousand voices cried out :

"Hurrah for Eisenheimer ! Hurrah for the champion of liberty !"

Moses McKinley, the reigning president, with Senator Martin Hannon and Abraham McGillicuddy, advanced to meet the hero of the South Arabian Republic. The young lady threw herself into the arms of Abraham, and cried out :

"O, my brother ! My only brother now ! how glad I am to see you !"

Abraham recognized Miss Einstein, and fondly kissed her. Then, he turned to the gentleman and said :

"I presume that this is Mr. Eisenheimer?"

The stranger smiled, and a tear rolled down his cheeks, as he replied :

"Abraham, has the space of seven years so completely transformed my appearance that the friend of my youth fails to recognize the companion of his boyhood days?"

Abraham drew back, and his face donned a deathly pallor. For a moment he could not speak. His friends no-

ticed his embarrassment, and asked him if he were ill; but he treated their remarks with silence. He seemed to be in a stupor. At length Biddy exclaimed:

"Abraham, don't you know your old associate, the companion of your early struggles?"

McGillicuddy finally rallied from the shock, and throwing his arms around the stranger, cried:

"Isaac! dear Isaac! We had mourned your death these long, long years! Thank God that you still live to bless our lives with your bright smiles, to bless the world with your virtue and genius!"

Biddy then asked for her parents and sister, and in a few minutes they made their way through the dense throng to where the Einsteins were waiting for their daughter. The family did not recognize Gilhooley, and at first addressed him as Mr. Eisenheimer. When they were apprised of his identity, they could not believe the announcement. They were appalled by the unexpected news, and Mrs. Einstein fell into a swoon, and was carried to the carriage and rapidly driven home. The tidings were heralded through the vast assemblage that Eisenheimer was Gilhooley in disguise. The information was borne from lip to lip, and in an hour it was known to every person in Deboreh; and before the sun went down the news was flashed over the wires to every part of Toadia and to every civilized country in the trans-arctic world.

Moses Gilhooley and his wife read the account in the Meron Progress, an afternoon paper, but they could not believe the report. They decided to wire to Abraham for further information, when a messenger, bearing a telegram, came to the door. Moses opened the envelope and read the following message:

"Dear Mamma: Your lost child still lives, and is known to the world as Eisenheimer. I arrived here to-day. Will be down to-morrow evening. Hear that my father has returned. Give him my love. Your devoted son,
Isaac Gilhooley."

The aged couple were overcome. They could not wait till the following day, but took the next train which left Meron for Deboreh, and arrived there early that same evening. After such a long absence, and under conditions

so peculiar, the meeting of the son and his parents can better be imagined than described. Isaac had never known his father, having lost him when an infant. The father had not seen his child for twenty-nine years. He was then a babe in his mother's arms, now he is a man, known throughout the world. Let us cast a veil over that meeting. It is a scene that surpasses the power of description.

The elder McGillicuddy, too, hied to Deboreh, when he heard the news, to see the companion of his son's early struggle for human liberty. When Mrs. Einstein recovered from the shock, Biddy explained the mystery of Isaac's career since his escape from custody.

"You remember," she said, "that people thought that Isaac was cremated in the barn. But he made his escape and went out West, where he sought refuge in the mountains of Moab. For several years he pursued the life of a hunter. He knew that he was not safe until he reached some country beyond the western waves. But how could he make his escape? If he took passage on a steamer, he thought that he would be captured, for being ignorant of the finding of the skeleton in the ruins of the barn, he presumed that the authorities were searching for him in every town and city and port in the nation. He conceived the idea of inventing an air-ship, that he might defeat the efforts of the authorities, and seek safety in flight among the clouds.

"Having completed his invention, he heard of the war in South Arabia, and he determined to utilize his ship to the advantage of the Jonites by keeping them informed of the movements of the Danish army. His arrival in Jonas created a profound sensation. At first they thought that his ship had been sent by the enemy to ascertain their location and resources. He dropped a letter from the sky, explaining his motives, giving a history of his invention, and offering his assistance, telling them to wave a flag in case they wished to accept his services. The letter was read, and the emblem of peace floated from the walls and towers of Seda. The air-ship came down, and Isaac introduced himself as Eisenheimer, but concealed his nationality and antecedents. His proposals were ac-

cepted, and he kept on the wing for some time, watching the movements of the invaders.

"He then conceived the idea of inventing a bomb to hurl from the ship, and as the natives had all the materials essential for the work, he was not long in realizing his dream of wiping out the Danish empire. When Zapling was evacuated by the enemy, I had heard that the murderers of Teddy were convicted, and I decided to return home on the same ship with Eisenheimer, not knowing that he was Isaac. When the ship left port I saw Isaac, but did not recognize him, for his full beard had so completely changed his appearance. The second day after we left Jonas, he observed me, and he said, 'Is it possible! Surely this is Biddy Einstein?' I was astonished to be thus accosted by the hero of the South Arabian Republic. I looked at him in astonishment, and replied, 'That is my name. Have we ever met before?' 'My dear girl, no doubt you have long mourned me as dead,' he replied, 'but I am still living, and my hopes to see you again are at last realized. I am your affianced lover, Isaac Gilhooley.' You may surmise the situation better than I can portray it in language. My joy was so intense I thought I should die. I wished to communicate the news to you, but we were on the deep. We spent the days of our voyage in recounting our experiences, and laying plans for the future. Isaac had read in the papers of the trial of the murderers, and the confession of Mrs. Gehtheimer and Neubaum, and hence he had no reason now to conceal his identity, or absent himself from the land of his nativity."

Within a few weeks after the arrival of Gilhooley there was a double wedding. Miss Mary Ann Einstein was made Mrs. McGillicuddy, and Miss Biddy was led to the bridal altar by the hero who had hurled bolts of vengeance from the clouds on the mightiest empire of modern times, and like the martial angels of the Ancient Testament, liberated a noble race of men from the chains of bondage.

Abraham McGillicuddy purchased a residence in the East End, where he took his bride after their marriage, and Isaac made his home with his father-in-law, Mr. Patrick Einstein.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Social Democrats, the Socialist Labor party, and the Nationalists united their forces and held their convention at Lidda, in June, 1864. Isaac Gilhooley was present and delivered a great speech in support of co-operation.

"Gentlemen," he said, "some people say that competition is the life of trade, is the incentive to exertion, and its elimination from society means the decay and death of the commonwealth. If competition is essential to the development of society, then it must be a factor in the development of vegetable and animal life. Why does the farmer plow his field? Why does he not let the corn compete with the weeds? Why does he improve the fertility of his land with manure and other substances? Why does he let his fields rest a few years, or plant them with crops that do not exhaust the fertility of the soil? Why does he preserve the breed of his stock? Why does the horticulturist protect his flowers from the chilly blast of winter? Why not let the fragile plants compete with the biting frosts and withering snows?

"If the agriculturist allowed competition free sway, his meadows would be filled with a useless, noxious growth, that would destroy every blade of grass in the struggle for existence. Liberals and Protectionists speak of the harmony between labor and capital. There can be no harmony between opposing forces, for the existence of one depends on the destruction of the other. Capital and labor are like two boys playing see-saw, one must go up when the other goes down. The Protectionist and Liberal papers are always on the side of labor before election, and always on the side of capital after election. When there is a strike, these papers show their real animus. They cry for the blood of the poor man, and call on the public to arm themselves and shoot down the strikers.

"The other day a man asked me what I would do with

tramps under Socialism. What do you do with tramps under the competitive system? You let them starve. Under Socialism there would be no tramps. A large number of people are tramps because they cannot get work. A vast number cannot get work that they can perform. Some were clerks or bookkeepers or mechanics, and having lost their positions, they are unable to perform the hard labor of the railroad section hand. Some are tramps because they were discouraged by long hours of laborious toil with insufficient remuneration. Some have become hardened by the asperities of the world. Some few are dishonest, but the public is not aware of this fact, and gives them a support. Some were born tired, because their mothers labored like galley slaves during gestation, and the unborn foetus has been impregnated with ennui and lassitude, and comes into the world cursed with physical debility. Under Socialism the working day would be reduced to two hours, and there would be labor for all, with a just compensation, and your tramps would disappear from the nation.

"But the capitalist says that there would be no emulation under a Socialistic form of government? When men have all they want, they will not exert themselves. The capitalists of the world have all they want, and a great deal more than they can use. In fact, their wealth is a burden to them, and still they do not cease to exert themselves. Public approval would be the incentive to exertion. The laborer would invent some machine which would reduce the hours of toil for himself and his fellow men and he would become the hero of his craft, a star in the galaxy of the nation's great names. He would be pensioned and thus enabled to devote his genius to the promotion of mechanical skill, which would be utilized for the amelioration of the human race. Machinery is now used for the advancement of capital, and the degradation of labor, and the inventor is robbed of the fruits of his genius for the personal aggrandizement of the employer. The man who would invent a new method for conducting business, or would introduce some innovation that would enhance the wealth of society and redound to the glory of the nation,

would be recognized as a public benefactor, and his statue would be enshrined in the temple of fame.

"What interest would it be to the government to build a railroad? says the capitalist. What interest was it to the government to establish the postal system, the public school, the army and navy—all Socialistic enterprises? Some one would agitate the building of a road through a certain section of the country. Others would take up the question, and soon it would assume national importance.

"Socialism is opposed because it is a step forward. Progress has always been opposed by a very large percentage of the people known as the conservative element. Dan and Zabulon opposed the Grereinan calendar for two hundred years, and Kurush has not yet adopted it. When the Royal Society introduced this calendar into the Senate in 1752, the fellows of that learned association were pursued and cursed on the streets by the ignorant rabble who claimed that the new method of dividing time had robbed them of eleven days of their lives. Serpek was banished from Zabulon, because he advocated the theory that the sun is the central figure in the solar system. Herob was driven from Samaria, and his observatory, which cost two hundred thousand dollars, was destroyed. The people believed that astronomy was a black art. Kassed was persecuted in Asher, and the Marquis of Mersen in Dan, for their scientific acquisitions.

"When the fanning mill for winnowing grain was introduced into Galilee, the Church condemned it as being in league with the prince of the power of air, for the Bible says, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth.' The study of geology was condemned for centuries. Hyrcor discovered the circulation of blood, and the people tore down his house, and stoned him in the public road. Nerjen and Sonmis discovered inoculation, vaccination and anaesthesia, and they were condemned as being the agents of hell to defy the power of heaven. The preachers denounced lightning rods, claiming that they disturbed the equilibrium of heaven, and the great earthquake of 1775 was attributed to this diabolical invention. An Engeddi clergyman called it a contrivance for tampering with the execution of divine wrath. The first steamboat that appeared in

the Danish channel was called the Devil's boat. The news was rapidly spread abroad that hell was turned loose, and was floating on the sea. The clergy took up the cry of the vulgar herd, and said that since God had separated fire and water in the beginning, no man had a right to mix them and make them work together. Some called it the leviathan mentioned in the Book of Job. The Academy of Science in Simeon, consulted by Ozias, called it a sad notion, a gross delusion, an absurdity. The first steamboat of Tanluf sailed up the Sanan River on the 17th of August, 1805, and a convention of preachers assembled in Rehor, came to the conclusion that the boat was the beast, with seven heads and ten horns, making a total of seventeen, which was designated by the seventeenth of the month.

"There are many cases on the other side of the earth where science has been persecuted, and great men have been sacrificed to popular prejudice. Socrates was put to death, Anaxagoras was imprisoned. Aristotle was compelled to seek safety in flight. Gerbert was abhorred as a magician. Roger Bacon languished in a dungeon for many years. Virgilius was condemned for teaching the existence of the antipodes. Savonarola lost his life in trying to save Florence from moral putrefaction, and Columbus, after braving wind and wave, was brought back in chains as a criminal, and having added a new world to the empire of Spain, died in poverty and distress.

"Socialism will give every man an opportunity. It will make all men free and equal. Under it, there will be no privileged class, and this is why it has been so obstinately opposed. My friends, civilization progresses with the preservation of mental energies, and mental energies are wasted by maintenance and conflict. Vast wealth on one side and degrading poverty on the other engender a class struggle. The rich are vitiated by luxury, and the poor are demoralized by poverty. The rich spend their time in seeking pleasure and in keeping down the poor; and the poor spend their time in supporting themselves and their masters, and fighting for their freedom.

"Vast inequalities beget conflict and increase the burden of maintenance and retard the wheel of progress and

destroy civilization. Look back into the shadows of the lost ages, and what do you behold? The tombs of fallen empires and extinct races. Behold the glory of ancient Syria, behold the splendor of Babylon and Nineveh with their massive walls and brazen gates, and minarets and towers and pinnacles that glistened in the golden sheen of the tropical sky; and where are they to-day? When Babylon went down, two per cent of her population owned all the wealth, and the masses were starved. When Persia fell beneath the sword of doom, one per cent of the population owned all the land. Let us leave the valley of the Tigris and go to the valley of the Nile, and behold the glory of ancient Egypt, with her schools and libraries and temples and pyramids that were swept by the wandering clouds. When Egypt perished two per cent of her population owned ninety-seven per cent of her wealth.

"The eagle of progress perched on the rocks of the Mediterranean, and the Phoenician confederation became the sun and center of civilization, spreading the rays of light upon every country, from the land of frozen streams to the billows of the south sea. But wealth and poverty led her to ruin; she now lives only in the song of the bard. The star of genius arose like a goddess from the wild Aegian flood that swept the rock of Attica and covered every land, and every wave, with the glory of its sheen. The harp of the Muse mingled with the sigh of the wind and the wail of the woods, the whisper of the trees and the voice of the groves. O Greece! land of poetry and eloquence, home of sages and heroes, hallowed by the sacred memories that cluster around thy fountains and glide along thy streams! O Hellas, consecrated by the song of Apollo, whose lyre filled the lonely mountain dell with echoes weird and dim, and charmed the rocks of wild Parnassus with the magic of its sound, and held the world entranced around Castalia's silvery brook nestled in the shade of Helicon! Thy ancient glory is lost and thou hast vanished from the galaxy of nations; and inequality is the cause of thy ruin. The Imperial City arose on the borders of the Tiber, and the Roman Eagles swept every land and every sea till the throne of the Caesars ruled the world. In the days of her supremacy one thousand eight

hundred owned the Roman empire, and the City of the Twins fell beneath the iron-clad hoofs of the Northman's battle steed.

"On this side of the Black Ocean, we have witnessed the same facts. The republics of Nichhan surpassed the splendor of Dan and the wealth of Toadia, and they have long since vanished from the theater of national glory. Five hundred years ago, Perea was the brightest star in the constellation of nations, and she has waned and faded from the sky of the east. At the dawn of the Sixteenth Century, Reuben was the dominant power of the trans-arctic world. Her ships had broken the waves on every sea, her sails had been unfurled beneath the blue of every sky, and the sun in his daily course around the earth never set on her vast dominions. But the unequal distribution of wealth has brought her to the verge of ruin, and she will soon take her place among the ruined empires of antiquity. The same conditions prevailed in Simeon at the end of the Eighteenth Century; but the Revolution broke down the power of the aristocracy, divided the wealth of the nation, and saved the kingdom from impending doom.

"Dan and Galilee and other nations in the north of New Israel were yet barbarous and their resources had not been developed, and their wealth had not yet been monopolized, when the southern nations were at the zenith of their glory, and thus they have not yet shown the signs of decay. But their hour is fast approaching, and the same fate will overtake them, as we have witnessed elsewhere. Let us awaken to the reality of the conditions which surround us, and assume the responsibility of citizenship and discharge our obligations to society.

"The capitalists say that under Socialism our powers of productivity would be multiplied twenty-fold, and that we would have too much, and that that would be worse than starving. If men are not constantly employed they will become inert and slothful, and civilization will retrograde. These people presume that man is actuated solely by corporal desires, and forget the existence of the human mind. The sublimity of the human soul shines forth in all the works of the human race. It shines forth in the grand periods of Demosthenes, who electrified the statesmen of

Greece, and in the eloquent flights of Cicero who held in his hand the mighty heart of Rome. It shines forth in the brush of Raphael and Angelo, who gave the canvas life and speech and sketched the smile and frown. It shines forth in the chisel of Phidias and Praxiteles who carved the tear and sigh and made the marble laugh and weep. It shines forth in the visions of Daniel and the dreams of Isaiah, in the lyre of Homer and the harp of Milton. It shines forth in the strains of Ohias and Zekel, who have thrilled the world with waves of symphony and floods of harmony. The majesty of the human soul beams forth in all the works of art, in all the achievements of science, in all the trophies of progress, in all the thoughts and in all the dreams, in all the raptures and in all the ecstasies, in all the flights of fancy, and in all the visions of glory that have made the golden page in the history of the world.

"The mind of man is not circumscribed by space or time. It lives in every age and roams through every world. It has flown on the wings of thought to those distant stars whose rays have struggled through the long aeons to reach the atmosphere that envelops the earth. It has discovered that those faint specks of light that twinkle in the distant skies are glittering orbs and dazzling suns. It can sweep through all the boundless realms of space, and weigh all the globes and measure all the spheres. It can touch all the worlds and planets and constellations that wander through those vast realms where no sound has ever broken the deep silence of premundane existence.

"The human mind can soar beyond flaming space, beyond etherial zones, beyond those dark regions where no sun has ever cast his golden beams, and where night black and awful has hung his sable curtain. Let all the powers of government, let all the forces of society, be utilized in the development of our national genius.

"Poverty has robbed the world of millions of great minds. Many a Homer has died in the furrow, and bequeathed no legacy to the human race. Many a Raphael has spent his life in the obscurity of his rural home, or has perished in the alleys of the world's great cities, and left no monument to future ages. The development of genius

depends on opportunities for thought and study, and our industrial system gives these advantages only to a favored few, and perhaps not to the brightest intellects of every age. Among the millions of men whose records are not written on the page of history there must have been some mighty minds. Let us, therefore, emancipate the human soul from the bondage of incessant toil, and our country will be filled with philosophers and scientists, poets and orators, painters and sculptors. We will collect the glory of all past centuries; the genius of all the buried ages will be concentrated in our land. We will follow the eagle of progress in her flight beyond the glittering stars; bands of shining angels will sing the glory of our triumphs, and the smiles of God will light up all the realm, from the frozen bank of the Keron to the golden sands of the southern gulf."

When Gilhooley concluded his speech, the immense throng went wild with enthusiasm. Mr. Lohman made a motion that Gilhooley be nominated President, and this was seconded by Mr. Merinan, and carried without a dissentient voice. McGillicuddy was then nominated Vice President. The convention decided to adopt a platform embodying the municipal ownership of light, water, electric railways, and other public conveniences, the national ownership of railways, the adoption of a labor dollar as legal tender for all debts, the same to be used in purchasing the industries of the nation, and direct legislation. According to this latter provision, no law could become a legal enactment, till put before the public, within two months from the adjournment of the legislature in case of a State law, or Congress in case of a national law, and corroborated by a plurality of the legal voters. The delegates decided to abandon their old party lines and names, and to be known in the future as the Socialist party. Thus Socialism, pure and simple, became the slogan of battle.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The return of Isaac Gilhooley created a sensation in Debokeh and throughout Toadia, and the identity of the skeleton found in the barn now agitated the people again. Since it was learned, during the trial of Jesse, that his real name was Isaac Guisman, every one concluded that the silver match case, with the initials "I. G.," found in the barn, was the property of Jesse, and this led to the suspicion that he was connected with the murder of the unknown victim.

Mr. Reisan had mysteriously disappeared at the time, and had never been seen since, and as his wife had eloped with Jesse afterward, strong suspicion pointed to Mrs. Reisan, and she was arrested for complicity in the murder of her husband. She claimed that Reisan was still living, but she could not say where he was located, and could not give a satisfactory answer to the simplest questions relative to the disappearance of her husband. She said that he had left her because of her infatuation for Jesse, and since then she had not heard from him. The jury passed sentence of life imprisonment on her for complicity in the death of Reisan.

Judge Tischendorf was a constant visitor to the cell of Guisman, and tried to get a new trial, but failed, and the day of the execution was near at hand.

When the hope of liberty was haunting the minds of Guisman and Murphy and Mrs. Reisan, and when the Socialists were working for the triumphs of equality, ideas of quite a different complexion were being discussed in the stately palace of Ezechias Rosenberger. Lord Aran and Lord Uriah had come to Engeddi to deliberate with the money kings over means of promoting the interests of the monarchy in the west, and saving the throne of Dan. Lord Aran proposed that it was now time to proclaim the eight year term. "You can easily do this, and this is the

only method of rescuing royalty from the wave of destruction which now threatens the kings of the earth. Murmurings of discontent resound throughout New Israel, and if Toadia throws her influence in the right direction, the question will be decided."

"But the people will rebel, and if we turn the army loose on them, they will gather around Gilhooley, and he will bring his ship from Arabia to hurl bolts of death from the clouds, and the fate of Toadia will be forever sealed, and the history of empire will be inhumed beneath the wreck of revolution."

"Ah! Rosenberger, you are a coward, and besides you do not understand the people. Pay the press to write glowing accounts of the administration, and the danger of a change at the present crisis when thrones are tottering, and you will find that seventy-five per cent of the people will be deluded and step into our ranks."

"Lord Aran," said Lord Uriah, "how would it do to feel the pulse of the people through the press, and in the meantime we can gather our forces and transport the army from the Moabitic waves to assist us in case of rebellion."

"That is it, Lord Uriah!" exclaimed all. "You have proposed the right plan, and it will succeed admirably."

The scheme was unanimously adopted. Communications were forwarded to the great corporations and journalists of the nation to assemble in Engeddi, where a meeting was to be held to weigh questions of vast moment to the Republic. Every precaution was taken to avoid publicity. The meeting was clandestine, reporters were excluded and the matter was thoroughly discussed, and within a period of two weeks the people were startled by an editorial in the Deboreh World, advocating the necessity of an eight-year term. Every leading capitalist paper in the nation adopted the views of the World.

But the plan was a total failure: The public was roused and flew to arms and threatened to wade through rivers of blood in defense of their time-honored rights. When the excitement was at its height, the press announced the arrest of Mike Gedeon and Sam Ackron as principals, and Ezachrias Rosenberger, Judge Tischendorf, Simon Lue-

meyer, Lord Aran and Lord Uriah as accessories in the blowing up of the battleship Tyre. Further information was detailed that those arrests had been made on the confession of Guisman and Murphy, who, with Gedeon and Ackron, had been employed by Rosenberger, Aran, Uriah, Tischendorf and Luemeyer to execute the deed.

The country was astonished to learn that Samuel Luemeyer had turned State's evidence. In his confession he revealed the secret of the plot to overthrow the Republic of Toadia, and establish a monarchy; and for this purpose Aran, Uriah, Tischendorf, Rosenberger and himself, had employed Geisman to destroy the Tyre, in order to bring on a war, which they would use as a plea for expansion, imperialism and the necessity of a first-class navy and standing army, which they intended to use in the accomplishment of their ulterior designs. He also gave the names of one hundred and twenty-five money kings who were abettors of the intrigue, and among others, Levi, Loveheart and Jonas, the committee that had investigated the disaster.

The court passed sentence of death on Aran, Uriah, Tischendorf, Rosenberger, Ackron and Gedeon.

When the verdict was read Geisman took the stand and made a confession of his life, stating that he had murdered two men, and committed twenty-two forgeries and twelve burglaries in the last nineteen years. He also affirmed the evidence that had been adduced in court, and added much to confirm the proofs that had been advanced. He confessed that he had been released from life imprisonment by Aran and Uriah, both of whom had been intimate with his father, to come to Toadia and thence sail for Haman, where he was to blow up the Tyre. "They offered me five hundred thousand dollars for the work, and I engaged the services of Murphy, Gedeon and Ackron, as assistants.

I selected Murphy at the suggestion of Tischendorf, because the Judge said he was a cool and deliberate man, and was desperate enough to commit any deed. I employed Gedeon and Ackron, because they were natives, and could give the requisite information how to proceed in the matter. With these three men I went to Engeddi,

where we had a conference with Rosenberger, Uriah, Aran, Tischendorf and Luemeyer, at the home of Rosenberger, and in presence of all the bargain was made. Rosenberger was to give us ten thousand dollars each; but secretly, without the knowledge of my accomplices, I was to get four hundred and sixty thousand dollars in stock."

It was proved that this stock had been given to Geisman by Rosenberger. "The work was done and the money was paid. After the destruction of the Tyre," he continued, "I went to Dan, and in a short time I was employed by the same parties to kill McGillicuddy and Gilhooley, and thus destroy the power of 'The Flaming Sword,' cast opprobrium on Socialism, and turn the tide of sentiment against the reform movement. I went to Debokeh, sought the acquaintance of the editors, and courted their friendship for the purpose of finding a favorable opportunity of executing the deed, thinking that my intimacy with the victims would shield me from the slightest suspicion. I was to receive one hundred thousand dollars for the work.

"One evening Teddy Einstein asked me if I ever knew a man by the name of Samuel Blymeyer. This was the name I had assumed in Haman; but I denied that I had ever met any one by that name. Teddy then said that he had met a gentleman of that name in Haman, adding that I resembled him very much. 'Were you ever in Haman?' I asked. 'I was there when the Tyre was destroyed,' he said. 'I was there in the interest of the Deborah Tobacco Firm.' I became confused. I concluded that Teddy had some knowledge of my antecedents, and I felt that his death was necessary to my safety, as the hint he had given might possibly lead to my arrest and conviction.

"Another thought dawned on my mind. I was desperately in love with Miss Biddy Einstein; but I learned that her heart was possessed by Isaac Gilhooley, and I conceived the idea of arranging the murder of Teddy under circumstances that would criminate Gilhooley and McGillicuddy. Thus I would achieve a treble victory. Teddy Einstein would be dead, and I would be safe; the editors would be hanged and 'The Flaming Sword' and

the reform movement would be silenced forever, and I would get my payment for the work; Biddy Einstein would loathe the name of her affianced and marry me. Hence I feigned the chirography of Teddy in sending the note to the editors in reply to the challenge to meet them at the monument in the Park. I pretended to love Lucile Gehtheimer; but she was engaged to Teddy, and rejected my overtures. Her mother favored my attentions, and I told Mrs. Gehtheimer that Lucile would marry me, if Teddy were out of the way, and suggested the idea of murdering him, disclosing my scheme of criminating the editors for the deed. She accepted my views and offered her co-operation.

"I was on most intimate terms with these men, and was frequently in their apartments alone, and on one occasion I made the pattern of the keys that I required for my work. I thought that both editors would go to the monument, and their guilt would be established beyond a doubt. My plans miscarried to some extent, and thus McGillicuddy escaped from the trap. I would have written several days previously to the murder, but I was afraid the editors would see Teddy in the meantime, and demand an explanation of my note, and my plot would be foiled.

"After the murder of Einstein, I thought it prudent to leave Toadia. I revealed my purpose to Mrs. Reisan, and she proposed to accompany me to my home in the vale of Sharon. But I said, 'You have a husband, and he would kill us both if we attempted to elope.' She said that she could get a divorce. But a new idea came into my mind. Reisan was worth several million dollars, and if his wife obtained a divorce, she would only get alimony. I wanted all the wealth. I proposed to poison him, and she acted on the suggestion and administered the drug. I imitated Reisan's handwriting in making the deed of all his property in Deboreh to his wife. Reisan had every reason to be jealous of his wife's attention to me, and I knew that his disappearance would be attributed to domestic infelicity, and that they had agreed to separate. The deed was executed.

"Reisan died two hours after supper. That night I placed the corpse on the back seat of the carriage and

Mrs. Reisan and I occupied the front seat. Murphy drove the carriage to the country, till we reached the barn that I had observed a few days before. I then took the corpse from the carriage and placed it in the barn, and set the barn afire, and immediately returned to the carriage and drove back to the city. The next morning the papers announced the burning of the barn, and the finding of the skeleton which was identified as that of Isaac Gilhoolley; but it was the skeleton of Reisan, and the silver match case with the initials 'I. G.' engraved on it, was a present from my father, who died many years ago. I opened the match case to get a match to light the barn, and in my excitement I dropped the match case and forgot to pick it up.

"Since my arrest, Tischendorf encouraged me by saying that Lord Aran, Uriah and the others would accomplish their purpose before the day of my execution, and they would release me. I lived in this hope till they were arrested, and now I see that all is over with me. Wealth and idleness have been the cause of my ruin. Had I been taught to labor in my youth, and had necessity compelled me to earn my living in the sweat of my brow, I would never have been sentenced to die on a scaffold. My life is a lesson on the wisdom of Socialism."

Thus ended the great tragedy, and the last words of the culprit as he was about to don the black cap were spoken in condemnation of the system which has wrecked millions of lives.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The money power in Toadia was wielded in behalf of the conspirators, and it was maintained by the press that these men were as innocent as unborn babes. The Deborah Herald denounced the arrest of the traitors as a disgrace to the nation. "The men who have built up our country, who have defended the flag, and filled the land

with the blessings of prosperity, are taken from their palatial homes and thrown into jails with the common herd. Such a crime was never perpetrated by a civilized people. The rabble seem to forget that these gentlemen are the glory of the Republic, the pride of our country, the companions of royalty. Jails were made only for thieves and robbers and the dirty poor, not for lords and noblemen. The officers who arrested Mr. Rosenberger and Judge Tischendorf and Samuel Luemeyer are not fit to wipe the feet of their prisoners, and as for the noble Danish Lords, ah! what Toadian would not be proud to know them! What official cur would not kiss the very ground that they have consecrated by their footsteps!

"The authorities shall liberate those men at once, and get down on bended knees, and humbly ask pardon for the awful offense that has been offered to them, and take the subordinates who arrested them, and lash their naked back in the public square. Call the army from the forts and field of battle, summon the militia from every State, and put down this outrage. This is the rule of the proletariat, the low, vulgar rabble. If these contemptible varlets and uncultivated bumpkins are not restrained, the government will soon be in their hands. This intrigue had been planned and witnesses suborned to prosecute these men in order to arouse the people against the government and create a civil war."

Hundreds of journals throughout the realm echoed the sentiments of the Herald, and preparations were being made by the financial aristocracy of the nation to liberate the traitors by the force of arms, and silence the voice of justice. "The Flaming Sword" warned the people of the movement, and told them to arise and defend their sacred, inalienable rights; and three million of stalwart men flew to arms. The forts of the nation were captured, and the soldiers commanded to remain inactive; the capital was surrounded by a hundred thousand yeomen, who threatened to burn the city if any attempt were made to rescue the traitors.

The election took place on the 21st of November, two weeks after the trial, and the patriotic people of the land, having witnessed the perfidy of the capitalists, knowing

that it was the death struggle between freedom and despotism, the former represented by the wage earner, the second embracing money kings and the dishonest hordes that supported their pretensions, were not to be deceived any longer. The defenders of justice and liberty came from all ranks, abandoned the old parties, and affiliated with Socialism, which won the victory by nearly two millions of a majority over the votes of all the other parties combined.

When Congress convened, laws were framed in harmony with the platform of the Socialist party, and on the first of March, 1865, these enactments were referred to the people at the polls and were confirmed by an overwhelming majority. The absorption of industries and monopolies was gradual. The government first proposed to buy the Engeddi and Sohanan railroad, which connected the two oceans. The company asked twelve hundred million dollars for the line, the capitalized value of the road. The government estimated the cost of the road, including equipment, at two hundred million, and made an offer of this sum to the management, which was peremptorily declined. Then the government established a rival line. When the road was completed, the government gave wages of four dollars per day, double the amount paid on the private roads, reduced the cost of freight to one-fourth of its former rate, and carried passengers for one-tenth of a cent per mile.

The Engeddi and Sohanan road could get neither laborers, freight nor passengers, till it offered the same inducements. Of course, it was impossible, under these conditions, to pay dividends on watered stock, and in less than two years the private road was wrecked. The patronage of the government road was so increased, and the profits so enhanced that every dollar of debt contracted in the construction of the line was paid before the next Presidential election. This was encouraging to the hopes of the Socialists, and it emphatically proclaimed the wisdom of their measures. The government now purchased every line in the nation, and within a few years more the profits realized in operating these roads had liquidated the debt incurred in their purchase. Then wages were advanced

and rates further diminished. Now the government carries passengers free, and the freight alone realizes a net profit of fifty million dollars annually.

The municipalities began immediately to purchase the street railway, gas, water and electric light plants. The wages of employes were doubled, the rates to the consumers reduced to one-fourth the former cost, and in a few years the profits realized were amply sufficient to liquidate the debt contracted in the purchase of these industries. The government also established factories of various kinds. The competitive system has been supplanted by the co-operative system; the middlemen and parasites of society have long ceased to exist, and the dreams of Socialism have been realized. Political parties have passed away, and the evolution of labor unions has culminated in the formation of an industrial government.

The administration first made its appointments subject to the will of the workers, who had the right to make any change that seemed desirable. For instance, in the shoe trade, the operatives in each factory elect their foreman. The foremen of the different factories of a State elect their superintendent for the State. The different State superintendents elect a director, who represents the shoe industry in Congress. So with all other trades, professions and avocations. The foreman is elected and holds office during good behavior. He has a right to discharge any operative and correct any abuse, but he can be dismissed by a majority of the operatives and another put in his place. The State superintendents also hold office during good behavior. The imperative mandate gives the foremen power to dismiss him at any time, when he fails to discharge his duty. The directors are elected on the same conditions, and the president is elected by all the people and holds his office for a period of eight years, but may be recalled at any time by the imperative mandate. The directors can discharge a superintendent for incompetency or any other cause within his sphere of duty, and the State superintendents have the same power over the foremen.

Congress makes laws regulating the national industries, and one day is appointed in the year for the people to vote on those laws. State legislatures have been abol-

ished as a useless expense, since every question has a national importance under a government of national co-operation. The Senate has also been abolished. The hours of labor are regulated according to the requirements of the nation. The government produces quantities sufficient to keep the people in luxuries, and provides amply for all the aged and infirm, who are pensioners of society. A small tax is imposed on every industry for this purpose. This fund is called the government insurance fund.

The land was nationalized by a gradual increase in the annual taxation, and in 1874 private ownership ceased to exist in every part of the country. Every man has a right to the land upon which his residence is located, but he must pay the usual land tax. Those desiring to have extensive lawns pay the required tax. This small income is sufficient to defray the expenses of the government, since the establishment of Socialism, for all useless factors are now eliminated, and economy is observed in all departments. There are no sinecures.

The government does not interfere with the privacy of the home or the affairs of religion. Churches and denominational schools are supported by private contributions as formerly. Religious prejudice has entirely disappeared, and people of all creeds live in harmony and edify the world by lives filled with the spirit of love.

In the beginning of the co-operative commonwealth, some men were actuated by a desire to accumulate wealth, and while they had a right to all they had produced, yet there was no room for speculation, there were no profits in making investments, there was no field for business, and there was no property for sale. Mr. Lukenmeyer built several houses, but he could find no renters, for every one owned his home. The experiment was also tried by others with the same results.

Theodore Hertzka, the Austrian Socialist, computed how much land and labor would be required to furnish the twenty-six million Austrians with all comforts, giving to each family a five-room house. He concluded his investigation with the statement that it would take twenty-six million acres of arable land, and eight million of pasturage, or one and one-third acres for each person, and the labor

of six hundred and fifteen thousand men, eleven hours per day, for three hundred days in the year. Now six hundred and fifteen thousand people constitute only two per cent of the population of Austria. If we take nineteen per cent, or five millions, which will include all the males between sixteen and fifty, working eleven hours a day, they could supply the wants of twenty-six million with thirty-seven days' labor in a year. If they worked three hundred days in the year, they would be required to labor only one hour and twenty-two and one-half minutes each day. The same number of people working two hours and eleven minutes each day, could supply the rest of the inhabitants with all luxuries; or if they labored three hours and twelve minutes, they would be required to work only seven months in the year.

The facilities of production have been so multiplied in Toadia since 1864 that twenty per cent of the population laboring one hour each day support the nation in luxuries. In some industries, such as farming, the hours are longer, but the toilers work only a few months in the year, and this makes an average of one hour for the whole year.

The young pursue their studies till they are twenty years of age, and before they enter the arena of life, they are equipped with a thorough mental training. But they do not abandon their intellectual exercises when they have finished their course of studies. Every city and town has a university, and lectures in all the sciences are delivered to the public free of cost. You may observe the gray-haired octogenarian mingling with the beardless youths in the halls of the university, eager to grasp the words of wisdom that fall from the lips of the great men employed to impart their knowledge to the nation. The most ignorant class in Toadia to-day compare favorably with the best educated men in America.

Idleness is stigmatized as the greatest vice, the source of all misery, and emulation in the acquisition of learning has become a passion with the people. Works of philanthropy are rewarded with public honors, and those who are not qualified by natural genius to excel in mental pursuits, devote their time to some public enterprise.

The air-ship, invented by Gilhooley, has become the

ordinary convenience of transportation for passengers. Many, of course, prefer the railroads, for they cannot conceive that the winged cars are entirely safe. But when this feeling has been overcome, no other convenience will be used. They have large air-ships for public service, in conveying passengers across the continent and beyond the ocean; and they also have private ships for family services. The ships travel at the rate of four hundred miles an hour. The business men employed in the cities generally live far away on the mountain tops, or by the sea or lake shores, and by means of the air-ship find it no inconvenience to travel this distance every morning.

The Toadians were troubled for many centuries with the short nights and the excessive cold of the brumal season; and since the establishment of the new regime the difficulty has been surmounted. An apparatus has been invented to store up the heat and light of the sun's rays, which can be preserved and utilized and regulated by means of a register. This force is now used very extensively in residences for heating, lighting and cooking purposes, and also as a motive power in propelling trains and ships.

Some experiments have been tried with terrestrial electricity, and the results have promised a great victory in the near future. The earth is charged with electrical currents, and by utilizing this vast treasure of natural power, they will soon be enabled to banish night completely from the dominion of the trans-arctic world.

Ignatius Donnelly speaks of this in "Caesar's Column," a dream of the twentieth century, and he says that the currents are so arranged that the electrical day rises with the twilight shadows, and vanishes with the blush of the infant morn.

A contrivance for making rain has been devised, and the farmers can call down the clouds at pleasure. This invention is also used for sprinkling lawns and other domestic purposes. The electricity has been extracted from the clouds, and unequal heating of the atmosphere is regulated, so as to prevent cyclones, tornadoes and storms, and the elements have been subjected to the will of man.

The new residences of Toadia are made of thick,

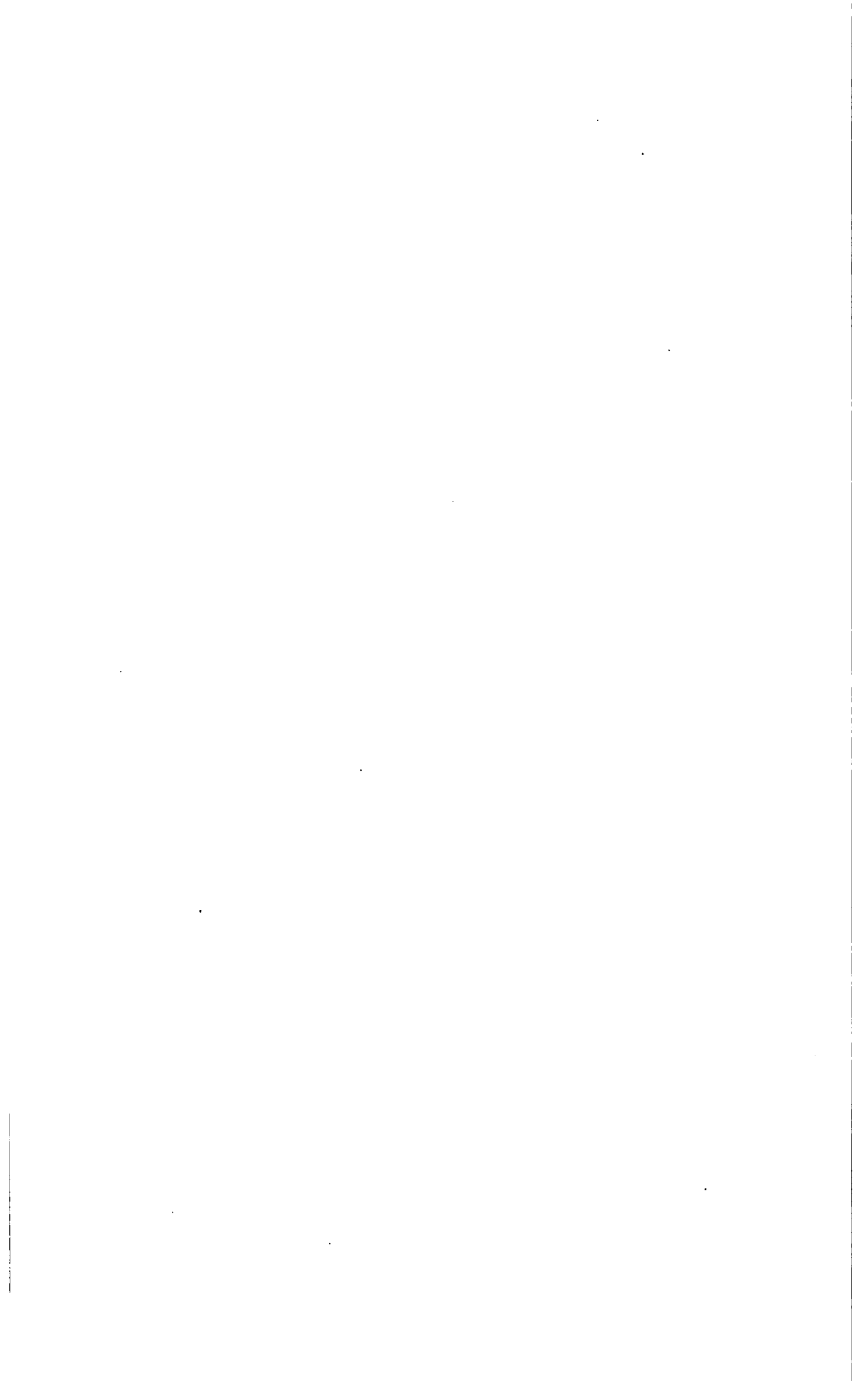
opaque glass. Wireless telegraphy has been perfected, but has since been supplanted by mental telegraphy, which enables persons to communicate with any part of the universe. Frequent communications have been sent to Mars, and answers were promptly returned. The inhabitants of Mars informed the Toadians that they have been sending messages to the earth for the last two thousand years, but failed to get a reply, owing to the ignorance of our people of the science of mental telegraphy. They also stated that the white caps, which we periodically observe at the poles of their globe, are snow, which melted during the summer months, and ran over their continent. They used this overflow for irrigating purposes, causing the beautiful green fields observed from the earth.

Hundreds of other inventions and discoveries have added to the comfort of the people, and the progress of their nation. Poverty is unknown; criminals have ceased to haunt the shadows of night and curse the nation with their iniquities. Prisons are no more, and the insane asylums are empty. Disease has been almost entirely extirpated, and longevity has increased wonderfully. War has been banished from the trans-arctic world, and Socialism is triumphant in every country in New Israel.

Moses Gilhooley and his wife have passed away, and Abraham McGillicuddy mourns the loss of his sire. Bidy and Mary Ann are still basking in the smiles of connubial bliss, and are blessed with the love and devotion of their children. Isaac and Abraham, though advanced in years, are strong in physical and mental vigor, and are devoting their time to the cultivation of science and literature. Patrick Einstein and his wife have joined the choir beyond the mystic valley, and their grandson, young Benjamin Gilhooley, is President of the Toadian commonwealth. The Gehtheimers and Mrs. Reisan have succumbed to the severities of prison life, and have appeared before the tribunal of justice to answer for their dark deeds.

Thus ends the story "Beyond the Black Ocean."

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